WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

October 1921 — Twenty Cents

A Portrait of
Mrs. LYDIG HOYT
by

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Bon Ami

for mirrors

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

Watch how easily Bon Ami and I clean this mirror. A damp cloth and a little Bon Ami are all one needs. When the Bon Ami film has dried—a few brisk rubs with a dry cloth and—presto! every speck of dust and dirt has vanished.

So it is with everything. The magic touch of Bon Ami brightens up windows, brasses, nickel, linoleum and white woodwork.

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OCTOBER 1921

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
George D. Buckley, *President* — J. E. Miller, *Vice President*
Lee W. Maxwell, *Vice President and General Business Manager* — A. D. Mayo, *Secretary*
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EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME XLVIII — NUMBER 10

About Your Subscription
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Coming Next Month

November Stories

PLENTY of good short stories are planned for the big Thanksgiving number. Here are some of them, briefly described:

A mystery story: "The Wedding Dress," by Anna McClure Sholl, is told in the words of "Mrs. Bradley, the dressmaker-by-the-day," whose story, "The Girdle," in another issue of the COMPANION, proved her to be a remarkably astute amateur detective.

A love story: "There's No Such Thing as Chance" is by Dorothea Brande. The scene is laid in Chicago. The heroine does her best to be scheming and worldly, but the golden touch of romance undoes all her plans.

A married-life story: "The Horoscope," by Eliza Calvert Hall, author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," tells of the discouragement of a hard-working farm woman and the magic change in her fortunes that came from the stars.

A movie story: "Sincerely—by Request" is by Fannie Kilbourne. She longed passionately for a picture of her screen hero, with a certain very particular inscription. And she discovered some amazing secrets about the way of a movie man with a maid!

A Wild-West story: "Border Stuff," by Edwin C. Dickenson. A thrilling tale, with a daring rescue, a real hero, and a fair heroine, to say nothing of bronchos, Indians, Mexicans, and a very energetic flivver.

A humorous story: "Three Men and a Maid," by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. If you like good, clean, honest fun, if you liked "A Damsel in Distress" and "The Little Warrior," don't fail to read this novel. It begins in this present issue. November will have another long instalment, and the story will be finished in December.

Among the special articles will be two of special interest to all our readers.

"Of What Use Are the Federal Departments to You?" by Marjorie Shuler, is an interesting analysis of the Government at Washington as it touches the lives of the average family.

Preaching to Capacity, by Frederick L. Collins, presents the church problem from an entirely new angle—that of the motion picture exhibition. And perhaps here is a thought or two that may profit the movie man as well!

One of Neysa McMein's most stunning covers is shown in miniature above. This black-and-white reproduction gives little idea of the striking beauty and brilliancy of the pastel as it will appear in all the colors of the original

This Month's Cover

IF YOU will turn back to the front cover you will see the reproduction of an interesting pastel portrait of Mrs. Lydig Hoyt by Neysa McMein. This is of special timely interest because Mrs. Hoyt, a leader in New York's most exclusive social set, is just making her début on the screen as Mrs. Truesdale in "The Wonderful Thing." Miss Norma Talmadge discovered the screen possibilities of this charming and talented young woman, who, having achieved success in amateur theatricals, now confesses that she has always secretly cherished an ambition to enter the professional ranks. The first showing of "The Wonderful Thing," in which Miss Talmadge plays the leading rôle, will be given for the benefit of a charity at the home of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt in the early autumn. "If I prove successful," declares Mrs. Hoyt, "I am going to have a big section of picture-making in my program for years to come; but, of course, it is up to me to succeed before anything else."

Holiday Handicraft

THE November and December numbers will be fascinatingly full of it, and every bit is a Christmas present possibility.

Do you, or would you, like to dabble in paints? There'll be softly glowing parchment shades, artistically decorated, for candles and electric lamps and sconces; there'll be some of those smart little flat basket bags splashed with gay fruit and flower patterns; and there'll be a stunning painted tray and book ends.

Did you ever do any block printing? A page of the quaintest little bookplates and Christmas cards with directions about cutting your own wood blocks—only they aren't made of wood after all—will be a November feature.

Does basketry weaving appeal to you? Woven of reed and raffia, in simple and unusual shapes, these trays, flower holders, and useful baskets will delight you, and they're all easy on the eyesight in the making.

"Just Vanities" and "Really Useful" are two pages to pore over when you're scrambling about for Christmas present ideas—things for the business girl, the housekeeper, the butterfly, will all be there.

Embroidery and crochet. Of course there'll be some of Helen Marvin's famous knitting and crochet pages, and as for embroidery—this regular COMPANION department will have a noticeable gift slant in November and December.

Baby's Christmas will be especially paged, and there'll be toys to make for little brother and sister, and nice funny things to hang on the tree, and jolly original ways to do up the presents in cases and packages.

And oh! the flower-making page and the Oriental page and the taffeta page!

Besides handmade gifts there'll be a whole page of beautiful straight-from-the-shops-to-you novelties. If you happen to run a tearoom and gift shop, you'll appreciate them; or, if you're a stay-at-home, you'll be glad of this especially selected set of suggestions. Even in the Cooking Department the Christmas gift spirit has entered, for there you'll find Miss Bradley's ideas of kitchen helps as Christmas gifts.

To help you with holiday entertaining there are Christmas party refreshments and Sunday-night supper raids, and some holiday possibilities in cooking just a plain "fowl"—all by Miss Bradley.

Important Notice: The Table of Contents for this number will be found on page 112

EDITORIAL

The Voice of the People

WHEN President Harding called a World Conference on the limitation of armament, a wave of thanksgiving swept over the country. Thousands of women looked at their children and their grandchildren through a mist of happy tears. Other women, who had been appealing to the Chief Executive of the Nation and its law-makers to take steps toward world disarmament, changed their pleas to letters of congratulation and appreciation. There was a general feeling that at last the voice of the people had been heard in Washington.

The voice of the people, powerful enough to coalesce the vague desire of a war-weary world into a conference on disarmament, is strong enough for other things likewise. Nearer at hand than the proposed conference is the welfare program endorsed by President Harding in his first Message to Congress and supported by practically every organization of women in the country.

The Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Infant Welfare Bill, and the various educational measures, including the Fess Home Economics Bill, had not been passed as this magazine went to press. They still cry out for our urgent attention. The question of disarmament is now in the hands of the world powers, with world sentiment fighting for it. You have done your part toward bringing about this result. You can do the same for the Federal welfare measures, which will mean better opportunities for your children and for their children after them. These bills are at this writing still being bandied about by committees and unprogressive politicians in Washington.

If you believe in them, urge your friends and neighbors to read them. Talk about them at church and club gatherings. Then direct a thoroughly organized flood of local sentiment toward your representatives in Washington. It is going to take work, and more work, to get these welfare measures past unprogressive, narrow-minded committees and law-makers. If you want more information about the bills write to Mrs. Richardson, director of the COMPANION'S Good Citizenship Bureau, and she will send you full details.

The movement against disarmament is now, for the time being, out of our hands and in the hands of Mr. Harding's world conference. The bills that will better conditions in American homes and schools are distinctly in our hands, and will be passed if we make our wishes known to Congress.

More Ivy Plants for Gold Star Mothers

IN JULY there was printed on this page a paragraph telling of how Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip had, just after the signing of the Armistice, found a struggling ivy vine amid the desolation of the Argonne battlefield in France. The paragraph went on to relate how she managed to bring part of the vine home; of how it had grown most luxuriantly, and that there were then some hundreds of little rooted ivy plants, one of which Mrs. Vanderlip would be glad to send to any mother who had lost a son in the war. Up to August 1st more than four hundred mothers had asked for these little plants, and been supplied. There were letters from every state in the Union.

A reading of these letters has been a most touching experience, and has brought a realization of the consequences of war which the dispatches from the front never did. Just what to call the little ivies seemed often puzzling, and the request might be for a sprig, plant, cutting, slip, bud, set, sprout, start, root, or shoot; but what matter?—it was to "Plant on my dear boy's grave;" or, "With the hope that it will climb up to the window of the little room where my baby slept so few years ago. He was seventeen when he enlisted."

Perhaps there is no one thing in the letters more noticeable than the youth of those who have gone: "My boy was eighteen," the mother writes, or "twenty," or "twenty-two"—there can be no quarrel with the use of the word "boy." There is another term often used which tells this even more simply: "My child;" or, "He was our only child;" and, "He seemed so young to me, not yet nineteen, killed in action, October, 1918." And the brave attempt, old as sorrow itself—which is the oldest thing in the world—somehow to connect everything with the one who is gone: "I think this piece, perhaps, may have come from the vine my boy may have seen there in the Argonne the morning he was killed."

The young ivy plants seem to have been good travelers. "It was hardly wilted" came from as far away as Mississippi. "The sprout seems to be doing fine," writes another. And this, breathing enthusiasm and true optimism: "It is growing nicely; had another leaf before a week." And here is a bit of truth: "I am sure it will respond to affection. Flowers and plants know the touch of love quite as well as humans."

A pleasant thought cropping out in many letters is well expressed by one mother when she says: "And when the ivy grows I will give slips to other Gold Star mothers, the same as you have done." In the meantime, Mrs. Vanderlip, whose "thoughtfulness, sweetness, and kindness" is mentioned in almost every letter, has more baby ivy plants and she will gladly send them to those mothers who ask.

Write to Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, Scarboro-on-Hudson, New York, if you want one, giving, please, in every case, the boy's name, regiment and number, and the mother's full name and address.

College and the Writer

AN idea occasionally gets struck off like a new coin, becomes a part of the general mental currency in circulation, and is handed out with the other small change whenever the occasion offers. One such worn copper is the idea that a college education is the worst possible process for the creative imagination, the theory being that it grinds down its victims until they are as alike as peas in a pod, with all the little bumps and hollows of originality smoothed away.

The thinker who floated that issue did not take into account the fact that if those four most important years are not spent in college, they are going to be spent somewhere else, living at home or working for a living being the usual alternatives; and that the home and the job will do just what college does—change the youth into the adult and so put out the magic lights of childhood. Take any chance group of a dozen children: the sum of their combined imaginations would keep a fiction writer going all his days. Out of a childhood peopled with imaginary playmates, so rich in fancies that it remains a family legend, can emerge a citizen of unblemished stodginess. And it is precisely the power to survive these years of transition that marks the artist's palette from the rainbow of the child.

This is not to insist that everyone should go to college. I should be inclined to feed a talent and starve a genius—to give talent the multitudinous experiences and opportunities of college life, knowing that talent must experience before it can express; and to carry off a flaming genius to the wilderness, believing that by suffering and longing it would find the way to its inner self, where the treasure lay. But genius like that is so rare that we scarcely plan for it, while for the gifted young person education means only enrichment.

To my own work as a writer, the four years spent at Vassar made both a direct and an indirect contribution. The direct was, of course, the living in and with the affairs of the mind, being held to them at a time when brimming vitality would so gayly have thrown them over. The indirect good lay in the peaceful stream of lecture which, flowing over one's head, had a magic power of setting the fancy at work. In no other manner of life would one have been held still and silent for long sunny hours, with a hypnotic voice to liberate the imagination, as music calls out song. The delicious, minute labor of a class poem or an ode to a room-mate was priceless training for a literary future, and I owe to certain distinguished lecturers—especially the one on Bible History, who gave no examinations—something vastly more precious than the wise words that I never heard.

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

So far as we know there is no other corset service like this anywhere in the world

This is our first announcement to the readers of the Woman's Home Companion of a service which has benefited hundreds of thousands of American women, and which has the enthusiastic support of thousands of physicians and surgeons. May we ask you to read every word carefully?

YEARS ago it was the fashion to *make the figure fit the corset.* No matter what the natural proportions of your figure were, you had to be tortured into "stays" in which the tightest possible lacing confined your waist to the smallest possible size.

Then came the corset that provided a "style" for each kind of figure—tall, short, stout, thin, etc.

♣ ♣

This system was an improvement over the old torture method—but it fell far short of perfection because it missed the vital point of the style and comfort problem. This vital point is that, although *all* corsets of a given "model" are *exactly alike*, no two figures that will wear these corsets are exactly alike.

Now these slight differences in figures are not usually *defects*—they are simply *differences.* But, unfortunately, they are made to appear as defects because the corset, being made over *standardized* lines, was not really designed for you alone and cannot express the *individuality* of *your* figure.

The Spencer Designing System, on the other hand, is based on the idea that each woman's figure should express her personality in the prevailing style—and not a standardized personality.

So far as we know we are the only corset makers in the world who create a special design for each separate client—to correct where necessary—to display good lines—to give comfort and support. This is why Spencer Corsets are never sold in stores and are not made in "styles" for various figures.

The Spencer Corsetiere calls at your home and takes complete measurements, which she sends with an accurate description of your figure, to our designers. With your corset you receive a $1,000 bond guaranteeing that *every measurement and the description of your figure have been used in designing and making the corset.*

But your Spencer Corset is not merely made to your measurements—every line, every stay in it is planned to produce a definite effect. From the moment you first put it on, you experience entire comfort and often a marked improvement in general health, as well as the satisfying knowledge that your figure and style are right.

SPENCER
Rejuveno
CORSETS
Never sold in stores *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

Our work in creating corsets for individuals was so successful in improving the carriage and thus giving better health, as well as better style, that it attracted the attention of physicians who saw the change in their patients. As a result they sent us other patients and now about ten thousand physicians prescribe Spencer Corsets for their patients.

♣ ♣

A Spencer Corset also means great economy for two reasons:

1. It is designed *after* you order it, therefore it is six to eight months later in style than any other corset you can buy.

2. It is guaranteed to hold its original shape until worn out—therefore your outer clothing holds its style and shape and lasts longer.

These are strong claims. But you can prove every one of them to your own satisfaction by asking any woman of your acquaintance who has ever had a Spencer Corset designed for her—or by asking the Spencer Corsetiere in your locality to call and explain the Spencer designing system further to you.

WE shall be glad to hear from well-bred, capable, earnest women who desire to represent us. Those whose applications we accept will be given free training in the Spencer System of Corsetry. Spencer Corsetry is a profitable occupation in which you have the satisfaction of rendering service.

THE designers in our Medical Department have an education equivalent to the course in dissection of a medical school of the first class. We have patented supports and supporting corsets for hernia, maternity, support after surgical operations, 'ptosis,' sacro-iliac sprain, etc.

Spencer Corsets are made by The Berger Brothers Company, 145 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut. If you do not find their representative in your telephone book under the listing "Spencer Corsetiere," write direct to the company for the address.

What Every Employer Wants

"What he does expect, what he does not expect, and what is sure to come true" —for the girl who wants to make good

By HELEN M. BENNETT
ILLUSTRATED By LEJAREN À HILLER

THE girl on the sunny side of work gets the job. For to be on the sunny side of work is to be technically efficient, interested in the job, adaptable, responsible. It includes ability to advance and grow.

Of first importance to the girl who intends to succeed is the question of what the employer wants. Yet many a girl has slipped to an uninteresting defeat because she did not, or would not, recognize this.

Employers ask for many curious things; but in the end they all want the same qualities, and those are few. They may phrase it as "pep" or "a knowledge of social usages," "an easy flow of speech," "ability to keep her mouth closed," "high character," or "tact." One employer calls for "maturity and dignity," another demands the quality he describes as "heady."

All these varying terms come down to the primary thing which every employer wants and must have—a girl who knows her business. As a rule the employer is not conducting a school, a training class, or a home for incompetents, but a business which demands technical proficiency, and he must have the girl whom William Hawley Smith used to describe as educated, because she was "on her job."

The board of directors which engages the head resident of a settlement, the physician who employs a laboratory assistant, and the employment manager who takes on a new telephone girl, all ask and expect that this new employee will be able to deliver the goods. You engage a physician on the belief that he will know how to prescribe for your ailments. If you hire a chauffeur the supposition is that he knows the difference between the carburetor and the steering gear, and the man who employs a new woman worker expects her to know her business.

The Three R's Are Still Important

SOMETIMES a young person is employed in a sort of apprenticeship job, and then the test is not what she can do to-day but what she may be able to do to-morrow. The shrewdest employers, in interviewing candidates, always have one eye on the present and the other on the future. But even the untrained employee engaged for future values must be able to do the thing that she is expected to do at the outset. She must have a certain amount of technical proficiency. In the eye of the employer technical proficiency means really two things: First of all, it means a thorough knowledge of the exact profession, science, or business for which the candidate is engaged, and second, it means a knowledge of English, spelling, and arithmetic.

Only a short time ago, a very brilliant woman, head of a large social service organization said to me:

"I want a girl to do some filing and record keeping, really to lay the foundations for a statistical department, but she must know the alphabet and how to add. The girl who tried to hold down the job is leaving because she could never be depended on to add a column of figures and get the same answer twice in succession, and because the letters she should have filed under M were always under N, and chaos resulted."

Probably most employers, in mentioning minor but essential qualifications, ask for a knowledge of English before anything else.

The next quality which the employer wants is responsibility. By this he does not mean merely the cut and dried attributes of punctuality, honesty, being on the job mentally, and other virtues which one rather takes for granted, but he means besides this something much more colorful. He wants a person who can be allowed to go her own way, and can be depended upon to come out at the close of the day having held up her end of the business. He means someone who has what he sometimes calls "intelligent coöperation," for the average good employer to-day would much rather you worked with him than for him.

The responsible person is of course discreet, does not discuss her employer's affairs with every friend over the luncheon table; she has loyalty and integrity—those things go without saying. But most of all she must be willing to take the responsibility of her own job.

What the employer wants in a head of a department is someone absolutely responsible for the work placed before her, who will meet her own problems, and handle them herself, without taking up the time of the employer. This applies to the smallest as well as to the largest positions. If, for instance, a girl is put in charge of a mailing-room, she is expected to be responsible for that room, to meet and settle its troubles and quandaries. Every job offers its departure from the regular run of the day's events, and the ability to meet and handle these new situations is essential.

How High Can You Grow?

THE third attribute in importance is the ability to grow. Young men are chosen very largely with a view to their future worth; and girls, more often than they realize, are picked for this same quality. "In my plant," said one man, "a girl can go just as far as she wants to. There are no limits to the kind of job I will give her if she will make good."

It is the settled policy of many organizations, both commercial, scientific, social and religious, to fill their more important positions with employees who have come up through the organization routine. It is thought to be good policy to promote employees—good both for the employee and also for the plant. Now, in such an organization there is not much place for the mechanical worker who counts the hours till the close of day and who measures the delights of her job by the money she can save to get away from it. Heads of such organizations must necessarily choose people who have the ability to advance.

The head of a large organization who had heard two of his assistants criticized in a kindly way rose to their defense. "They are very capable girls," he said, "they do their work excellently. I have no fault to find with them," and then he catalogued all their readily accessible virtues.

"Wait a moment," said the friendly critic; "will either one of those girls ever rise to fill a large position in your firm?"

"Well, no," he admitted.

"Will either one even head a department?"

"Probably not," he said, and then added after a moment's thought, "and, after all, that is the measure of real ability—the power to go on."

Courageous and honest employers sometimes state openly that they want employees who will take criticism, a quality that is part of the ability to grow.

One employer suggested that the person who would advance was the one who was not afraid to say that she didn't know, because the time and effort of everyone were saved when the new employee was willing to admit ignorance.

Dovetailing Into Place

THE adaptable girl, according to the boss's definition, is not the jack-of-all-trades; she is not the girl who can write advertisements to-day, a news story to-morrow, and the great American drama the next day; she is not one who can be transferred from the stenographers to the bookkeepers, to the library, to the filing-room and back again, without missing a stroke, wasting a minute, or making a mistake. But the adaptable girl comes in with the purpose of fitting herself into his organization, or conforming to the plans and principles which he has evolved for his business. She has a sort of mental agility and suppleness that make it possible for her to fit into the machinery of the place where she has cast her lot. She does not sacrifice convictions, but she can give up habits. The adaptable person is usually the coöperative one, because she finds it possible to fit herself in with other ways, habits, and opinions.

Only two other qualifications are left in the employer's list, and one of these he lists as "interest in her job." The employer who asks that the candidates whom he interviews shall be "keen," "bright," "alert," "snappy," means that he wants people interested in their jobs. The successful head of an organization always has a keen interest, a youthful enthusiasm, for the work, and finds it very difficult to carry out his ideas successfully when assisted by people who work for nothing but wages, for only the hours they are employed, and who have not enough concern or interest in their employer's affairs ever to have a constructive idea or to make a suggestion.

Last of all there is a shining jewel in the crown of the perfect employee that is hard to define, but easy to recognize. The employer has this unclassified attribute in mind when he asks that the candidate must be "attractive or personable," or when he pleads for someone with "poise," or "tact," or for someone who is "wide awake" and "meets people well."

This additional quality is sometimes a matter of that elusive attraction which we call charm; or it may be manner and clothes; in many cases it is an unflagging and never-failing tact. Frequently, it is a high order of mental ability or unusual proficiency in work. And often it is fine health and vigor, and the charm of looks that accompany them. But always this thing of which he is proud is some quality which is not necessarily identical with any of the others which he demands.

The perfect employee is hard to define, but easy to recognize

Health Goes Without Saying

I HAVE purposely omitted from the list of the employers' demands the question of health, because almost all firms and almost all individual employers take that now as a matter of course. The sickly girl, even with the best intentions in the world, finds it difficult to be responsible, because of absenteeism. She is not adaptable, as a rule. Her lack of health precludes any real interest in anything, and her ability to advance and to grow with the plant is seriously affected by lack of energy and vigor.

Like the figure in the old wood cut, "'Tis she!" cries the employer, "this perfect person—the girl who is healthy and enamored of her work, who knows how to do it, and who fits into my organization, who carries her end of the load and comes up at the end of the day without whining, who will go to the top of something and let no one stop her, and who will make every other employer on the street envy me—the girl on the sunny side of work."

There's lasting satisfaction in owning a Victrola

When the instrument you buy for your home is a Victrola you have the satisfaction of knowing:

that it was specially made to play Victor records;

that the greatest artists make their Victor records to play on Victrola instruments;

that you hear these artists exactly as they expected you to hear them, because they themselves tested and approved their own records *on the Victrola.*

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

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Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin, use Ivory.

THERE are seven desirable qualities that soap can have; seven that soap should have to be entirely satisfactory; seven that soap must have to be suitable for universal use — shampoo, bath, toilet, nursery, fine laundry.

These essentials are: abundant lather, quick rinsing, mildness, purity, whiteness, fragrance, "it floats."

Some soaps have some of these qualities; some soaps have others; Ivory Soap combines all seven. This is why Ivory Soap is preferred for so many uses. This is why it is unsurpassed in everything it does.

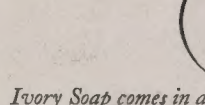
Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size and form for every purpose

Small Cake

For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

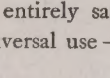
Large Cake

Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.



Ivory Soap Flakes

Especially for the washbowl washing of delicate garments. Sample package free on request to Division 12-J, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP 

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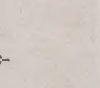


WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
Gertrude B. Lane, Editor
Volume 48 October, 1921 Number 10

Three Men and a Maid

A NOVEL By
PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE
ILLUSTRATED by J. SIMONT

Complete in Three Parts

PART I

THROUGH the curtained windows of the furnished apartment which Mrs. Horace Hignett had rented for her stay in New York, rays of golden sunlight peeped in like the foremost spies of some advancing army. It was a fine summer morning. The hands of the Dutch clock in the hall pointed to thirteen minutes past nine; those of the ormolu clock in the sitting-room to eleven minutes past ten; those of the carriage clock on the bookshelf to fourteen minutes to six. In other words it was exactly eight; and Mrs. Hignett acknowledged the fact by moving her head on the pillow, opening her eyes, and sitting up in bed. She always woke at eight precisely.

Was this Mrs. Hignett, *the* Mrs. Hignett, the world-famous writer on theosophy, the noted author of "The Spreading Light," "What of the Morrow," and all the rest of that well-known series? I'm glad you asked me. Yes, she was. She had come over to America on a lecturing tour.

The year 1920, it will be remembered, was a trying one for the inhabitants of the United States. Every boat that arrived from England brought a fresh swarm of British lecturers to the country. Novelists, poets, scientists, philosophers, and plain, ordinary bores; some herd instinct seemed to affect them all simultaneously. It was like one of those great race movements of the Middle Ages. Men and women of widely differing views on religion, art, politics, and almost every other subject: on this one point the intellectuals of Great Britain were single-minded—that there was easy money to be picked up on the lecture platforms of America, and that they might just as well grab it as the next person.

Mrs. Hignett had come over with the first batch of immigrants; for, spiritual as her writings were, there was a solid streak of business sense in this woman, and she meant to get hers while the getting was good. She was half way across the Atlantic with a complete itinerary booked before ninety per cent of the poets and philosophers had finished sorting out their clean collars and getting their photographs taken for the passport.

She had not left England without a pang, for departure had involved sacrifices. More than anything else in the world she loved her charming home, Windles, in the county of Hampshire, for so many years the seat of the Hignett family. Windles was as the breath of life to her. Its shady walks, its silver lake, its noble elms, the old gray stone of its walls—these were bound up with her very being. She felt that she belonged to Windles, and Windles to her. Unfortunately, as a matter of cold, legal accuracy, it did not. She did but hold it in trust for her son, Eustace, until such time as he should marry and take possession of it himself. There were times when the thought of Eustace marrying and bringing a strange woman to Windles chilled Mrs. Hignett to her very marrow. Happily, her firm policy of keeping her son permanently under her eye at home, and never permitting him to have speech with a female below the age of fifty, had averted the peril up till now.

Eustace had accompanied his mother to America. It was his faint snores which she could hear in the adjoining room, as, having bathed and dressed, she went down the hall to where breakfast awaited her. She smiled tolerantly. She had never desired to convert her son to her own early rising habits, for, apart from not allowing him to call his soul his own, she was an indulgent mother. Eustace would get up at half-past nine, long after she had finished breakfast, read her mail, and started her duties for the day.

Breakfast was on the table in the sitting-room, a modest meal of rolls, cereal, and imitation coffee. Beside the pot containing this hell-brew was a little pile of letters. Mrs. Hignett opened them as she ate. Among them there was a letter from her brother Mallaby—Sir Mallaby Marlowe, the eminent London lawyer—saying that his son Sam, of whom she had never approved, would be in New York shortly, passing through on his way back to England, and hoping that she would see something of him.

She had just risen from the table when there was a sound of voices in the hall, and presently the domestic staff, a gaunt Irish lady of advanced years, entered the room.

"Ma'am, there was a gentleman."

Mrs. Hignett was annoyed. Her mornings were sacred.

"Didn't you tell him I was not to be disturbed?"

"I did not. I loosed him into the parlor." The staff remained for a moment in melancholy silence, then resumed. "He says he's your nephew. His name's Marlowe."

Mrs. Hignett experienced no diminution of her annoyance. She had not seen her nephew Sam for ten years and would have been willing to extend the period. She remembered him as an untidy small boy who, once or twice, during his school holidays, had disturbed the cloistral peace of Windles with his beastly presence. However, blood being thicker than water, and all that sort of thing, she supposed she would have to give him five minutes. She went into the sitting-room and found there a young man who looked more or less like all other young men, though perhaps rather fitter than most.

"Hallo, Aunt Adeline!" he said awkwardly.

"Well, Samuel!" said Mrs. Hignett.

There was a pause. Mrs. Hignett, who was not fond of young men and disliked having her mornings broken into, was thinking that he had not improved in the slightest degree since their last meeting; and Sam, who imagined that he had long since grown to man's estate and put off childish things, was embarrassed to discover that his aunt still affected him as of old. That is to say, she made him feel as if he had omitted to shave, and, in addition to that, had swallowed some drug which had caused him to swell unpleasantly, particularly about the hands and feet.

"Jolly morning," said Sam perseveringly.

"So I imagine. I have not yet been out."

"Thought I'd look in and see how you were."

"That was very kind of you. The morning is my busy time, but . . . yes, that was very kind of you!"

There was another pause.

"How do you like America?" said Sam.

"I dislike it exceedingly."

"Yes? Well, of course some people do. I like it myself," said Sam. "I've had a wonderful time. Everybody's treated me like a rich uncle. I've been in Detroit, you know, and they practically gave me the city, and asked me if I'd like another to take home in my pocket. Never saw anything like it! I might have been the missing heir! I think America's the greatest invention on record."

"And what brought you to America?" said Mrs. Hignett, unmoved by this rhapsody.

"Oh, I came over to play golf. In a tournament, you know."

"Surely at your age," said Mrs. Hignett disapprovingly, "you could be better occupied. Do you spend your whole time playing golf?"

"Oh no! I hunt a bit and shoot a bit, and I swim a good lot, and I still play football occasionally."

"I wonder your father does not insist on your doing some useful work."

"He is beginning to harp on the subject rather. I suppose I shall take a stab at it sooner or later. Father says I ought to get married, too."

"He is perfectly right."

"I suppose old Eustace will be getting hitched up one of these days?" said Sam.

Mrs. Hignett started violently. "What makes you say that?"

"Oh, well, he's a romantic sort of fellow. Writes poetry and all that."

"There is no likelihood at all of Eustace marrying. He is of a shy and retiring temperament and sees few women. He is almost a recluse."

Sam was aware of this, and had frequently regretted it. He had always been fond of his cousin in that half-amused and rather patronizing way in which men of thews and sinews are fond of the weaker brethren who run more to pallor and intellect; and he had always felt that if Eustace had not had to retire to Windles to spend his life with a woman whom, from his earliest years, he had always considered the Empress of the Wash-outs, much might have been made of him. Both at school and at Oxford, Eustace had been—if not a sport—at least a decidedly cheery old bean. Sam remembered Eustace at school breaking glass globes with a slipper in a positively rollicking manner. He remembered him at Oxford playing up to him manfully at the piano on the occasion when he had done that imitation of Frank Tinney which had been such a hit at the Trinity smoker. Yes, Eustace had had the makings of a pretty sound egg, and it was too bad that he had allowed his mother to coop him up down in the country miles away from anywhere.

"Eustace is returning to England on Saturday," said Mrs. Hignett. She spoke a little wistfully. She had not been parted from her son since he had come down from Oxford; and she would have liked to keep him with her till the end of her lecturing tour. That, however, was out of the question. It was imperative that, while she was away, he should be at Windles. Nothing would have induced her to leave the place at the mercy of servants who might trample over the flower beds, scratch the polished floors, and forget to cover up the canary at night. "He sails on the 'Atlantic'."

"That's splendid," said Sam. "I'm sailing on the 'Atlantic' myself. I'll go down to the office and see if we can't have a stateroom together. But where is he going to live when he gets to England?"

"Where is he going to live? Why, at Windles, of course. Where else?"

"But I thought you were letting Windles for the summer?"

Mrs. Hignett stared.

"Letting Windles!" She spoke as one might address a lunatic. "What put that extraordinary idea into your head?"

It seemed to Sam that his aunt spoke somewhat vehemently, even snappishly, in correcting what was a perfectly natural mistake. He could not know that the subject of letting Windles for the summer was one which had long since begun to infuriate Mrs. Hignett. People had certainly asked her to let Windles. In fact, people had pestered her. There was a rich fat man, an American named Bennett, whom she had met, just before sailing, at her brother's house in London. Invited down to Windles for the day, Mr. Bennett had fallen in love with the place and had begged her to name her own price. Not content with this, he had pursued her with his pleadings by means of wireless telegraph while she was on the ocean, and had not given up the struggle even when she reached New York. She had not been in America two days when there had arrived a Mr. Mortimer, bosom friend of Mr. Bennett, carrying on the matter where the other had left off. For a whole week Mr. Mortimer had tried to induce her to reconsider her decision, and had only stopped because he had had to leave for England himself to join his friend.

"Nothing will induce me ever to let Windles," she said with finality, and rose significantly. Sam, perceiving that the audience was at an end—and glad of it—also got up.

"Well, I think I'll be going down and seeing about that stateroom," he said.

"Certainly. I am a little busy just now, preparing notes for my next lecture."

"Of course, yes. Mustn't interrupt you. I suppose you're having a great time, gassing away—I mean—Well, good-by!"

"Good-by!"

Mrs. Hignett, frowning, had hardly succeeded in concentrating herself, when the door opened to admit the daughter of Erin once more.

"Ma'am, there was a gentleman."

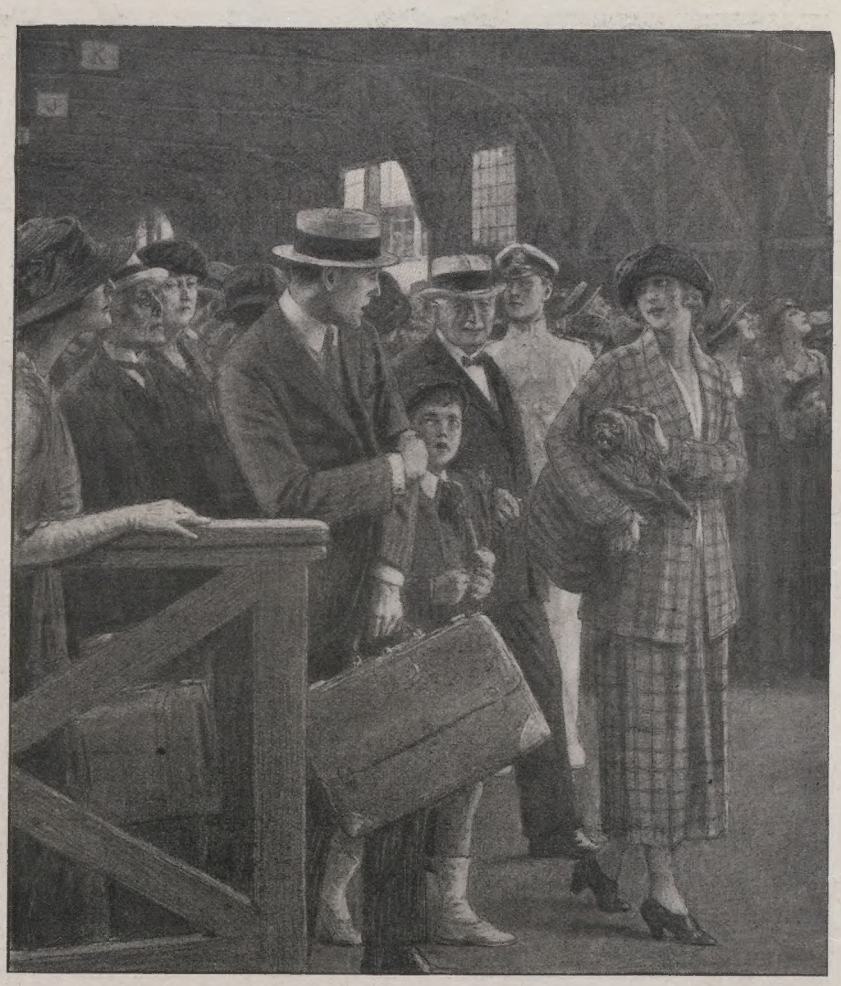
"This is intolerable!" cried Mrs Hignett. "Is he a reporter from one of the newspapers?"

"He is not. He has spats and a tall-shaped hat. His name is Bream Mortimer."

Mrs. Hignett went into the dining-room in a state of cold fury, determined to squash the Mortimer family, once and for all.

"Good morning, Mr. Mortimer."

Bream Mortimer was tall and thin. He had small bright eyes and a sharply curving nose. He looked much more like a parrot than most parrots do. It gave strangers a momentary shock of surprise when they saw Bream Mortimer in restaurants eating roast beef. They had the feeling that he would have preferred sunflower seeds.



After all, an impulsive girl might bite a man in the arm in the

"Morning, Mrs. Hignett," said Bream Mortimer.

"Please sit down."

Bream Mortimer sat down. He looked as though he would rather have hopped onto a perch, but he sat down. He glanced about the room with gleaming, excited eyes.

"Mrs. Hignett, I must have a word with you alone!"

"You *are* having a word with me alone."

"I hardly know how to begin."

"Then let me help you. It is quite impossible. I will never consent."

Bream Mortimer started.

"Then you have heard!"

"I have heard about nothing else since I met Mr. Bennett in London. Mr. Bennett talked about nothing else. Your father talked about nothing else. And now," cried Mrs. Hignett fiercely, "you come and try to reopen the subject. Once and for all, nothing will alter my decision. No money will induce me to let my house."

"But I didn't come about that!"

"Then will you kindly tell me why you have come?"

Bream Mortimer looked embarrassed. He wriggled a little, and moved his arms as if he were trying to flap them.

"You know," he said, "I'm not a man who butts into other people's affairs—" He stopped.

"*No?*" said Mrs. Hignett.

Bream began again.

"I'm not a man who—"

Mrs. Hignett was never a very patient woman.

"Let us take all your negative qualities for granted," she said curtly. "I have no doubt that there are many things which you do not do. Let us confine ourselves to issues of definite importance. What is it, if you have no objection to concentrating your attention on that for a moment, that you wish to see me about?"

"This marriage."

"What marriage?"

"Your son's marriage."

"My son is not married."

"No, but he's going to be. At eleven o'clock this morning at the Little Church Round the Corner!"

Mrs. Hignett stared. Then she spoke coldly:

"Are you mad?"

"Well, I'm not any too well pleased, I'm bound to say," admitted Mr. Mortimer. "You see, darn it all, I'm in love with the girl myself!"

"Who is this girl my misguided son wishes to marry?"

"I don't know that I'd call him misguided," said Mr. Mortimer, as one desiring to be fair. "I think he's a right smart picker! She's such a corking girl, you know. We were children together and I've loved her for years. Ten years at least. But you know how it is—somehow one never seems to get in line for a proposal. I thought I saw an opening in the summer of nineteen-twelve, but it blew over. I'm not one of these smooth, dashing guys, you see, with a great line of talk. I'm not—"

"If you will kindly," said Mrs. Hignett impatiently, "postpone this essay in psychoanalysis to some future occasion I shall be greatly obliged. I am waiting to hear the name of the girl my son wishes to marry."

"Haven't I told you?" said Mr. Mortimer, surprised.

"What is her name?"

"Bennett."

"Bennett? Wilhelmina Bennett? The daughter of Mr. Rufus Bennett? The red-haired girl I met at lunch one day at your father's house?"

"That's it. I think you ought to stop the thing."

"I intend to. The marriage would be unsuitable in every way. Miss Bennett and my son do not vibrate on the same plane."

"That's right. I've noticed it myself."

"I am much obliged to you for coming and telling me of this. I shall take immediate steps."

"That's good! But what's the procedure? How are you going to form a flying wedge and buck center? It's getting late. She'll be waiting at the church at eleven. With bells on," said Mr. Mortimer.

"Eustace will not be there."

Bream Mortimer hopped down from his chair.

"Well, you've taken a weight off my mind. I feel I can rely on you. So I'll say good-by."

"Good-by."

excitement of the moment, and still have a sweet, womanly nature

"I mean really good-by. I'm sailing for England on Saturday on the 'Atlantic'."

"Indeed? My son will be your fellow traveler."

Bream Mortimer looked somewhat apprehensive.

"You won't tell him that I was the one who spilled the beans?"

"I beg your pardon."

"You won't tell him that I crabbed his act—gave the thing away—gummed the game?"

"I shall not mention your chivalrous intervention."

"Chivalrous?" said Bream Mortimer doubtfully. "I don't know that I'd call it absolutely chivalrous. Of course, all's fair in love and war. Well, I'm glad you're going to keep my share in the business under your hat. It might have been awkward meeting him on board."

"You are not likely to meet Eustace on board. He is a very indifferent sailor, and spends most of his time in his cabin."

"That's good! Saves a lot of awkwardness. Well, good-by."

"Good-by. When you reach England remember me to your father."

"He won't have forgotten you," said Bream Mortimer confidently. He did not see how it was humanly possible for anyone to forget this woman. She was like a celebrated chewing gum. The taste lingered.

Mrs. Hignett was a woman of instant and decisive action. Even while her late visitor was speaking, schemes had begun to form in her mind like bubbles rising to the surface of a rushing river. By the time the door had closed behind Bream Mortimer she had at her disposal no fewer than seven, all good. It took her but a moment to select the best and simplest. She tiptoed softly to her son's room. Rhythmic snores greeted her listening ears. She opened the door and went noiselessly in.

THE White Star liner 'Atlantic' lay at her pier with steam up and gangway down ready for her trip to Southampton. The hour of departure was near, and there was a good deal of mixed activity going on. Men, women, boxes, rugs, dogs, flowers and baskets of fruit were flowing on board in a steady stream.

The usual drove of citizens had come to see the travelers off. There were men on the passenger list who were being seen off by fathers, by mothers, by sisters, by cousins, and by aunts. In the steerage there was an elderly Jewish lady who was being seen off by exactly thirty-seven of her late neighbors in Rivington Street. And two men in the second cabin were being seen off by detectives, surely the crowning compliment a great nation can bestow. The cavernous customs sheds were congested with friends and relatives, and Sam Marlowe, heading for the gangplank, was able to make progress only by employing all the muscle and energy which nature had bestowed upon him, and which, during the twenty-five years of his life, he had developed by athletic exercise. However, after some minutes of silent endeavor, now driving his shoulder into the midriff of some obstructing male, now courteously lifting some stout female off her feet, he had succeeded in struggling to within a few yards of his goal, when suddenly a sharp pain shot through his left arm and he spun round with a cry.

It seemed to Sam that he had been bitten, and this puzzled him, for New York crowds, though they may shove and jostle, rarely bite.

He found himself face to face with an extraordinarily pretty girl.

She was a red-haired girl, with the beautiful ivory skin which goes with red hair. Her eyes, though they were under the shadow of her hat, and he could not be certain, he diagnosed as green, or maybe blue, or possibly gray. Not that it mattered, for he had a catholic taste in feminine eyes. Her figure was trim, and she wore one of those dresses of which a man can say no more than that they look pretty well all right.

Nature abhors a vacuum. Samuel Marlowe was a susceptible young man, and for many a long month his heart had been lying empty, all swept and garnished, with "Welcome" on the mat. This girl seemed to rush in and fill it. She was not the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She was the third prettiest. He had an orderly mind, one capable of classifying and docketing girls. But there was a subtle something about her, a sort of how-shall-one-put-it, which he had never encountered before. He swallowed convulsively. At last, he told himself, he was in love, really in love, and at first sight, too, which made it all the more impressive.

But she had bitten him in the arm. That was hardly the right spirit. That, he felt, constituted an obstacle.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cried.

Well, of course if she regretted her rash act. . . . After all, an impulsive girl might bite a man in the arm in the excitement of the moment, and still have a sweet, womanly nature.

"The crowd seems to make Pinky-Boodles so nervous."

Sam might have remained mystified; but at this juncture there proceeded from a bundle of rugs in the neighborhood of the girl's lower ribs a sharp yapping sound, of such a caliber as to be plainly audible over the confused noise of Mamies who were telling Sadies to be sure and write, of Bills who were instructing Dicks to look up old Joe in Paris and give him their best, and of all the fruit boys, candy boys, magazine boys, American flag boys, and telegraph boys who were honking their wares on every side.

"I hope he didn't hurt you much. You're the third person he's bitten to-day." She kissed the animal in a loving and congratulatory way on the tip of his black nose. "Not counting bell boys, of course," she added. And then she was swept from him in the crowd, and he was left thinking of all the things he might have said—all those graceful, witty, ingratiating things which just make a bit of difference on these occasions.

He had said nothing. Not a sound, exclusive of the first sharp yowl of pain, had proceeded from him. He had just goggled. A rotten exhibition! Perhaps he would never see this girl again. She looked the sort of girl who comes to see friends off and doesn't sail herself. And what memory of him would she retain? She would mix him up with the time when she went to visit the deaf-and-dumb hospital.

Sam reached the gangplank, showed his ticket, and made his way through the crowd of passengers, passengers' friends, stewards, junior officers, and sailors who infested the deck. He proceeded down the main companionway, through a rich smell of indiarubber and mixed pickles, as far as the dining-saloon; then turned down the narrow passage leading to his stateroom.

Staterooms on ocean liners are curious things. When you see them on the chart in the passenger office, with the gentlemanly clerk drawing rings round them in pencil, they seem so vast that you get the impression that, after stowing away all your trunks, you will have room left over to do a bit of entertaining—possibly an informal dance or something. When you go on board you find that the place has shrunk to the dimensions of an undersized cupboard. And then, about the second day out, it suddenly expands again.

Sam, balancing himself on the narrow projecting ledge which the chart in the passenger office had grandiloquently described as a lounge, began to feel the depression which marks the second phase. He almost wished now that he had not been so energetic in having his room changed in order to enjoy the company of his cousin Eustace. It was going to be a tight fit. Eustace's bag was already in the cabin, and it seemed to take up the entire fairway. Still, after all, Eustace was a good sort, and would be a cheerful companion. And Sam realized that if that girl with the red hair was not a passenger on the boat he was going to have need of diverting society.

A footstep sounded in the passage outside. The door opened.

"Hullo, Eustace!" said Sam.

Eustace Hignett nodded listlessly, sat down on his bag and emitted a deep sigh. He was a small, fragile-looking young man, with a pale, intellectual face. Dark hair fell in a sweep over his forehead.

"Hullo!" he said, in a hollow voice.

Sam regarded him blankly. He had not seen him for some years, but, going by his recollections of him at the university, he had expected something cheerier than this. In fact, he had rather been relying on Eustace to be the life and soul of the party. The man sitting on the bag before him could hardly have filled that rôle at a gathering of Russian novelists.

"What on earth's the matter?" said Sam.

"The matter?" Eustace Hignett laughed mirthlessly. "Oh, nothing. Nothing much. Nothing to signify. Only, my heart's broken." He eyed with considerable malignity the bottle of water in the rack above his head, a harmless object provided by the White Star Company for clients who might desire to clean their teeth during the voyage.

"If you would care to hear the story?" he said.

"Go ahead."

"Soon after I arrived in America, I met a girl—"

"Talking of girls," said Marlowe with enthusiasm, "I've just seen the only one in the world that really amounts to anything. It was like this: I was shoving my way—"

"Shall I tell you my story, or will you tell me yours?"

"Oh, sorry! Go ahead."

Eustace Hignett scowled at the printed notice on the wall informing occupants of the stateroom that the name of their steward was J. B. Midgeley.

"She was an extraordinarily pretty girl."

"So was mine! I give you my honest word I never in all my life saw such—"

"Of course, if you would prefer that I postpone my narrative?" said Eustace coldly.

"Oh, sorry! Carry on. What was her name?"

"Wilhelmina Bennett. She was an extraordinarily pretty girl and highly intelligent. I read her all my poems, and she appreciated them immensely. She enjoyed my singing. My conversation appeared to interest her. She admired my—"

"I see. You made a hit. Now get on with the rest of the story."

"Don't bustle me," said Eustace querulously.

"Well, you know the voyage only takes eight days."

"I've forgotten where I was."

"You were saying what a devil of a chap she thought you. What happened? I suppose, when you actually came to propose, you found she was engaged to some other johnny?"

"Not at all! I asked her to be my wife, and she consented. We both agreed that a quiet wedding was what we wanted—she thought her father might stop the thing if he knew, and I was dashed sure my mother would—so we decided to get married without telling anybody. By now," said Eustace, with a morose glance at the porthole, 'I ought to have been on my honeymoon. Everything was settled. I had the license and the parson's fee. I had been breaking in a new tie for the wedding."

"And then you quarreled?"

"Nothing of the kind. I wish you would stop trying to tell me the story. I'm telling you. What happened was this: Somehow—I can't make out how—Mother found out. And then, of course, it was all over. She stopped the thing."

Sam was indignant. He thoroughly disliked his aunt Adeline, and his cousin's meek subservience to her revolted him.

"Stopped it? I suppose she said, 'Now, Eustace, you mustn't!' And you said, 'Very well, Mother!' and scratched the fixture."

"She didn't say a word. She never has said a word. As far as that goes, she might never have heard anything about the marriage."

"Then, how do you mean she stopped it?"

"She pinched my trousers!" Eustace groaned. "All of them! The whole bally lot! She gets up long before I do, and she must have come into my room and cleaned it out while I was asleep. When I woke up and started to dress I couldn't find a solitary pair of bags anywhere in the whole place. I looked everywhere. Finally, I went into the sitting-room where she was writing letters and asked if she had happened to see any anywhere. She said she had sent them all to be pressed. She said she knew I never went out in the mornings—I don't as a rule—and they would be back by lunch time. A fat lot of use that was! I had to be at the church at eleven! Well, I told her I had a most important engagement with a man at eleven, and she wanted to know what it was and I tried to think of something; but it sounded pretty feeble and she said I had better telephone to the man and put it off. I did it, too. Rang up the first number in the book and told some fellow I had never seen in my life that I couldn't meet him! He was pretty peeved, judging from what he said about my being on the wrong line. And Mother listening all the time, and I knowing that she knew—something told me that she knew—and she knowing that I knew she knew—I tell you it was awful!"

"And the girl?"

"She broke off the engagement. Apparently, she waited at the church from eleven till one-thirty and then began to get impatient. She wouldn't see me when I called in the afternoon, but I got a letter from her saying that what had happened was all for the best, as she had been thinking it over and had come to the conclusion that she had made a mistake. She said something about my not being as dynamic as she had thought I was."

"Did you explain about the trousers?"

"Yes. It seemed to make things worse. She said that she could forgive a man anything except being ridiculous."

"I think you're well out of it," said Sam judicially. "She can't have been much of a girl."

"I feel that now. But it doesn't alter the fact that my life is ruined. I have become a woman-hater. 'Who was't betrayed the Capitol?' A woman. Who lost Marc Antony the world? A woman. Who was the cause of a long ten years' war and laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman! Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!"

Sam tried to put in a word, but Eustace stopped him: "If you have anything bitter and derogatory to say about women, say it, and I will listen eagerly. But if you merely wish to gibber about the ornamental exterior of some dashed girl you have been fool enough to get attracted by, go and tell it to the captain or the ship's cat, or J. B. Midgeley. Do try to realize that I am a soul in torment! I think I shall take to drink."

"Talking of that," said Sam, "I suppose they open the bar directly we pass the three-mile limit. How about a small one?"

Eustace shook his head gloomily.

"Do you suppose I pass my time on board ship in gadding about and feasting? Directly the vessel begins to move, I go to bed and stay there. As a matter of fact, I think it would be wisest to go to bed now. Don't let me keep you if you want to go on deck."

"It looks to me," said Sam, "as if I had been mistaken in thinking that you were going to be a ray of sunshine on the voyage."

"Ray of sunshine!" said Eustace Hignett, pulling a pair of mauve pajamas out of the kit-bag. "I'm going to be a volcano!"

SAM left the stateroom and headed for the companion. He wanted to get on deck and ascertain if that girl was still on board. About now the sheep would be separating from the goats; the passengers would be on deck and their friends returning to the shore. A slight tremor in the boards on which he trod told him that this separation must have already taken place. The ship was moving. Was she on board or was she not? He reached the top of the stairs and passed out onto the crowded deck. And, as he did so, a scream, followed by confused shouting, came from the rail nearest the shore. He perceived that the rail was black with people hanging over it. They were all looking into the water.

Samuel Marlowe was not one of those who pass aloofly by when there is excitement toward. If a horse fell down in the street, he was always among those present, and he was never too busy to stop and stare at a blank window on which were inscribed the words "Watch this space!" To dash to the rail and shove a fat man in a tweed cap to one side was with him the work of a moment. He had thus an excellent view of what was going on, a view which he improved the next instant by climbing up and kneeling on the rail.

There was a man in the water, a man whose upper section, the only one visible, was clad in a blue jersey. He wore a derby hat, and from time to time, as he battled with the waves, he would put up a hand and adjust this more firmly on his head. A dressy swimmer.

Scarcely had he taken in this spectacle when Marlowe became aware of the girl he had met on the dock. She was standing a few feet away, leaning out over the rail with wide eyes and parted lips. Like everybody else, she was staring into the water.

As Sam looked at her the thought crossed his mind that here was a wonderful chance of making the most tremendous impression on this girl. What would she not think of a man who, reckless of his own safety, dived in and went boldly to the rescue? And there were men, no doubt, who would be chumps enough to do it, he thought, as he prepared to shift back to a position of greater safety.

At this moment, the fat man in the tweed cap, incensed at having been jostled out of the front row, made his charge. He had but been crouching, the better to spring. Now he sprang. His full weight took Sam squarely in the spine. There was an instant in which that young man hung, as it were, between sea and sky; then he shot down over the rail to join the man in the blue jersey, who had just discovered that his hat was not on straight and had paused to adjust it once more with a few skillful touches of the fingers.

IN THE brief interval of time which Marlowe had spent in the stateroom, chatting with Eustace about the latter's bruised soul, some rather curious things had been happening above. Not extraordinary, perhaps, but curious. These must now be related. A story, if it is to grip the reader should, I am aware, go always forward. It should march. It should leap from crag to crag like the chamois of the Alps. If there is one thing I hate, it is a novel which gets you interested in the hero in chapter one and then cuts back in chapter two to tell you all about his grandfather. Nevertheless, at this point we must go back a space. We must return to the moment when, having deposited her Pekinese dog in her stateroom, the girl with the red hair came out again on deck. This happened just about the time when Eustace Hignett was beginning his narrative.

By now the bustle which precedes the departure of an ocean liner was at its height. Hoarse voices were crying, "All for the shore!" The girl went to the rail and gazed earnestly at the shore. She had the air of one who was waiting for someone to appear.

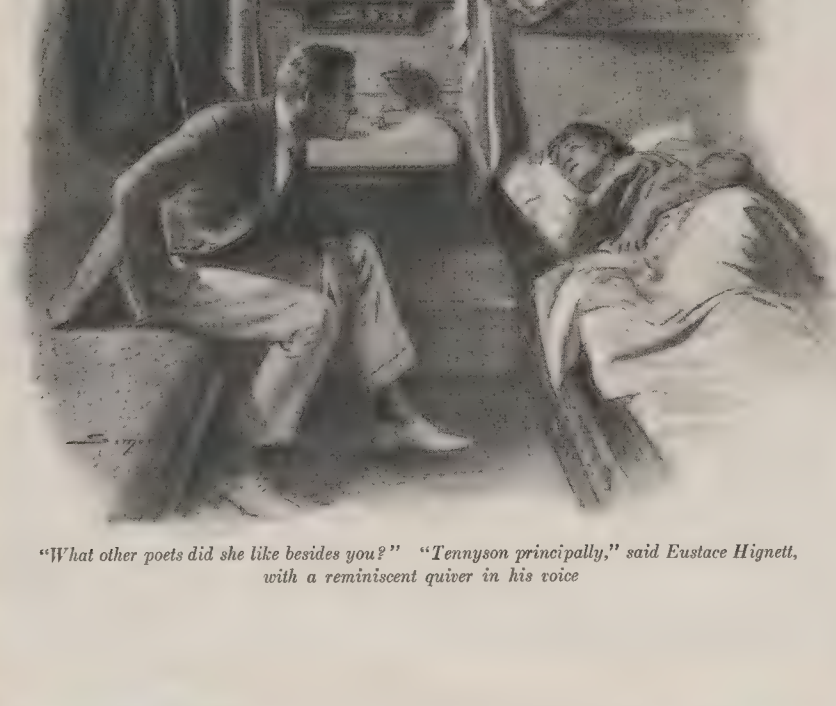
There was a rattle as the gangplank moved in-board and was deposited on the deck. The girl uttered a little cry of dismay. Then suddenly her face brightened, and she began to wave her arm to attract the attention of an elderly man with a red face, made redder by exertion, who had just forced his way to the edge of the dock and was peering up at the passenger-lined rail.

The boat had now begun to move slowly out of its slip, backing into the river. Ropes had been cast off, and an ever-widening strip of water appeared between the vessel and the shore. It was now that the man on the dock sighted the girl. She gesticulated at him. He gesticulated at her. She appeared helpless and baffled, but he showed himself a person of resource, of the stuff of which great generals are made.

The man on the dock took from his pocket a pleasantly rotund wad of currency bills. He produced a handkerchief, swiftly tied up the bills in it, backed to give himself room, and then, with all the strength of his arm, he hurled the bills in the direction of the deck. The action was greeted by cheers from a warm-hearted populace. Your New York crowd loves a liberal provider.

One says that the man hurled the bills in the direction of the deck, and that was exactly what he did. But the years had robbed his pitching arm of the limber strength which, forty summers back, had made him the terror of opposing boys' baseball teams. He still retained a fair control, but he lacked steam. The handkerchief with its precious contents shot in a graceful arc toward the deck, fell short by a good six feet and dropped into the water, where it unfolded like a lily, sending twenty-dollar bills, ten-dollar bills, five-dollar bills, and an assortment of ones floating over the wavelets. The cheers of the citizenry changed to cries of horror. The girl uttered a plaintive shriek. The boat moved on.

It was at this moment that Mr. Oscar Swenson, one of the thriftiest souls who ever came out of Sweden, perceived that the chance of a lifetime had arrived for adding substantially to his little savings. By profession he was one of those men who eke out a precarious livelihood by rowing dreamily about the waterfront in skiffs. He was doing so now; and, as he sat meditatively in his skiff, having done his best to give the liner a good send-off by paddling round in circles, the pleading face of a twenty-dollar bill peered up at him. Mr. Swenson was not the man to resist the appeal. He uttered a sharp bark of



"What other poets did she like besides you?" "Tennyson principally," said Eustace Hignett, with a reminiscent quiver in his voice

ecstasy, pressed his derby hat firmly upon his brow and dived in. A moment later he had risen to the surface and was gathering up money with both hands.

He was still busy with this congenial task when a tremendous splash at his side sent him under again; and, rising for a second time, he observed with not a little chagrin that he had been joined by a young man in a blue flannel suit with an invisible stripe.

"Svensk!" exclaimed Mr. Swenson, or whatever it is that natives of Sweden exclaim in moments of justifiable annoyance. He resented the advent of this newcomer. He had been getting along fine and had had the situation well in hand. To him Sam Marlowe represented Competition, and Mr. Swenson desired no competitors in his treasure-seeking enterprise. He travels, thought Mr. Swenson, the fastest who travels alone.

Sam Marlowe had a touch of the philosopher in him. He had the ability to adapt himself to circumstances. It had been no part of his plans to come whizzing down off the rail into this singularly souplike water which tasted in equal parts of oil and dead rats; but, now that he was here, he was prepared to make the best of the situation. Swimming, it happened, was one of the things he did best, and somewhere among his belongings at home was a tarnished pewter cup which he had won at school in the "Saving Life" competition. He knew exactly what to do. You get behind the victim and grab him firmly under his arms, and then you start swimming on your back. A moment later, the astonished Mr. Swenson, who, being practically amphibious, had not anticipated that anyone would have the cool impertinence to try and save him from drowning, found himself seized from behind and towed vigorously away from a ten-dollar bill which he had almost succeeded in grasping. The spiritual agony caused by this assault rendered him mercifully dumb; though, even had he contrived to utter the rich Swedish oaths which occurred to him, his remarks could scarcely have been heard, for the crowd on the dock was cheering as one man. They had often paid good money to see far less gripping sights in the movies. They roared applause. The liner, meanwhile, continued to move stodgily out into midriver.

"You're the dearest girl I ever met, and you can bet I'll never forget." He stopped. "I'm not trying to make it rhyme," he said apologetically

The only drawback to these life-saving competitions at school, considered from the standpoint of fitting the competitors for the problems of after-life, is that the object saved on such occasions is a leather dummy, and of all things in this world a leather dummy is perhaps the most placid and phlegmatic. It differs in many respects from an emotional Swedish gentleman, six feet high and constructed throughout of steel and indiarubber, who is being lugged away from cash which he has been regarding in the light of a legacy.

Mr. Swenson began immediately to struggle with all the violence at his disposal. His large, hairy hands came out of the water and swung hopefully in the direction where he assumed his assailant's face to be.

Sam was not unprepared for this display. His researches in the art of life-saving had taught him that your drowning man frequently struggled against his best interests. In which case, cruel to be kind, one simply stunned the blighter. He decided to stun Mr. Swenson, though, if he had known that gentleman more intimately and had been aware that he had the reputation of possessing the thickest head on the waterfront he would have realized the magnitude of the task. Sam, ignorant of this, attempted to do the job with clenched fist, which he brought down as smartly as possible on the crown of the other's derby hat.

It was the worst thing he could have done. Mr. Swenson thought highly of his hat, and this brutal attack upon it confirmed his gloomiest apprehensions. Now, thoroughly convinced that the only thing to do was to sell his life dearly, he wrenched himself round, seized his assailant by the neck, twined his arms about his middle, and accompanied him below the surface.

By the time he had swallowed his first pint and was beginning his second, Sam was reluctantly compelled to come to the conclusion that this was the end. The thought irritated him unspeakably. This, he felt, was just the silly, contrary way things always happened. Why should it be he who was perishing like this? Why not Eustace Hignett? Now, there was a fellow whom this sort of thing would just have suited. Broken-hearted Eustace Hignett would have looked on all this as a merciful release.

He paused in his reflections to try to disentangle the more prominent of Mr. Swenson's limbs from about him. By this time he was sure that he had never met anyone he disliked so intensely as Mr. Swenson—not even his aunt Adeline. The man was a human octopus. Sam could count seven distinct legs twined round him and at least as many arms. It seemed to him that he was being done to death in his prime by a solid platoon of Swedes. He put his whole soul into one last effort . . . something seemed to give . . . he was free. Pausing only to try to kick Mr. Swenson in the face, Sam shot to the surface. Something hard and sharp prodded him in the head. Then something caught the collar of his coat; and, finally, spouting like a whale, he found himself dragged upward and over the side of a boat.

The time which Sam had spent with Mr. Swenson below the surface had been brief, but it had been long enough to enable the whole floating population of the North River to converge on the scene in scows, skiffs, launches, tugs, and other vessels. The fact that the water in that vicinity was crested with currency had not escaped the notice of these navigators and they had gone to it as one man. First in the race came the tug 'Reuben S. Watson,' the skipper of which, following a famous precedent, had taken his little daughter to bear him company. It was to this fact that Marlowe really owed his rescue. Women have often a vein of sentiment in them, where men can see only the hard business side of a situation; and it was the skipper's daughter who insisted that the family boathook, then in use as a harpoon for spearing dollar bills, should be devoted to the less profitable but humane end of extricating the young man from a watery grave.

Accordingly, Sam found himself sitting on the deck of the tug engaged in the complicated process of restoring his faculties to the normal. In a sort of dream he perceived Mr. Swenson rise to the surface some feet away, adjust his derby hat, and, after one long look of dislike in his direction, swim off rapidly to intercept a five which was floating under the stern of a nearby skiff.

Sam sat on the deck and panted. He played on the boards like a public fountain. At the back of his mind there was a flickering thought that he wanted to do something, a vague feeling that he had some sort of an appointment which he must keep: but he was unable to think what it was.

"Well, aincher wet!" said a voice.

The skipper's daughter was standing beside him, looking down commiseratingly. Of the rest of the family all he could see was the broad blue seats of their trousers as they leaned hopefully over the side in the quest for wealth.

"Yessir! You sure are wet! Gee! I never seen anyone so wet! I seen wet guys, but I never seen anyone so wet as you. Yessir, you're certainly *wet!*"

"It's the water," said Sam.

"Wotcha do it for?" asked the girl. "Wotcha do a Brodie for off'n that ship?"

Sam uttered a sharp cry. He had remembered.

"Where is she?"

"Where's who?"

"The liner."

"She's off down the river, I guess. Wotcha expect her to do? She's gotta get over to the other side, ain't she?"

Sam sprang to his feet and looked wildly about him: "I must get back. Isn't there any way of getting back?"

"Well, you could catch up with her at quarantine out in the bay. She'll stop to let the pilot off."

"Can you take me to quarantine?"

The girl glanced doubtfully at the seat of the nearest pair of trousers.

"Well, we *could*," she said. "But Pa's kind of set in his ways, and right now he's fishing for dollar bills with the boathook. He's apt to get sorta mad if he's interrupted."

"I'll give him fifty dollars if he'll put me on board."

"Pa! Commere! Wantcha!"

The trousers did not even quiver. But this girl was a girl of decision. There was some nautical implement resting in a rack convenient to her hand. It was long, solid, and constructed of one of the harder forms of wood. Deftly extracting this from its place she smote her inoffensive parent on the only visible portion of him. He turned sharply, exhibiting a red bearded face.

"Pa, this gen'man wants to be took aboard the boat at quarantine. He'll give you fifty berries."

The wrath died out of the skipper's face like the slow turning down of a lamp. The fishing had been poor, and so far he had managed to secure only a single two-dollar bill.

"Fifty berries!"

"Fifty seeds!" the girl assured him.

Twenty minutes later Sam was climbing up the side of the liner as it lay towering over the tug like a mountain. His clothes hung about him clammily. He squelched as he walked.

A kindly-looking old gentleman who was smoking a cigar by the rail regarded him with open eyes.

"My dear sir, you're very wet," he said.

Sam passed him with a cold face and hurried through the door leading to the companionway.

"Good lord, sir! You're very wet!" said a steward in the doorway of the dining-saloon. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]

The Spring of Eternal Youth

The third story in the "It Happened in Orchard Street" series

By BRUCE BARTON: *Illustrated by* JOHN RAE

I REMEMBER once reading about an ancient mariner named Ponce de Leon, whose wife kept saying to him, "Ponce, I believe you are getting fat," and, "Ponce, I saw another gray hair in your head this morning," and, "Ponce, you never used to complain about bringing in the wood when we were first married." Until finally it got on the old fellow's nerves, and he decided to see if something could not be done about it.

There was a tradition in those days that somewhere, in Florida, a fountain of eternal youth bubbled up. Doubtless the tradition was started by the advertising manager of one of the Palm Beach Hotels, but poor old Ponce did not know that. In high faith he set out to find the fountain of eternal youth in Florida, and died disappointed, of course.

For the fountain is on Orchard Street, in the pasture that lies between the white house where Doc Hammond lived for many years, and the brown house that is still spoken of as the Minnie Perkins place. Only we don't call it a fountain; we call it, merely, a spring. It was half on Doc's land and half on Minnie's, and over that spring they passed bitter looks back and forth for years and years.

But I'm always starting at the wrong end. The proper way to tell a story is to begin when the characters are little, and let the story grow along up with them naturally. So we will go back a little.

Old residents in our town still tell that Minnie Perkins was the most beautiful young woman that we ever produced. Her folks wandered in from no one knew where and bought the old brown house from Silas Bosworth for five hundred dollars down and the rest on mortgages. Her mother was a quiet little person with a wistful look that seemed to be saying, "I've been looking and looking into the future for better days until my eyes are old and tired." Minnie's father, known up and down the countryside as "'Appy Halfred," because of his English accent and his big, hearty laugh, was one of the most lovable, irresponsible chaps that ever lived. He would do anything in the world for anybody, and was so busy at it that he did little or nothing for Minnie and her ma. At that Minnie worshiped him, and the morning when she woke up to find that he was gone, and Horace Calkins at the other end of town woke up to find his wife, Emma, was gone, also, she. . . . but there, I'm ahead of myself again.

Rumor had it that Halfred was connected in some way, legal or illegal, with an English duke; but I never gave much belief to that. I've noticed that the same rumor gets attached to most ne'er-do-wells with English accents and they seem to encourage it quietly. But, nobility or no nobility, "Halfred" was good company. He could play the fiddle like a streak, and he was a wonderful speaker, always pointing out what ought to be done to make the town better. Broad-shouldered, with a high forehead and wavy hair, and a pointed beard that he kept very neat, he would stride into the post office and ask for his mail, bowing right and left graciously, like some great person mingling with his faithful supporters. Most of his letters were just circulars, but he made a great point of that:

"My name's gone out," he would say impressively, holding the letters up where everyone could see. "From Chicago and Cincinnati, and Louisville, they send me printed letters."

Minnie was Halfred's only child, as Bill (who became Doc later) was the only child of the Hammonds, whose place ran alongside Halfred's as I have already explained. From the time they were knee high to grasshoppers the boy and girl were together always. They gathered chestnuts in the woods; they walked back and forth to school side by side; and later, when they were old enough to go to dances, they were as inseparable as Damon and Pythias or David and Goliath, or any of those other ancient heroes and heroines. Sometimes Minnie took the little fiddle that Halfred had bought for her, and sat on a table beside him at the town dances, fiddling away like a good fellow and looking up at her dad, so proud. But more often, as she got older, she left the fiddle behind, and just danced with Bill, and now and then with the other boys. Everyone assumed that, of course, they would get married, living side by side, and being the prettiest dancers that ever two-stepped across a floor.

After high school Bill went away to medical college, and Minnie stayed at home, giving music lessons, and just waiting for Bill, so people said. "The town can't keep that pair," they remarked. "Bill is going to be one of the best doctors in this country, now you mark my words, and there won't be no handsomer doctor's wife than our little Minnie." So we planned it all out, cheerful and right, little knowing that Fate in the shape of dark-eyed Emma Calkins, and a girl in Boston whose name we don't know even now, was already fixing to wreck our whole pretty plan.

How long the affair between Halfred and Emma Calkins had been going on we never knew. The news fell on us like a thunderbolt and was talked about off and on for years. Horace Calkins was a thin-lipped, bloodless sort of young fellow who looked as if he never ate quite enough to keep him really healthy, on account of thinking how high all food stuffs cost. His father left him fifty thousand dollars; and the only part of it he ever spent was the few hundred with which he made the splurge that got him Emma for his wife.

She came from Springfield, as pretty as a brook running over bright pebbles, and just about as chattery and as shallow. If marriages are made in heaven, it was easy enough to see that some angel must have been off at a ball game that particular afternoon; and that no luck would come of that union, Horace having clamped the lid down tight on all expenditures over twenty-five cents on the day after saying, "With all my worldly goods," etc.

To Emma's foolish little heart "Halfred," with his English accent, and his way of making a woman feel that he had turned his back on all the glories of the old world just for her, was a hero out of the story books. And she fed his selfish egotism with smiles and soulful looks. So, as I have said, we woke up one morning to find that Halfred and his fiddle were gone, and Emma, with all her pretty wedding clothes—a couple of foolish babes wandering into the woods. And the dark, silent woods closed behind them.

Well, it was meat and drink for our gossip-hungry little town, as you can well imagine. Horace took it like a brave Christian martyr, bearing his cross uncomplainingly, and figuring out to himself, no doubt, just how much less it would cost him to live. Later on he entered divorce proceedings quietly; and still later married one of the Fisher girls, a serviceable girl with thick ankles, who could fetch and carry like a man.

But Horace was, of course, the least interesting angle of the triangle, or whatever you may call it. The big question was How would Ma Perkins stand it, and how about Minnie, that had worshiped her dad like he was something special sent down from heaven, and no more of the same kind to be had. Sooner or later the whole town found one excuse or another to walk by the Perkins house, and one or two bolder old ladies poked right in, but they didn't get very far. Ma Perkins's lips were sealed tight; she let it be understood pretty straight that she didn't expect any sympathy or want any, and that she and Minnie were amply able to look after themselves. Minnie, too, held her head high, and said nothing; but the light had gone out of her. She never smiled any more, and walking from house to house to give her music lessons, she hardly nodded to those that spoke to her, seeming to say: "If you dare to refer to my father I will strike you dead with a look."

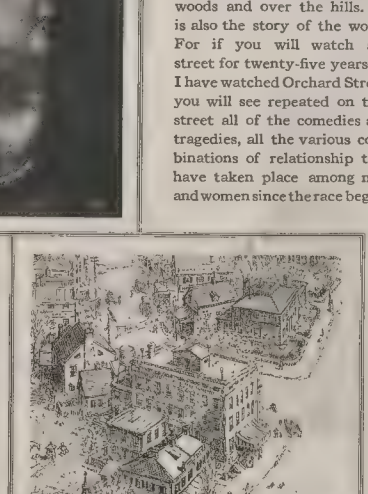
That was the first act in the tragedy of Minnie, and the second followed right soon after it, when Bill got back to town for his summer vacation. Actually, no one knew any more about the details of the quarrel between Bill and Minnie than we had known about the love-making between Halfred and Emma; but there were a dozen stories, each told by someone who claimed to have got it from someone that got it straight from headquarters. Piecing all the stories together, it was probably something like this:

Minnie was over at the Hammond house talking with Bill, and looking over his college mementoes. And somewhere, down among the programs of football games that he had saved, and his class pictures and all the rest, she come across the photograph of a girl marked "To dear old Bill with love from Madeline." Some say she found letters, too, but as to that I have no information, nor have those who claim to know all about it, for that matter. It was all guesswork.

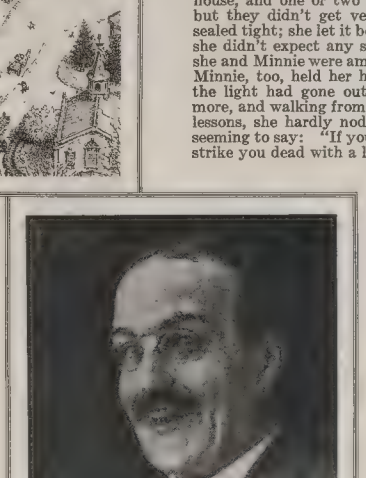
Who Madeline was, where she came from, and what her last name might be, is as much a mystery to us now as it was then. Some claimed she was a rich girl in Boston that Bill had got engaged to, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

ORCHARD STREET

THIS is the story of Orchard Street, which wanders out of a country village, and makes its winding way through the woods and over the hills. It is also the story of the world. For if you will watch any street for twenty-five years, as I have watched Orchard Street, you will see repeated on that street all of the comedies and tragedies, all the various combinations of relationship that have taken place among men and women since the race began.



Boys have grown up to fame on Orchard Street; and boys have grown up to be hanged. Girls have married fairy princes; and girls have married ne'er-do-wells. Romance and high intrigue have made their home upon our street. We had a murder once that shook the state; and back in the pasture behind one little house we can show you still the spring of eternal youth.



Their Own Lives

By JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

ILLUSTRATED By FRANCES ROGERS

There was a swirl of gay cloaks, a chorus of merry recrimination—
"Ten hours to dress, and this is all you can show for it!"

THAT was the summer Jean and Murray came home from their respective colleges inoculated with the theory of living their own lives. The third evening of vacation they explained it patiently to Father and Mother, who proved appallingly ignorant on the subject.

"It's like this," Jean elucidated at the dinner table: "Take the case of Ailsa Hodges. She's one of the most marvelous girls in our class. You remember her, surely, Mother,—I've written reams about her all winter?"

"Oh, is that her name?" exclaimed mother, suddenly enlightened. "I made her out to be Selma Hughes. Dear, if you only would learn to write a little more leg—"

"She's a perfect wonder," Jean waved aside this irrelevant topic. "The talent and personality that girl's got—"

"By the divine law of compensation, she's entitled to it," murmured Murray to the very pretty girl next him. "Great Maud, but I've an aching memory of a dance with that dame at your Prom! Pity her personality can't express itself more in her feet."

Sociological problems were temporarily abandoned while Jean and the two young ladies visiting her annihilated the carping critic in a confused chorus of reproach. "It's because you aren't capable of appreciating." . . . "If that isn't just like a man to judge!" . . . "If you'd really *talk* to her once!" rose disjointedly above the babel.

"In *our* college," Jean ended scathingly the refutation, "we should be ashamed to judge a person by no higher standard than looks and dancing. She is a truly marvelous girl." She addressed Father and Mother with cold dignity. "But the poor child comes from some little squeedunk place up in Minnesota—"

"Where God grant she remain!" ejaculated Murray piously, obviously to demonstrate to the public that he was not a man to admit defeat.

"Father!" Jean with a heightened color and compressed lips dragged her reluctant parent into the mêlée. "You don't mean to say you're going to sit there and let Murray insult my friends!"

Father, thus challenged, and with no means of escape, mounted heroically with lagging steps the lecture platform. For Father, renowned throughout a regiment for courage, facing any number of business crises with quiet, unshaken poise, was an admitted craven when it came to administering the mildest of rebukes to his children. It was only in the most poignant moments that Mother could count upon his support, and then only after relentless goading and prodding on her part. This time, however, he rose magnificently to the occasion.

"If I were you," Father, looking like a convicted criminal, suggested to his eldest son, "I wouldn't speak that way of my sister's friend."

"All right," Murray subsided. Somehow, when Father *did* say anything, much to their own surprise the children were apt to acquiesce in his suggestions.

"As it happens," Jean continued, her voice very glacial, "she *has* to stay there this summer—that's the cruel part of it. She's had the most marvelous invitation to Hawaii for the entire vacation, with the most wonderful friends, and her mother goes and insists, instead, that the poor dear stay at home in that dreadful little town, where there's nothing to develop her, nothing to make her grow, just poke around all the time with herself and an old grandmother. She's an only child, and her mother says, when they've been without her all winter, they can't spare her summers, too, says her grandmother's counted too much on her home-coming. Did you ever *hear* of anything so selfish? People used to think, I know, in your day," Jean's pitying glance relegated her parents to companionship with Noah upon the deep, "that to immolate one's self like that was a noble thing to do. But that sacrifice idea's been proved all wrong! The way you can help the world best is to develop your own personality every way you can, then, naturally, you have so much more to give the world. Now, if Ailsa had that trip to Hawaii, think how much richer her life would be—she'd have so much more to give her family in the first place—"

"But if she's never there to give it!" Mother suggested somewhat tartly. "And perhaps her poor grandmother—she's old, you say—won't be there next summer to get the benefit of it. Don't you think your friend should take that into consideration?"

"But that's one of the chief points to be considered, Mrs. Henderson," Katherine Hilliard took up the theme. Jean evidently needed reinforcing, and it was too much to expect of Sally Rogers, heavily handicapped by dimples, violet eyes, and a baby voice, to expound fittingly an intellectual theme. "Just think of the injustice Ailsa is doing her mother and grandmother by staying," Miss Hilliard pointed out. "In the old days people thought only of the person who was making the sacrifice. But take, for instance, a man's giving up college, we'll say, to support some mother or sister instead of developing himself to the full. It sounds noble; but when you think how much more he would have had to give the world all his life afterward—"

"You needn't try to hide behind the depleted fowl, Father," sang out the irrepressible Larry to Father's extreme confusion. "Come out and take your punishment like a man. You know very well that's what you did."

"But of course there are exceptions to every rule," Miss Hilliard, her serene poise undisturbed, reassured sweetly her flushed and embarrassed host. "And of course one has to admire the splendid motives behind those sacrifices. They just didn't use to realize the wrong done to Society—"

"It always works out some way, Mother, and a way that's better for Society in the end, you can bank on that," Jean added. The plates were being cleared for dessert, and she put out her hand tentatively to Father with a little smile. His closed over it.

Murray was now condescending to add his voice to the discussion. "It's not that I am defending Miss Hodges, be it firmly understood," he averred. "That girl ought to be on her knees in gratitude that even a mother and a grandmother want her; and of course it was all right for Father to act as he did," he condoned an erring parent. "But that sacrifice idea is sure a flivver now. An individual has to live his own life these days. We weren't put into this world just to be sons and daughters and brothers and sisters. One has to think first of Society."

"Boys, where are you going?" Mother interrupted this stream of eloquence to address hastily the unostentatiously departing twins.

"We are going forth *to lead our own lives,*" Larry informed her dramatically from the doorway, balancing himself by the aid of Jerry's shoulder in a flying Mercury attitude. "We are going to do a little developing this evening, Mother dear, where nor how we know not as yet; but rest assured of one thing, your lives shall be richer and brighter to-morrow morn at the breakfast table for what we have seen and done this eve."

"And, Mother," Jerry added beseechingly, "we *cannot* develop fittingly—not to our fullest extent—if we have to be in by half past ten."

"I do think, Mother, you ought to squelch those kids," Murray told her bitterly. "They're too darned fresh to live." Outraged dignity forbade his remounting the rostrum after this hilarious interruption. "I am now going to call upon Mr. Henry Ransom, of New York City, to sum up the argument," he announced instead, oracularly. "People, you wouldn't think it, I admit, to look at him, but, say, that bird's got a brain like an amphitheatre."

The dark, silent, rather awkward-looking boy at Mother's right showed unexpected poise at this pitiless publicity. "I believe in the theory, all right," he said quietly. "But when it comes to practicing it—well," he ended with something of an effort, "I only know I'd be mighty proud of a father that acted as your father did."

Father and Mother stared dazedly at one another across the long, deserted table. There had been the usual hasty exodus at the end of the meal to dress for a dance. Father's face still wore the pleased flush Henry Ransom's spontaneous tribute had called forth.

"I do believe," declared Mother, still overcome by this phenomenon, "that is the very first compliment I have ever heard one of Jean's or Murray's friends give an older person. I don't mean, of course, the polite, stereotyped things they say when they come and go, but like that—from the heart."

UP-STAIRS was reigning the usual pandemonium and chaos preliminary to every evening's entertainment. As usual, there were doors banging open and shut, violent scurryings up and down the hall, frantic S O S's constantly being shrieked out to Mother. Murray had lost his studs, and darkly suspected the opportunely absent Larry of pillaging a favorite shirt. The laundress hadn't brought up Sally's gown—oh, yes, she had—after Mother had made two trips to the laundry; it was hanging in the closet. The flowers Murray had ordered for Sally hadn't come—would Mother telephone that florist they'd better be there in fifteen minutes if he wanted to be alive to-morrow. At the last moment Jean's dress must be shorter—would Mother run a tuck in it for her? Mother, to whom system and order were the very breath of life, for a hectic hour sewed, ran errands, searched through drawers and closets for missing raiment, and in between wrestled desperately with a lethargic Central.

"Aren't you ready yet to be fastened up, girls?" she admonished at stated intervals her dilatory charges. "The machine's been at the door a long time now, and the boys are getting impatient."

"If there's one word in Mother's vocabulary I'd like to eliminate," groaned Jean, distractedly getting into her gown wrong side before, "it's that hideous phrase, 'Do hurry!'"

"You remember what Ailsa told *her* mother," suggested Miss Hilliard, taking her hair down serenely for the third time. "She said to her, 'Mother, the next time you tell me to hurry, I'm going to sit right down and *read!*' And she did!"

"What would you do if I said that to you, Mother?" laughed Jean.

"I think I should let you be late to your engagements,"

answered Mother very quietly. Meekness was not one of Mother's virtues.

"The thing *I* mind most," Sally told them, "is after I've spent hours and hours on my hair and it looks just right, to have Mother say to me, 'Mercy, child, do go fix your hair! It looks as if you'd never touched it!' *and then try to poke it back behind my ears!*"

"What I find most trying," Katherine Hilliard announced, "is having Mother plant herself in my room and *watch* me all the time I'm dressing. That just makes me wild."

Mother sat very still upon the couch. She had just finished snapping Sally into a cloud of violet tulle, Jean into a crisp white organdie. ("Oh, Mother, I do look so ridiculously young in this silly organdie," Jean had mourned. "Why *won't* you let me wear grown-up things like the other girls?") With some difficulty Miss Hilliard's Juno-like proportions had been forced into a sophisticated yellow satin, much too old for any college girl, Mother decided disapprovingly. But, tired and nervous as she was and thoroughly exasperated at the delay, Mother could not help enjoying the pretty sight. At Katherine Hilliard's words, to her own inexpressible horror, she felt hot, unexpected tears spring to her eyes. After all she had done for them, to grudge her even that simple pleasure!

She got up and knelt down before Jean, examining carefully with bent head the tuck she had just made. "If they should see me cry!" she told herself in a panic. "And I can't leave this moment! I won't be ordered out of a room in my own house by that insolent girl."

Five minutes later, Mother, very composed, very bright-eyed, asked Jean if she had remembered to give her message to Mrs. Atkins. "No? Then I must telephone at once. I won't wait to see you go." She kissed Jean, gave a smiling nod to Miss Hilliard and a light parting caress to Sally's curly head. "I won't touch the cherished ears," she promised gayly. "They're a triumph. No one would ever dimly suspect you had one."

From the shelter of the telephone alcove she watched them finally descend the stairs, after many violent toots from the machine and impassioned appeals from restive escorts. There was a swirl of gay cloaks, a chorus of merry recrimination, a merited chastisement of Murray's gallant "Ye gods! Ten hours to dress, and this is all you can show for it!"

She was still thinking it over when Father, coming in search of her, found her trying to force a passage through the chaos of the guest-room.

"Can't one of the maids do that?" Father asked her anxiously. "Ought we to have another to help out?"

"We can't afford to keep just a lady's maid," Mother demurred. "And no other servant would be willing, these days, to keep the girls' clothes in order and to clear up after them at night."

"Can't they pick up their own things?" Father suggested helplessly.

"They!" Mother withered him with a glance. She surveyed wearily the heterogeneous garments scattered about the room. "It would certainly simplify existence for *me*," she remarked caustically, "if I could believe in this live-your-own-life foolishness, the children were advocating to-night."

A sudden startled thought leaped into her mind with the words. It was not, however, until the following evening that she was galvanized into action.

Father had been very busy reading the paper. Mother, darning stockings and observing all things, noticed that in fifteen minutes he had not turned a sheet. She made a mental reservation of the fact.

"Did that deal with Thornton fall through, after all?" she asked him.

Father looked up from the column he had just reread for the third time.

"No. I haven't heard from him to-day. But I think that's going along all right," he reassured her.

"Did you finally get hold of Murray to call on Colonel Grey?" she tried again. Father hesitated for a moment. Then:

"Yes, we went," said Father very briefly, and Mother knew she had tracked the lion to its lair.

Father's confession came out then piecemeal, in much the same disjointed fashion in which the twins were wont to confide in her.

Murray had finally consented to go with him. "It was the third time I'd asked him since he came home. I hated like everything to keep at the boy, but the colonel's going away, and the old fellow had set his heart so on giving him his sword. You know how ridiculously grateful he's always been to me because I've happened to be able to befriend him once or twice. He's always been especially interested in Murray and wanted so much to do something for him—poor as Job's turkey, you know—that's the reason he was so pleased when he hit upon that idea of the sword. He thought it would mean so much to Murray. I did, too, or I should never have taken him."

The story stopped suddenly. Father was silent a long time.

"He didn't seem . . . appreciative?" Mother prompted gently.

"He made us both look a pair of sentimental old idiots," Father answered, trying bravely for a laugh. "The boy didn't want to go in the first place, had another engagement, and was in a hurry to keep it. Of course, it's natural he should want to see his own friends first, I appreciate that; but—well—he had no more interest in that sword or what the colonel and I mean to each other—" Father got up and spent some time working with the electric fan. "Oh, well, it's no use expecting young people to be interested in antiquities." Father tried to dismiss the matter with his usual philosophy.

Mother's philosophy was frankly not equal to the strain. "I am going to do it," she declared passionately to herself. "*I am going to do it!*"

She was careful, however, to wait several days before imparting her inspiration to Father, that he might in no way connect it with the visit to Colonel Grey. As it was, there were almost insurmountable difficulties in persuading him to her point of view.

"Why, they're our *guests*," Father reminded her, aghast at any such breach of hospitality. "We *couldn't* treat them like that!"

"And Murray and Jean are our children," Mother returned, deciding hastily that a Roman matron attitude would prove her best weapon. "The law of parenthood is higher than any law of hospitality. Are we doing our best for our children when we are making them every day more selfish and inconsiderate? You know very well we could talk to them forever, and it wouldn't have any effect. And, providentially, next week the twins will be in camp. It's the very time to try it!

"As for the hospitality side of it," she continued, as Father still remained impregnably intrenched behind that argument. "We'll try it for only three weeks. As for Sally, I know I can make it all right with her afterward. Wasn't her mother my own roommate at college? I'm going to write Sara this very night, and unless a leopard can change its spots, she'll be deeply disappointed she isn't here to help me. As for that Katherine Hilliard, one reason I want to try this is that I'm hoping to drive her home. I consider her the most demoralizing influence Jean could possibly have. Jean can explain to her next fall that her mother has a perverted sense of humor, and was playing a practical joke. And as for that dear Henry Ransom"—Mother's eyes filled with tears— "I'll get down on my knees to him, if necessary, after it's over and implore him to spend the rest of the summer with us, and let me make it up to him. His parents are divorced, Murray says, and neither of them wants him. He's never known what a real home is, poor boy. He's really the only stumbling block."

"You know me," Father pointed out to her despairingly, when one by one she had demolished his other defenses. "Can you in your wildest moments see me carrying out a scheme like that successfully?"

"I am only asking your word of honor that you will go through it *to the best of your ability*. I am the star in this drama. You are merely the leading man, and a very poor one, I fully realize," Mother assured him frankly. She reviewed the weaknesses of the attacking party: "You are cursed with an abnormally honest face; you have no dramatic talent, and you can't bear to make anyone uncomfortable, least of all your own family. You will just have to keep reminding yourself every moment that it is because you love them that you are doing this. And do promise me, won't you," the star and stage manager besought him, "to try not to look before the children as you do now—as if you were on your way to the gallows. Be gay and debonair, and act as if you were enjoying yourself."

But Father, goaded too far, burst into open revolt at this, and would bind himself with no rash promises as to blitheness of expression.

"He thought it would mean so much to Murray. I did, too, or I should never have taken him"

THESE simple words inaugurated a new era for the dazed offspring of the House of Henderson. It began with a mild earthquake the next morning, when the last sleepy-eyed girl had trailed down to a half-past-ten-o'clock breakfast. Mother, for once, was not on hand to welcome them and to coax cook into giving them waffles. She had disappeared; what could be borne with much less equanimity, she had taken the car with her.

"I can't understand," Jean remarked blankly to Murray. "It seems so *inconsiderate* of Mother. She knew that tennis tournament was on at the Country Club to-day."

"Seeing you children, and listening to all these new theories of yours has made Father and me realize we must brush up to keep pace with them," was Mother's decidedly inadequate explanation that evening.

She and Father were in evening dress, and evidently on their way out to dine. "Have a good time at the dance, dears," she waved them a bright farewell. "Murray, did I tell you you'd have to make some other arrangement about getting the girls to the dance this evening? Father and I are taking the car."

"It's rather late to do anything now," Murray told her with some stiffness.

"There are always taxis," Mother reassured him with amazing unconcern. "Goodness knows, you ought to be able to afford them out of your allowance."

"Now," Mother told her partner in crime as they swept up the driveway after quite a successfully gay tête-à-tête dinner at the Club, "we ought by rights to raid the pantry the way the children always do—but I've decided it would be a more Spencerian punishment for them to do it themselves, and then I don't intend to be up early enough in the morning to see that the catastrophe is remedied before breakfast!".

They tasted the first fruits of victory that very night, when Jean halted amazed before her parents' persistently dark and silent room. No matter how late the hour, Mother had never yet failed to be on hand to glean every detail of her triumphs.

"Mother," she broke out finally, when several discreet coughs had proved unavailingly, "you aren't sick, are you?"

"No, dear." Mother's voice was the perfection of sleepy placidity. "Why?"

"It's only— Mother, did you know Mina hasn't touched the girls' or my room to-night. They're perfect *sights*."

"Mina never does that, dear, you know. We couldn't ask her to. I generally do it myself; but I was so sleepy to-night when I came home I didn't bother about it."

"Oh!" Jean digested this in silence for a moment. "Don't you want to hear about the dance, Mother?" she ended, a deeper note of amazement in the fresh young voice.

"Not to-night I believe, dear," she managed to achieve. "You must tell me all about it in the morning."

After that, shock followed shock in rapid succession. Father and Mother light-heartedly cast themselves into as seething a whirlpool of gayety as that in which their children revolved, and flitted in and out of the house with the same careless inconsequence of hours and meals. No longer did the family schedule time itself in rigid accordance with Jean's and Murray's dates; Father's and Mother's impudently took the prior claim. Mother was quite as apt to be late for breakfast these days as her daughter, and rushed off afterward in the same tempestuous fashion to a morning Bridge or Current Events Club. The domestic machinery, of which the younger members had never before been conscious, moved now in strange hitches and jerks. Cook, indeed, was restrained from leaving only after a long and intimate conversation with Mother, from which she and Mina emerged in gales of laughter.

At the same time, all parental objections, even on the most mooted topics, mysteriously evaporated. Equally mysterious was the result that this unlooked-for liberty had not quite the spice one would have naturally anticipated. Often had Jean longed [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

Woman's Place *in* Politics

An Interview with
ALICE M. ROBERTSON
The only Woman Representative in Congress

By
MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

Miss Robertson was born in Oklahoma when it was still a part of Indian Territory. She was one of the first women educated at Elmira College, New York, was the first stenographer and the first teacher of domestic science in her part of the country, and the first woman in the United States to be put in charge of a first-class post office. In recent years she has managed a farm just outside Muskogee, Oklahoma, and, inside the town, Oklahoma's most popular cafeteria, where, during the war, no soldier was ever charged for a meal

PERHAPS the unlucky person who never has lived anywhere outside a very large city never has known the type that is publicly glorified in "Miss Alice"—neither Oklahoma nor Washington thinks of calling her anything else. But the rest of us have known and loved her. She baked cookies for us; mended our mittens; taught us the multiplication table; "sat up" with the sick; kept the church a going concern; served on the school board; ran the farm or the store, when the men-folks were away; shoveled the paths ditto. She was not a "new" woman, in any sense of the word; yet she did rather more than competently, when occasion demanded, the tasks about which the "new" woman talks.

To see her comfortably solid figure trudging patiently down along Washington corridors, wearing a simple, ankle-length, dark blue suit, sensible shoes, a practical hat that fits snugly over the hair of a warm yellowish white fastened with side combs of shell, is to see, transplanted to Washington, the mother, the grandmother, the beloved maiden aunt of a thousand thousand native American communities.

Her secretary, a good-looking young man whose father went to school with her, takes a moment when she is hobnobbing with the Secretary of War to assure you that "there never was anybody less like an old maid." There never was—except the other thousands of American spinsters who have mothered the children of three generations. ("And anyway," "Miss Alice" confided, "when I look around me I sometimes think I'm not the only old woman in the House!")

You are to picture her in Washington as the same home-town woman in a new frame. She lives quietly in a family hotel close to the Capitol. She fills her office with the flowers she loves, and often glances out of the window to see children playing in a vacant lot. She is frankly homesick. But she never thinks of deserting her post. She is one of the most faithful members of Congress in point of attendance at the sessions, and if she has made no speeches it is only because of a fine humility.

SHE spends her mornings with the mail and the visitors, the chores and commissions from folks at home. She has a way of approaching people of power, has "Miss Alice." The under and upper secretaries beam when she appears and "slide her in," to make her brief, honest little requests. She goes to hearings and committee meetings, and wise men tell her about politics—and usually receive, in return, a shrewd observation or two that makes them prick up their ears.

It was as one home-town woman to the others who read the COMPANION, that I asked "Miss Alice" to talk, after I had accompanied her through one of her routine days in Washington. Because it seems to me that she talks the language of quiet, good, thoughtful women everywhere, that she knows instinctively how they feel about such institutions as politics and home life, I am going to pass on her message to you, with the fewest possible interruptions by the chronicler.

Only you must not think that she made a speech on women's responsibilities, after the manner of a preacher or a public orator. She leaned back in a plump leather arm chair beside her desk with the four Bibles on it: one in English, the others translated by members of her missionary family into the Muskogee, Choctaw, and Cherokee tongues. She talked quietly—it seemed almost as if she thought aloud—in the soft voice of her Southern home, but with the clean-cut pronunciation of her New England teachers and ancestors.

"What is America's greatest need to-day?" That seemed a properly patriotic beginning, to her questioner. "And how can women serve that need?"

"THE thing that America needs most is the arousing of the individual conscience," declared America's congresswoman. "The duty belongs peculiarly to women, because they always have been conscience keepers and conscience quickeners.

"There are women to-day who want to reform the world with new laws, big movements. We have too many laws now. We have too many movements, which are not even understood by the women working in them, which attract by some emotional catchword and by the promise of doing a great deal of good to American womanhood, or the next generation, or some other conveniently distant abstraction. It is, apparently, so much pleasanter to do good to persons whom you don't know and can't see. And yet the persons whom every woman can help most are those nearest to her.

"I was one who did not want the vote. All my life I have done a man's work—it was laid upon me to do—and I did not want another burden. I did not seek this office I hold; the men came to me and told me that I must run. I felt as I did when I was a little girl in a pioneer settlement, and our house burned down and my father died, and I was left alone to take care of my mother in the dead of winter. The fuel gave out. I took an ax over my shoulder and, with only a little Indian boy to help me, I went into the snowy forest and got wood. I didn't like to do it. I didn't think it was work for women to do. But it was my duty—the nearest one.

"Even though some of us once regarded politics as I regarded my wood-cutting expedition, it is now our duty to go into the political forest and help clear it up, *working with the men*. I have no patience with the all-woman political organization. It is simply a product of jealousy, and jealousy is a product of fear.

"AMERICAN women should go into politics, but they should do it through the medium of the parties. Here, again, let each woman begin with what is nearest to her. Let her register with the party of her choice and begin work with the district, the ward, the precinct, or the village or community, where she lives and knows the conditions. It is an excellent idea for the women of each community to organize political study clubs, and thus familiarize themselves with problems and methods.

"An army, to be effective, must be formed into divisions, battalions, regiments, companies, platoons, squads. A political party is organized similarly, and no woman should be ashamed to be a private in it, functioning directly through the squad to which she is assigned. We need privates, millions of them, to do the work of the State. We cannot have a party organization like the proverbial South American army—all gold-lace generals.

"There should, however, be some women officers—and there will be, particularly for community administration. Somebody asked me if I thought women should ask men for offices. I think women should *take* offices—and who's going to stop them, provided they are fitted to serve? Naturally, they should begin with the less important posts, and advance according to their training and capabilities.

"ONE thing the American woman must not do—*she must not under-estimate the power of the individual vote*. Men have done that. Good men have stayed out of politics, giving as the reason, 'They are so crooked, my vote won't count for anything.' Women must not make a similar mistake. If their political effect is to be beneficial, they must be less indifferent than they have shown themselves so far. They have no right to criticize, so long as they stand to one side and refuse to try to make things better.

"In politics and public affairs, each woman must try to stand on a basis of solid fact. Women are too temperamental—I am, myself. Facts are difficult things to get, to arrange, to comprehend. But they must be obtained and digested, if one is to decide any question intelligently on its merits. The woman citizen's quest for facts should be untiring, and she should resist the easy appeal to the emotions which is the stock in trade of propagandists.

"'Do you believe in babies?' demands one such group, for example. 'Then vote for this bill!'

"It is not as simple as all that!

"Women in politics must not be afraid of unpopularity. They must do what they think is right, not what they think will please people. The fashion, nowadays, is to ask of a certain course of action such questions as, 'Is it profitable—or unprofitable?' 'Is it agreeable—or disagreeable?' 'Is it "the thing"—or not "the thing"?' Yet there is only one important question: 'Is it right—or is it wrong?' That is the issue on which women should make their fight. They should expect to meet criticism. Sometimes they will be defeated, temporarily. Then they should show themselves good losers. For even if right does lose a battle, now and then, it wins the war."

As a good citizen, "Miss Alice" is now interested in woman's place in politics. As a good woman, she has been interested all her life in woman's place in the home. At various periods, she practically adopted a number of girls, both Indian and white, and she takes a motherly pride in the fact that all are happily married.

"THE most wonderful place in the world is a home," she said, "but it should be a home in which the doors and windows are open, not shut. If a woman ever were isolated there, she is so no longer. The good-roads movement is reaching even to the smallest communities. The United States mail goes to the most remote farm. The woman on the farm, in the village, should never feel that she is remote from life, that the big work in the world is being done by others. Her life, her work, are just as big as she chooses to make herself. In fact, I think that, other things being equal, the woman in the small place is the one with most influence. A sumac bush set in the middle of the prairie looks like a tall tree.

"You remember what Lincoln said of the common people? that the Lord must have loved them, since He made so many of them. I think of that, when I think of the women of America's farms and home towns. They are the custodians of all that we mean by Americanism. They are pioneers, or daughters and granddaughters of pioneers. In the cities, too, there are wise, good women. But how many of our greatest men have come from big cities, or homes of wealth? How many have sprung from small, poor homes, of which some good woman was the soul? How many of the great men of to-morrow are being brought up in such homes to-day? Not long ago I was looking up the ancestry of our presidents, and I found that, with the exception of Woodrow Wilson, every one was a descendant of pioneer stock.

The pioneer woman was not afraid of poverty, or hard work, or many little ones. She labored so earnestly helping others to bear pain that she had little time to dwell on her own aches and woes.

"In politics, as well as in the home, women of to-day need the pioneer virtues: courage, industry, self-forgetfulness, loyalty, honesty, strength, housewifery, neighborliness, love of country, of children, of God."

"MISS Alice's" blue eyes closed a little wearily. She says that a congresswoman doesn't get enough sleep. We had talked long, and I knew it was time to go. But I wanted one more word, for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION to carry to the Honorable Alice M. Robertson's real constituency—all American women.

"There is something so many of us have lost, which you either have found or never lost at all," I said. "You are busy and tired, but you are not nervously restless. You have the gentleness of women of a quieter day. What is the secret? How can the modern women, overwrought by her new responsibilities and the whirl of life, regain the old poise and serenity?"

"By resolving not to fret. By praying," she answered softly. "There is a text that I have carried with me for years: 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.' The woman who really feels that in her heart will not be restless. She will not worry about things that she cannot help, or about what is to come. She will not be forever dissatisfied with what she has and eager to fly to something else. She will do, as well as she can, the nearest duty. She can do nothing more. There is an old prayer which, though it is heathen, is very beautiful —'Ask of the gods tranquillity.' Perhaps that is something, in this tempestuous age, which women forget to ask for themselves, and for want of which they suffer."

The Neglected Years *from* Two *to* Six

How mothers can solve the problem of the under-weight pre-school child

By WILLIAM R. P. EMERSON, M.D.

THE *age from two to six is the most neglected period in the life of the child.* The knowledge of infant feeding and hygiene has become so widespread that children in all circumstances of life now receive intelligent care during infancy. There is the trained nurse to advise and instruct the mother at the time of birth, and the specialist to be consulted either at the clinic or in private practice. This special care represents the greatest advance of recent years in the science of medicine, and it is reflected in a steadily diminishing infant death rate. Even in so large a city as New York, the work has been so thoroughly established that infant mortality is lower there than in the rest of the state. This same close attention to the health of the child is needed throughout his entire growing period.

The Beginning of Bad Habits

FOLLOWING infancy, however, measured feeding is gradually discontinued, and there is a tendency to break away from the program so carefully planned for every hour of the day. By the time the child is two or three years old he is usually allowed to choose his own food, both as to kind and quantity, and his activities are regulated by his whim or the convenience of older members of the family. As a consequence, faulty food and health habits are formed, with resulting injury to health. Too little attention at this time is paid to the matter of sleep. Physical defects are often neglected, in the belief that the child will outgrow them, or that he is too young to be operated upon.

Yet these are critical years in the matter of health, as a glance at the mortality statistics will show. Ninety per cent of the cases of measles and whooping cough occur under the age of five, as well as more than ninety-five per cent of the deaths caused by these diseases. Almost the same is true of diphtheria and scarlet fever. Over fifty thousand children succumb to these diseases each year in America, and seventy per cent of them die before they reach the age of five. *One fourth of all deaths occur before the end of the fifth year, or six times as many as in the next ten years of life.* The greater part of this high mortality is due to lessened resistance, caused by poor nutrition, so that the child readily succumbs to these affections or to complications that could have been avoided by proper attention to his physical condition.

Moreover, it is not merely the actual death rate of this period that is to be seriously considered, but the complications and after-effects in those who survive the diseases of childhood. In the case-histories of children treated for malnutrition, the source of this condition is traced over and over again to an attack of measles or whooping cough. Other diseases to which the pre-school child is subject are otitis, tonsilitis, bronchitis, and pneumonia. Since the malnourished child is especially susceptible to these and other infections, it is particularly important to guard against under-weight during the years when contagious disease in most prevalent. These infections with their complications not only lower the resistance of the child, but retard his growth in both weight and height.

The Five Chief Causes of Malnutrition

IN CONSIDERING the five chief causes of malnutrition as they affect the pre-school child, the prevalence of physical defects is nearly as great among children between two and six years old as in any other age group. This is a fact of great significance, as is also the high percentage of naso-pharyngeal obstruction, which is the most frequent single cause of malnutrition. Although the tonsils do not usually become diseased before the age of five, adenoid tissue is more liable to cause obstruction while the nasal cavities are small. This mechanical interference with breathing leads to congestion in the naso-pharynx, which is another step toward infection. Many young children have almost constant naso-pharyngitis —the so-called "colds." It is of the greatest importance that such obstruction be removed before the sinuses are largely involved, or before the child becomes infected with any of the contagious diseases.

It is to be remembered that the position, as well as the size and amount of adenoid tissue, is of importance in causing obstruction. On this account the removal of a small adenoid may give as great relief as the removal of a larger mass of diseased tissue located on the side walls of the pharynx.

In a study made of the physical defects found in six hundred and two children, about one third were six years of age and under. This pre-school group showed practically the same average number of defects of all kinds as appeared in the children of school age, while the average of obstructions to breathing was even larger than that found in the older group. This fact is significant.

Lack of home control is second among the causes of malnutrition with older children, but it is a less important factor in this group because the problem of control is simpler during this early period than with the child of school age. This is partly due to the natural dependence of the child on the mother, and to her relatively greater physical authority. It is also easier to continue or regain the firm control established during infancy than to begin anew after the boy or girl has been independent for a longer period. But this is the age at which many mothers, through carelessness or neglect, lose control over their children as well as that thorough understanding of their physical condition which is essential to good health.

Over-fatigue is, however, a more frequent cause of malnutrition with the younger child, and is a source of greater danger to growth and development than at a later period. This is the age when the child is especially imaginative, and when he responds quickly to every new association. The responsiveness of childhood is so attractive that it leads to over-stimulation on the part of older members of the family, who delight in exhibiting the child's growing ability. Visitors, and even the chance passer-by, manifest an interest in his acts and sayings, to which he naturally responds with his best endeavors. *At no age is there greater risk of both nervous and physical over-fatigue than during these early years of rapidly expanding observation and experience.*

Children from the age of two to six are especially prone to form faulty food and health habits, a largely contributing cause of malnutrition. This is caused by the lack of a fixed routine, and by the inadequate training and supervision usually given at this period. Irregular eating is permitted, and the child is given sweets and other food at any hour of the day in order to please him or to keep him occupied. Some accidental experience at this time may lead to an aversion for certain necessary foods, which increases his susceptibility to rickets and other deficiency diseases.

While the child is becoming accustomed to new foods it is of the utmost importance that milk and cereals should not be omitted from the diet. This is perhaps the most serious dietary danger to which the pre-school child is subject.

Use of Drugs

IT IS generally recognized that as little medicine as possible should be given during infancy; but there is an increased tendency to use laxatives and other drugs as a short cut after the age of two, instead of taking the trouble to train the child in proper health habits.

The convenience and pleasure of adults frequently lead to late hours for the child who is too young to be left at home alone, or who is afraid to go to bed without the companionship of an older person. Too often, a tired child is allowed to fall asleep on a couch in the living room, or is carried out to an evening entertainment, without any consideration of the possible injury to his health and growth.

The excitement of Sundays and holidays, which are often occasions also for over-indulgence in rich and sweet foods, is almost invariably reflected in the child's weight.

The effect of these various errors in diet and hygiene may pass unnoticed for a considerable time, because the regular weighing which has been part of the infant's routine is no longer considered necessary. The nutrition class, therefore, meets an urgent need of both the pre-school child and his mother, and this is the time when the nutrition program can be applied with the greatest immediate benefit and the most far-reaching effect.

Although the class meetings may not always appeal to the child of this age to the same degree that they do to the older boy and girl, there is nevertheless sufficient interest in the weight chart and the stars to hold his attention. Since growth is relatively greater during the years from two to six, the actual gain in pounds is small, and therefore the chart can be made more graphic if the scale is doubled by allowing two squares for each pound of gain.

In the case of mothers, the opportunity for getting results through their coöperation is greater than at any other period. The younger the child, the greater is the maternal solicitude for his welfare. It is not lack of interest, but lack of knowledge on the part of mothers that has made these early years a period of neglect. They have had in the past the aid of the milk station and the infant clinic, and the nutrition class is welcomed as a further opportunity for health education. The weight chart is a link with their earlier experience in considering weight the standard of the child's condition. Even parents of foreign birth who have difficulty with the English language can follow the weight line with understanding, and know whether the child is making progress toward his normal standard.

No child should be admitted even to the kindergarten until every effort has been made to bring him up to normal weight. This can best be accomplished through the nutrition class for the pre-school child, and his weight chart is the best evidence as to when he is ready to take up the full school program.

Where the malnourished child is not given such care during the pre-school period, the added strain of school life makes it increasingly difficult to regain the ground lost, and he risks the danger of falling further and further below his normal standard of growth and health. The almost even percentage of malnutrition found up through the various school grades indicates that this retardation in growth tends to continue, and that such children may remain stunted throughout their lives.

Bring Your Child Up to Normal Weight

The following printed material is available for readers of the COMPANION *whose children are under weight:*

1. Reprints of previous articles: "Is Your Child Under Weight?" The Climb to the Normal Weight Line," "Your Child's Food Habits," "The Habit of Health," "Does Your Child Get Tired?" "The Value of Happiness," "But My Child Won't Eat," "Common Sense versus Magic," "The Over-Weight Child," "Every Child Over the Top," "Summer is Growing Time," "Camping Out at Home," "Malnutrition in Grown-ups," "How to Keep Fit at Forty," "A Bottle of Medicine and a Sad Heart," "Letters Mothers Write Me," "Going It Alone," "My New Boss—Myself," "Every Child Free to Gain," "The Weight Chart Campaign." These will be sent for 3 cents each, 60 cents for the set.
2. Weight Record and Form for History and Physical Examination 35 cents
3. Table of 100-Caloric Portions of Food 3 cents
4. Special leaflet on Worms, Constipation, and Bedwetting 3 cents
5. Pamphlet on "Nutrition Clinics and Classes, Their Organization and Conduct" 10 cents
6. Pamphlet on "How to Organize and Operate a Nutrition Clinic" 8 cents
7. Directions for a Homemade Shower Bath 3 cents
8. Practical Mental Tests for Growing Children 10 cents

Institutions and communities may obtain special rates for quantities.

Address Doctor Emerson's Clinic for Delicate Children, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Will You Help Doctor Emerson?

DOCTOR EMERSON is anxious to get definite facts from "Companion" readers whose children have been helped with the aid of his articles. The information requested here is always readily obtained in Doctor Emerson's work with schools, clinics, hospitals, etc., as careful records are kept by each nutrition worker. But in cases where the individual parent has worked independently with her child few records have come in. Yet such records would be particularly valuable to Doctor Emerson, and would help him to help other mothers. He would, therefore, appreciate it if you would fill out this blank and mail it to him. If you do not wish to cut your magazine, write the information on a sheet of paper.

Address: Dr. William R. P. Emerson, Woman's Home Companion, New York City, N. Y.

Street address need not be filled in, merely town and state

Name .....

Address .....

Height ..... *Age* .....

Weight when method was first tried .....

Date when method was first tried .....

Pounds gained ..... *in* ..... *weeks*

Please note any further particulars—difficulties, special features, etc.

The Greenhorn

By EMMA MAURITZ LARSON

ILLUSTRATED by OSCAR SCHMIDT

WHEN Torger Amundsen wrote his first letter from the Oregon fruit valley to his Hildagarde, waiting in far-away Norway, he could frankly say that his few days there had given him but little opportunity to come to know the neighbors, and the fat letter could be filled with glowing accounts of the orchards and gardens cupped in by porcelain-tinted mountains. Later it was not so easy to write.

Torger had pushed his way westward from New York, stopping for months at a time in the great cities that stood on the inland waterways, wherever his fresh young strength and the hand skilled in his father's boat works at the fjord would bring him the high wages he was eager for. Thus he had added to the inheritance money enough for the little farm of fruit and chickens that had caught the dreams of both himself and little Garde. A country home in America, and, if it might be, not too far from the sea and the mountains, that was his goal. He did not mind the grimy, homeless year and more he spent in crossing the states to find it.

It was Garde who fretted lovingly in her exquisite penmanship that her Torger, the big blond favorite of all the folks, young and old, in the old sea town, should be lonely and unfriended in crowded, dirty Cleveland and Chicago.

"It sounds very fine, the money you are making to add to the inheritance, but it troubles me that you should be lonely for even a few months and have no chance to make new friends. Hurry quickly to the Western country and find our home place and the neighbors that will be family folks to you until I come running over the sea. All the friends in our good town will be hard to leave, but I would fly from them so rudely as to say not even a good-by if it were the only way to get to you. And next year I will be free, and I will come, and you will have ready for me in America a few new friends of the old folks like Uncle and Auntie, and of the children like little Dagmar with her curls of gold, and of the young people, who may even like our old songs and stories when I can make them over into English."

With this warm, urgent message of little Garde's still carried in his pocket, though it was now some months old, it was not easy for Torger to write from Paradise Valley after that first letter.

He had picked up in his months in America, with the usual readiness of the Northland immigrants, a knowledge of English that met all his business needs. That it did not satisfy him in any sense was due both to the proud Norse spirit that had come down from his ship-building forefathers and to his overwhelming conviction that the man who would claim Garde Holm ought to be as learned as the pastor, as fine in manners as the count, and as rich and clever as the Americans.

He reached out eagerly for new words and phrases in his contact with the men of the valley, buying the lumber for his bungalow, the berry bushes for his garden, and learning from them the proper way to treat the fruit trees already started on his acres. He added daily to the careful hoarding of American words, laying them up for little Garde.

He worked alone all day long at the bungalow, beginning at sunrise. When it was no longer possible to see to drive a nail true in the walls that were fast enclosing the big living-room and the cupboarded kitchen and the sunny west bedroom, he turned his long legs out to wander up and down the valley roads that were almost like village streets, so neighborly close were the bungalows, each on its five or eight acres. He went out to find for Garde the friends she had such utter faith in his finding.

Groups of young people sauntered along in the mild evening coolness, chatting, laughing, singing. If he crossed their paths there were nods or American "Hellos," but they never drew Torger into the group. Sometimes he followed behind them for a time for the mere warmth of human closeness.

Once, when they were singing on the steps of the town hall under a summer moon, he dropped down on the outskirts of the group and joined in on "America." His full, rich tones startled them. But he did not sing on the next song; "America" was the only one he knew in the new tongue. He sat on for a while feeling warmly of the valley at last, while the shrill voices of the girls and the strenuous barking of the boys raced through "I Hate to Get up in the Morning" and "Bingo Was His Name." When the group broke up into couples Torger started back to the shell of a house that was fast growing weather-tight and fit for living. His heart was light when he thought that this was a great matter to tell Garde.

A lagging couple trailed his steps. Their voices carried clearly on the night air, and they were conscious only of themselves.

"Gee," said the boy's voice, "but that Norsk has some voice! But did you get his accent? It'd make angels weep—with joy!"

As that last word came out a titter ran along the back benches where the young people sat

A girl's soft laugh answered. It was Della Martin, the neighbor on the left, small, black-haired, lively. The first time Torger had seen her he had picked her out as the friend who could make Garde's first homesick days in the new land easy and happy.

"What could you expect from such a big gawky greenhorn?" laughed Della. "You ought to hear him say 'yacket' and 'Yanuary' and 'Peradise Walley.' It's simply killing! We all call him the 'Greenhorn.'"

Torger went blindly along under the shadow of the trees, so that the moonlight might not pick out his great green length on the road that had such a new and terrible publicity. He dropped to his cot without undressing. He must think out the bitter truth. "She was always high above me; but she thought me a gentleman in Norway, and that over here I would be soon a real American, respected by all. I have no right to bring her far away to live with a man who can earn from his neighbors only such a word as 'Greenhorn.'"

The next day he did not sing at his work. Singing did not go with the letter he had written. He had told Garde as gently as he could that he loved her with all his unchanging Norse heart, but that he was a poor fellow with no university degree like hers, and not much in manners, either, though his mother had trained him carefully and it was not to be laid to her shame that he was not so polished as the learned men of Norway or as these Americans. Perhaps she would better marry the university professor who had wooed her so formally but sincerely in the university town. She would have high position and be able to stay near her friends. Torger would not hold her to her promise, or think her aught but wise if she decided not to come to him in America.

He went doggedly about his work during the weeks before the reply could come to this letter. Even the wonder of the fresh early morning in this lovely valley, and the delight of the sun dropping down behind pearly-tinted mountains failed to stir him.

The day his letter came his heart beat with such tremendous beats that it was hard to slit the envelope and take out her wonderful ardent, scolding letter, a letter written in strange dear streaks by a cross little girl and a saucy maiden and an inexpressibly tender woman. He hammered like mad at the little house all day. It seemed as though he would finish it by nightfall, and then reach across the great sea with his long arms and snatch his own little girl. He whistled and whistled, and then stopped to laugh aloud to himself at the thought that he was outwitting America, for he could get out of his heart all the love songs *without an accent*.

A child passing on the road set him to thinking of Dagmar. He must begin at once with all his wiles of boat-making and his skill in fashioning doll cradles to win little friends for Garde.

And he would go out on the road again at night and be more genial himself. He was probably mistaken about these neighbors, who were so slow to take him in and who had never invited him into their homes as the hospitable townsmen at home would ask any stranger, nor even asked him to the public meetings like the Community Club. Very likely they had thought he did not care about such matters. He would go now, anyhow. He would go to the next meeting of the club, like a Norse gentleman, in his black suit and stiff white shirt, as his countrymen always went to meetings of discussion and literature.

All the valley came to the Community Club. Sometimes the men provided a speaker on fruit-raising or coöperative marketing, sometimes the young people sang or gave crude little plays, the actors giggling as frankly as the audience. But always, no matter what the plan for the evening, there was joyousness and comradery among these Americans. Now Torger would be of it, forcing himself in as no one of his countrymen would, except for his lady's sake.

The room was crowded. The schoolteacher read a paper on Glacier Park, and compared the mountains with the famed ones of Switzerland. At talk of mountains, and the lantern slides vividly picturing them, Torger's eyes dreamed and shone beneath his fine, upstanding blond hair. Beside him sat a tall young man from whom he had bought berry bushes. Seely had been tremendously busy every time they had met, representing as he did a nursery house besides running his own ranch. But he had always been friendly and enthusiastic about all the Western country and particularly their valley. Now, in this new atmosphere, he seemed suddenly like one of the true neighbors Garde had been so sure of.

"They are very fine, those American mountains," Torger said with a sigh, when the stereopticon had showed its last slide and the room was again light, "but they have no sea running between them, yumping halfway up the sides as in Norway. The fjords are more beautiful still—"

Seely was interested. "Of course," he said. "I've always heard that. And you're from Norway yourself, aren't you?"

"Over here not two years yet," smiled Torger.

Seely jumped to his feet. "We've got someone here, folks, who has seen with his own eyes some of the grandest scenery of Europe. We ought to have him tell us

something about it. Mr. Chairman, this is Mr. Amundsen, one of our new neighbors."

The chairman was genial. "Glad to have you talk, Mr. Amundsen. Take all the time you want."

Garde seemed suddenly at Torger's very elbow. This was the thing that would be life and joy to her, a double opportunity, since he could tell these American neighbors about his own beautiful rocky homeland. He plunged in ardently, with picturesque English flavored ruggedly with his lifelong tongue that seemed to fit the story he was telling of wild fjords, and rough seas, stout little boats and sea heroes, bitter winters and long, day-lighted summers.

The fire and color and heart in the strange address held all the room captive for a quarter of an hour. Then the boy came suddenly back to this American valley. He flushed a bit, half stopped, and then looking around on the neighborly faces he said very slowly, his very depth of feeling exaggerating his strong Northern accent, "It is grand there in Norway; but I t'ink it is best to be here, right here in this Peradise Walley."

As that last word came out a titter ran along the back benches where the young people sat, and quite audibly after it an echo, "walley, walley."

The Greenhorn turned, white to the lips, and walked straight out into the night.

A score of startled hands tried to hold him. Older voices protested, censuring the young folks, women spoke in hushed excitement full of pity. But when they found they could not hold him, the Community Club turned to its games and food and soon forgot the whitefaced boy.

Only young Seely followed his headlong flight and saw the hopelessness that drowned all life out of Torger's face. Even he did not understand that the cruel, thoughtless insult had struck beyond the big man's body to a little, delicate-mannered, high-spirited lady; that a great fear had come to Torger that he could not bring his tender, trusting, friend-craving little mate to meet such monstrous humiliation.

"Hold on there, Amundsen. Wait for me," pleaded Seely. "You've got to understand that it will never happen again. You held them spellbound by your story of Norway."

"There never will be another chance for it to happen again," Torger said sternly.

"Our American young folks are sometimes thoughtless; but they are not hard. They'll yet be the best friends you have in the world, if you'll only forgive them . . . forgive us . . . this time."

They walked for hours, circling the valley roads. Seely felt that he could not leave the bruised boy. After an hour's silence, striding side by side, the only word he could get was the quiet comment: "If you had come newly to my country of Norway and had honored us by telling us of your own land in our strange new tongue, no matter how badly you spoke it, we would have said: 'How well he speaks our language after being here such a short time.'"

"By George!" Seely exclaimed, "that's true. I never thought of it that way. I bet it never comes to most of us Americans that way. All you folks from over there learn to speak our irregular language a lot faster than we could ever pick up yours. We'd be dubs at it. . . . But if you'll give us another chance, Amundsen, the folks of Paradise Valley will show you what we think of a man who comes over and makes good in every way, as you have. . . . Oh, I hope you'll stay among us, and—"

"There is nothing else to do," Torger said simply. "My land here, my house, they have taken all the inheritance money, and the savings, too." He hesitated as though he longed to say more, give some hint of his dream for the little home; but suddenly the raw wound of the evening stung him unbearably; "Good-night," he said. Even when he added, by force of habit, his boyhood's parting phrase, "Thank you for your good company on the road," there was no life or hope in his face or voice.

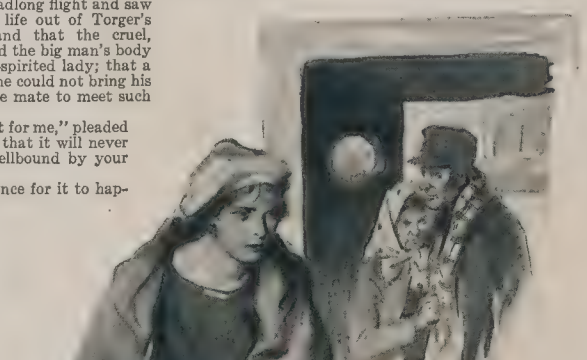
No doubt the valley would have redeemed itself after that; but overnight, a night of pain and bewilderment and decision, the Norsk boy had changed his way of living. In the dawn he had decided: "There must be no chance that anyone should ever laugh at my little Garde. She will take the language easily. But she will have only me to take it from at first. It is for me to get English perfectly. I must sell everything in the garden at once and go to school. I must start with the babies. I will work at night in the city for money to keep a good sum for little Garde; but most of all I will study, study."

It was not an easy thing to do. He marched into the valley school that first morning with the air of a king, and said he had come to learn the speaking and reading and writing of English. He would begin at the very beginning and learn it all. So they gave him a chair in the primary room. He did not seem to be even aware of the rest of his class, Tommy and Gracie and Eunice, all aged seven, and looking only a quarter of his height. He studied with a white intensity that took him through a grade in a month. He heard and saw nothing but the direct words that the teacher spoke to him or the task she set him on his tablet.

In the old days, a quarter-hour like the recess time would have meant the chance to romp with eager-eyed little boys or to tell wondrous Northland tales to crowding little girls. Now the children might have been wooden images.

At noon he hurried home for his chores, caring for his great flock of chickens that was to surprise Garde, who was joyously boasting that when she should come he could add chickens to his little ranch. Directly after the school hours, he turned his long stride to make the four miles across country to the electric line that ran into the city. What he did there was long a puzzle to the Valley, but they knew that he never came back until the wee hours before dawn, and that then he slept heavily for a few short hours before another day of the intense schooling.

The only glint of human warmth that crept into his soul during those winter months, when even Seely's persistent efforts failed to find his valley door unlocked, was



She turned her eyes to the sea, so that no one might see, and pity her

from the strange Oriental soul of his night employer. From six o'clock until two the next morning Torger's hours were spent as a waiter in a Chop Suey House, the only job that would leave him time for his schooling and a little sleep, and would at the same time lay up some treasure of silver for Garde. And when his great news came unexpectedly soon, it was only to Mr. Chang that he could let out even a hint of the purpose of his errand East.

"I am starting to New York to-morrow. I shall not be back for several weeks. I am to be married there to a lady from my old home. I have a home ready for her in the country near here. When we come back I shall want always to be with her, to take care of her, so I shall not come back here to work. I have a little ranch with fruit and chickens, and I can keep busy with building and cabinet work. You have been very kind to me, Mr. Chang."

"Oh, dat's allee light, allee light," grinned the Oriental. "Vely happee ladee get Mistel Tolgel. Allee good Amelican soon."

In the valley Torger made short work of getting someone to look after his chickens and to do the first spraying of the fruit trees in the event that he did not get back within the expected two weeks and a half. The sting of his mortification was still so strong upon his heart that he did not say where he was going, or why, to any neighbor.

He bought his first ticket only to Chicago, intending to stop there for a day or two with an old seafaring friend of his father's who was now captaining a freighter on the lakes. But the captain was starting that same evening for Buffalo, so Torger came back alone from the crowded wharf through the bustling traffic of lower town, his head still full of memories stirred to new life by his old friend's chat.

He was hurrying to the station after seeing the captain's boat weigh anchor, when the thing happened. It was not an uncommon thing. Every day's sheet of a great city's daily carries a like item—an automobile crash with several injured, one seriously. This time it was a pedestrian who suffered most, a young man carrying in his pocket the address of an Oregon fruit valley. The hospital wired West at once.

Paradise Valley was touched. "He was such a nice, hard-working boy," everyone said, "and he seemed so kind of eager and happy, with all his shyness, until that dreadful night at the Community Club. We'd have made that up to him a thousand times if he had let us, and maybe he wouldn't have been too proud to forgive us if we could only have got together. But he was so busy afterward with that sudden fit of schooling and working in town nights at something or other."

They wired back to Chicago to take the best possible care of the Norwegian boy, who hadn't any kin that they knew of, and if it was necessary they'd send Mr. Seely East to bring him home when he was able to travel. They didn't know where he was going, or on what errand, or they'd be glad to attend to that, too, for him.

Twice in those first weeks Torger came back briefly to the real world of responsibility. A quick flash of pain and unrest shot through him; there was something he should be doing for Garde. But that was as far as the thought got.

"I wish we could relieve him from whatever is on his mind," said the doctor. "His strong body would come back quick enough if it had the chance; but his nearest neighbors don't know what he was traveling East for. We can't do much more for him until his mind clears of itself."

The precious days slipped by. To one little immigrant girl, waiting at Ellis Island for her big blond boy with the voice of the musical sea and the smile that was as dearly welcome as Northern sunshine, those days were like great, heavy stones building a prison for her. Twenty-one of those stones would seal the prison door and shut her out of America. If Torger did not come to marry her in three weeks she must go back to Norway, so the officials said.

A strange new fear took possession of her. Once he had written her that he would not hold her to her promise if she wished to change her mind and marry the professor at the university. Perhaps now, he had changed his mind, and would marry some American girl.

Her ready Norse pride fought hard with her love after this evil idea came, and she parted at last reluctantly with the city address Torger had given her, so that the Government might wire West and find out what detained the young man. "For the past six months I have written him here," she said.

So the wire went, asking if Torger Amundsen would not start East at once to meet his bride in New York. The answer that came back was signed Chang Yu, but in unmistakable English it affirmed, "Torger Amundsen left for New York three weeks ago. Left no address."

After that there was nothing that the Government could do, though sympathy pulled strongly at both matrons and officials for the proud little girl from Norway. The stones of that final third week dropped into place one by one. The prison was complete. Dry-eyed, with delicate head erect, Hildagarde Holm walked onto the steamship that was to take her back to Norway.

The terrible, quiet pain of a lost dream was in her eyes, a dream of a big, gentle-faced boy in a low-roofed home in a valley cupped in by opalescent peaks of mountains. But she turned her eyes to the sea, so that no one might see, and pity her.

Back in the orderly, efficient life of the big hospital Torger came at last to himself, and his own doctor sent the message with all urgence, "Hold Hildagarde Holm. Torger Amundsen injured. Will send friends for Miss Holm."

Seely had appeared by this time from the valley, and he offered to run down to New York at once and take Garde to his own sister's there. But before he could start, the word came back that the girl's ship had sailed forty-eight hours earlier.

"Have cabled her immediate return on landing on other side," the Government replied.

"We must just wait now?" questioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said its spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd lie down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wirelessed Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."

The Bread Caster

By ROBERT McBLAIR

ILLUSTRATED by JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

"YOU'LL promise not to be hurt, won't you Andrew dear, at what I am going to say?"

Andrew Brandon's lover's heart jumped with fear, but a quick look into her steady deep-brown eyes reassured him.

"Of course, honey. But what in the world—"

She came close and took hold of the lapels of his coat:

"Andrew, you know Father."

"I confess to having a dodging acquaintance," Andrew grinned.

"Now, don't be silly. This is serious. Father says—it isn't me talking, it's Father—that I shouldn't be engaged to you until—until you've made good. Now, wait!" She pulled him close again as he drew away sharply. "He thought you had a good thing at that other company and when you—when you left there—"

"Got fired, you mean."

"Well, got fired then." She shook him. "When you *did*, and he knew the reason, well, you know Father."

"What I don't know is how a man with his hard-shelled philosophy could have a daughter so sweet and lovely."

"Now, Andrew, I'm not going to stand for your criticizing my father; besides, I'm not sweet."

"You are the sweetest person in all the world." He put his arms about her straight, slim figure, and held her close.

"Well, I'm not lovely, anyhow."

"You are not only lovely to look at, you have lovely thoughts and a lovely soul."

Conversation languished.

"Well," he said presently, his face against her mass of chestnut hair, "What are we going to do? Shall we be lovers once but strangers now?"

"That's where the hard part comes, dear. Father and I had a session last night. He said he has practically secured you the position as assistant to the sales manager of the Band Saw Lumber Company."

"Yes, I am on the way to his office now. Have an appointment for ten o'clock."

"Andrew, he doesn't want me to see you again, or write you, for four months; till you have had time to make good on this new job. And if you don't make good, he—he wants to call it off entirely."

"Suffering marsupials!" Andrew groaned. "And what does the kind man expect me to do for light and beauty while I'm trying?"

"Darling," pleaded Joan, "you will make good, won't you? You know how Father is. But I love him, and I couldn't marry without his consent."

"Joan darling, I promise you faithfully to make good," Andrew grinned; "if I don't get fired first."

He held her at an arm's length. In the light from the hall window her long-lashed dark eyes, lovely color, and red, sensitive mouth brought home to him anew her beauty.

"Do you love me?" he demanded almost fiercely.

"Oh, Andrew!"

He caught her hands and pressed them to his lips; picked up his hat, opened the door and ran down the terraced steps. He had climbed into his roadster before he heard her voice and looked up to where, slim and attractive she stood in the sunshine of the flower-bordered stone porch.

"Don't be late, Andrew. You have just time to get there by ten o'clock. You know Father," she laughed.

He waved a hand, stepped on the starter, and in a few minutes was out of sight of her suburban home and on the road to the city, trailing a big red touring car that seemed bent upon breaking the speed limit.

He had gone perhaps three miles when the red car, which had got far in the lead, slowed down and stopped. The driver jumped out, examined the tires, and with feverish haste began jacking up a rear wheel. Andrew drew up alongside.

"In trouble?" he asked cheerfully.

"Say," exclaimed the man, "I'll give you twenty dollars if you'll change that front tire while I'm changing this rear one. Two punctures, and I've got an extremely important business engagement."

"Well, never mind the twenty dollars," said Andrew as he extracted his jack from his tool box. "We all get in trouble occasionally."

"Darn!" exclaimed the florid-faced, gray-haired owner of the red car after he had changed the rear tire. "I've only got one spare!"

"Well," said Andrew, "I have some patches in my kit. If you'll help me get this tire off the rim— By George! It was a nail you got in this one!"

The tire stuck to the rim, and thirty minutes had passed before they finally put the repaired and inflated front tire in place. The florid gentleman produced a card from somewhere beneath his linen duster and thrust it in Andrew's hand.

"You saved my life. If I can ever be of any service, don't fail—"

The rest of it was lost in the slamming of the red car's door and the starting of the motor.

"Holy mackerel!" Andrew murmured as he looked at his watch. "Half an hour late! The old boy's pale blue eyes will be turning a Nile green with rage."

He didn't lose any time the rest of the way, and within fifteen minutes his broad shoulders had swung through the bank lobby and he was opening the frosted-glass door marked in gold paint, "Horace Hamilton, President."

Mr. Hamilton took out a large gold watch. He was a cold proposition, with a circle of white hair about his lean skull, and wispy white side whiskers framing an unforgiving mouth and chin.

"Half an hour late! Is that your idea of business?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hamilton, but I couldn't help it. I passed a man who had two punctures, and—"

"Do you mean to tell me you kept me waiting half an hour while you helped a man with a puncture?"

"He was in a big hurry, and—"

The rest of Andrew's sentence was lost in the scraping of Mr. Hamilton's chair as he got angrily to his feet and cupped his bald dome in a derby hat. Andrew followed him through the lobby and along the street to the offices of the Band Saw Lumber Company.

They were admitted promptly to the presence of Mr. Donald Mackintosh, president, a red-cheeked, middle-aged man, with features like an Indian chief and a shrewd bright blue eye.

"Mr. Mackintosh," said the banker, "this is Andrew Brandon, the young man I was telling you about. He has a brain, I believe, and might do for your assistant sales manager. He won't be able to hold a more responsible position, however, till he learns a sense of proportion."

Mr. Mackintosh's business required heavy borrowings at Mr. Hamilton's bank. Therefore his expression tactfully mirrored Mr. Hamilton's disapproval as he turned a bodkinlike glance on Andrew.

"Lack of proportion?" he queried.

"He was discharged by the Acme Lumber Company because he seemed more interested in their customers' welfare than in the firm's."

"The customer was a friend of mine," interrupted Andrew angrily, "and I merely gave him some information that he was entitled to about some lumber he had bought from us. The sales manager had been lying to

She came close and took hold of the lapels of his coat: "Andrew, you know Father!"

him, and this tipped the sales manager's hand. That's the real reason I was fired."

"What I should have pointed out," interposed Mr. Hamilton, "is that Brandon's mistakes are of judgment rather than of intention. For instance, he was half an hour late for this appointment because he stopped to fix a man's tire."

Mr. Hamilton had promised Joan he would get Andrew this position, and he intended to carry out his agreement. But he had not promised to introduce him favorably.

"I will take you on," said Mr. Mackintosh without enthusiasm, "because my—ah—esteemed and respected friend Mr. Hamilton recommends it, and I need a man."

"And I hope that you will stick to business," added Mr. Hamilton; "and if you must do favors see that you get paid for them. That's what business is. That, also, is what life is. Friendship, love, all human relations are based on a fair exchange." Mr. Hamilton waxed oratorical.

"Quite," agreed Mr. Mackintosh. "Quite."

Andrew had not been long enough out of college to learn that the average business executive expects his employees to swallow his philosophical remarks as readily as his business decisions.

"You gentlemen, then, disagree with Him who said: 'Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you a hundredfold,'" he flung out.

Mr. Hamilton, who was an elder in the Baptist church, looked properly shocked.

"I consider that remark in very bad taste and entirely foreign to a business discussion," he replied. But Mr. Mackintosh had a Scotchman's enthusiasm for theological argument.

"What He didn't point out," said Mr. Mackintosh, "is that when the bread returned on the waters, it would be wet and soggy."

He looked triumphantly at Mr. Hamilton, who scratched his chin dubiously, but nodded his head.

"The rule of life is that you can't get something for nothing," added Mr. Hamilton. "By the same token, it is foolish to give something for nothing. When you are doing something for money you are a part of the world's economic machinery. You are helping the wheels to turn."

"We will expect you at eight-thirty to-morrow morning, Brandon," put in Mr. Mackintosh by way of forestalling any argument in rebuttal. "And remember, don't be a bread caster."

Andrew bowed and withdrew.

He hadn't been in the office very many days before he began to see that things were not going right. Everybody seemed to hate everybody else. This lack of coöperation had seriously slowed up the whole organization. Andrew felt that with proper team work his own job was not necessary; but that Mr. Mackintosh had added another man to the force to make the work lighter all round and try to stem the tide of dissatisfaction. But matters were not helped by Mr. Mackintosh's own outbursts of temper, directed first against one and then another, as he endeavored to place the blame for the increasing figure that each month showed on the wrong side of the profit and loss account. Mr. Mackintosh was badly worried. The bank was closely scanning his financial statement each month, and latterly Mr. Horace Hamilton had begun to make remarks about the necessity "in these times" of curtailing credits "even to old customers."

The lumber buyer, Murphy, was the first one to diagnose the situation. Andrew hadn't been very busy with his own work, so he had helped Murphy, because there was something about the red-haired, freckled Irishman that appealed to him. It was late and they were alone in the office.

"It's the cold-bloodedness of the two bosses, that's what it is," said Murphy. "Simpson, the sales manager, has an idea that the way to get results out of salesmen is to drive 'em with threats. Does a threat make a man get up on his hind legs and work his head off with joy in his heart? It does not.

"And Mackintosh backs him up in it. Mackintosh has made a success of his business up to now. And why? Because he had a fellow in the job of sales manager who had a heart in his chest, instead of a cash register. But that guy quit. Got frozen out, I guess. And this one—"

Murphy banged on the desk in disgust.

"Why, look at these letters!"

He went over to the filing cabinet and took out some folders of correspondence.

"Read that. And that. And that!"

They were letters from three of their best salesmen. The tenor of them was: "I am doing my best. If that doesn't satisfy you, get someone else. I'll gladly quit. I'm sick of your eternal criticism."

"What is the result of that kind of a policy?" inquired Murphy with heat. "Why, the salesmen, naturally, whenever they can, try to put one over, just to get even. They figure that if they sell a car calling for a mixture of stock that couldn't be found at any mill in the country, they've got the sales manager in wrong. Even I, myself," added Murphy confidentially, "don't try to buy that kind of car as low as I could. I like to see a hard-boiled guy get stung."

Murphy put on his coat and hat, and sighed.

"I've got to come back to-night and figure up those invoices."

"I'll do them for you," volunteered Andrew. "I can't see my girl to-night, and time hangs heavy."

"Will you?" beamed Murphy. "Say, if you will, I'll do anything for you. Honest. You see"—he lowered his voice and blushed—"there's another guy likes my girl, and when I have to do so much night work—"

"I get you," Andrew laughed. "Well, invite me to the wedding, and we'll call it square!"

About ten o'clock one night later in the week Andrew came up to the office to put the finishing touches on Murphy's invoices. He had noticed from the street that the rooms were lighted, but he was unprepared for what he saw when he opened the door.

Simpson, the cold-blooded sales manager, was lying over the desk with his head on his arm. Andrew sat down beside him and little by little the story came out.

It was one of the tragedies that so often lie beneath the surface of business unremarked, but which frequently determine whether a business shall rise or fall. Simpson had eloped with the daughter of a wealthy Minneapolis manufacturer. Her health gave way. The illness had been very expensive; she needed for recovery advantages of environment and attention that Simpson could not afford; and they were both too proud to make their circumstances known to the indignant parent.

The next evening at eight, Andrew, with his arms full of roses, called at the Simpsons' flat on the third floor of a rather cheerless apartment house.

"I had typhoid at Brest," he explained, with an apologetic grin to piquant little Mrs. Simpson, "and I know that flowers and fever go together fine."

"They certainly do," said Mrs. Simpson, with a sudden mist in her eyes as she buried her face in the fragrant petals.

Andrew saw a good deal of the Simpsons during the following month, and by explaining to some of the other men Simpson's situation, he saw a better feeling grow up.

He was surprised when one afternoon Mr. Mackintosh requested him to stay after five o'clock for a private interview.

"Brandon," said the owner of the business, "Simpson's leaving us. Going back to Minneapolis and work for his father-in-law, I believe. The old man wants his daughter near him." Mr. Mackintosh paused and pursed his lips. "Well," he continued, "that leaves me needing a sales manager. Frankly, I wouldn't have picked you for the job after what Mr. Hamilton told me. But now, with the market advancing, the good men are already engaged at good salaries. And Simpson gave you a very strong recommendation; in fact he made quite a point of seeing that you got the place. Murphy, too, says you're the man for the job—insists on it. So I am willing to follow their recommendation and try you out."

"Well, Mr. Mackintosh," Brandon stuttered, "I certainly appreciate—"

"Don't thank me," cut in Mr. Mackintosh crisply. "I'm trying you out purely for selfish motives."

"Very well," said Andrew; "I'll make good for my own benefit."

"That's the way to talk," said Mr. Mackintosh. "That's business. And there's another angle to the matter. I've got to go up to Canada at once in a law suit over an estate. I may be gone several weeks, and this means I must leave everything to you—the banking as well as the selling. Do you realize the responsibility?"

"I do, Mr. Mackintosh; and I will try to show you you haven't made a mistake."

As he drove home that evening, Andrew did a tall amount of thinking.

"Horace Hamilton is either going to have the most successful son-in-law he ever saw," he said to himself, "or—or— Well, anyhow, this is my chance."

And the thinking that he did was shown in what he said to the bookkeeper the next morning.

"Jones," he explained, "instead of getting a man in my place when I move up to sales manager, I am going to add ten per cent to the salary of everyone in the office, and ten per cent to the commissions of the three buyers Murphy has on the road."

Jones's shriveled face brightened. "We'll certainly appreciate it, Mr. Brandon. Things are pretty high nowadays."

"You're right, Jones. Ask Mr. Murphy to come in, will you?"

Murphy came in, smiling.

"Say, Mr. Mackintosh must have had brain fever to think of raising our salaries this way."

"It is my idea, Murphy."

"You mean you are doing this on your own hook?"

"Yes."

"Whew! I don't want to be around when he comes back and hears about it."

"You haven't heard half of it yet. I am going to wire all the salesmen to-day that their commissions will be increased ten per cent. Then, instead of writing them letters once every two weeks, cussing them for not making more sales, I am going to write them twice a week, and send each of them a night telegram every Friday, cheering them on. It will get [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

"My," he cried with hungry eyes, "do you know it's been a thousand years since I saw you?"

The old, old virgin in the chair by the window and the young girl seated cross-legged on the floor watched her intently

The Girls

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED by HERMAN PFEIFER

PART III

THE Paysons and the Kemps, together with the rest of the world, were to be tossed about now like straws in a storm. But Mrs. Carrie Payson, reading the paper next morning in the dining-room window, after breakfast, was the dispassionately interested spectator. Though this was a manless household, it received its morning and evening paper regularly. You saw Mrs. Payson in that. She had no patience with women who did not read the newspapers. Sometimes when Belle said, "What wedding?" or, "What murder?" or, "What sale?" Mrs. Payson would exclaim, "For heaven's sake, don't you read the papers? How do you expect to know what's going on!"

Mrs. Payson knew what was going on. She knew the price of coal, and the whereabouts of the Cingalese troops, and the closing Steel quotations, and whether duvetyn was going to be good this winter, and how much the Claflin estate amounted to, and why the DeWitts dropped their divorce proceedings. More than this, she read aloud extracts from these items and commented thereon. To one who preferred to get the first-page news first-hand it was a maddening practice.

"I see they predict a coal famine. I don't know what we'll do in this house. If I didn't know I'd practically have to give it away, I'd sell and move into a flat out south.... They're going to wear those capes again next winter. I should think they'd freeze in 'em. Though I remember we used to wear them altogether—dolmans, we called them. I see your friend Winnie Steppler has gone to France for her paper. Woman of her age! I should think she'd stay home.... H'm! Ben Gartz is captain of the Manufacturing Jewelers' Liberty Loan committee.... What time did you come in last night, Lottie? I didn't hear you." Aunt Charlotte, breakfasting across the table, looked up.

Lottie poured herself another cup of coffee. She was drinking a great deal of coffee lately, using it frankly as a stimulant. "About midnight."

"Did you have a nice time?"

"Interesting," Lottie said, gravely. She sensed that her mother was listening intently behind the newspaper. "Did you mean what you said about wanting to sell the house and moving into a flat out south?"

Mrs. Payson's spectacles showed, half-moons, above the paper's horizon. "I might. Hulda's going to marry that man. He doesn't want to go to war. They say you can't get a girl now for less than fifteen dollars a week. Fifteen! Well! I see myself! And now this coal shortage—and a four-story house. Still, we'd need a pretty big apartment."

Lottie made her tone casual. "You ought to marry off Jeannette—and me."

She knew that Ben Gartz leaped from a position of doubt to one of hope in her mother's mind. Mrs. Payson turned a page of the paper, elaborately careless. "I'd move out of this barn fast enough if there was only Charlotte and me to keep it up for."

"Why, Mama, you talk as if you had it all planned out! You know perfectly well you couldn't get along without me."

"Oh, couldn't I! I'd like to know why not! Jeannette thinks more of my comfort this minute than you do. I'd manage to live without you, very well."

"Do you really mean that, Mama?"

At her tone Mrs. Payson stopped, one hand outstretched toward the pantry door. "That I could get along without you? I certainly—"

"That if I hadn't been here to run the electric and take you to market and shopping when you or Aunt Charlotte needed clothes, or hats or corsets—you wouldn't have missed me? All these years?"

"I'd have got along. So would your Aunt Charlotte. Nobody's so important that the world can't get along without them. I'd have managed."

"I suppose you would," Lottie said, dully. "I suppose you would."

Her mother passed into the kitchen. Aunt Charlotte across the table, reached for the mangled newspaper and began to smooth it out, sheet by sheet and to fold it painstakingly into its original creasings. At the apprehensive look in her eyes Lottie smiled reassuringly, got up and came round to her. She patted the shriveled cheek. "Don't look so disappointed in your maiden niece, Charlotte Thrift. She isn't as desperate as that. Don't think it."

"Well, just for a minute—" there was relief in her voice— "I thought ... But you've got some plan in your head?"

"Yes."

"Don't let anybody stop you then, whatever it is. Don't let anybody stop you. It's your last chance, Lottie."

THEN for three weeks the household went about its business. Lottie sewed at the Red Cross shop; Aunt Charlotte knitted; Mrs. Payson talked Liberty bonds, managed her household, protested at the increased cost of living, berated Belle for what she termed her extravagance, quizzed Henry about his business at the Friday night family dinner. At the end of the month Hulda left to marry her unmartial Oscar. Though she and Mrs. Payson had carried on guerrilla warfare for years, Hulda, packing her trunk, wept into the crochet-edged trousseau and declared that Mrs. Payson had been, of all mistresses, the kindest. Mrs. Payson, on her part, facing the prospect of breaking in a pert new incompetent at a weekly wage far beyond that of the departing and highly capable Hulda, forgave her everything, including her weakness for coffee. She even plied her with a farewell cup of that black brew as Hulda, dressed for departure, sat waiting red-eyed in the kitchen for the drayman.

With the advent of a new maid, Jeannette began to take her meals with the family. Somehow the kitchen was no longer the place for Jeannette. She had acquired a pretty manner, along with a certain comeliness of feature and figure. It had been a sudden blossoming. Here were the bright-eyed assurance, the little upward quirk at the corners of the mouth, the preenings and flutterings of the duckling who is transformed miraculously into a swan. Jeannette had a "boy friend." Jeannette had invitations for every night in the week (censored by Mrs. Payson). Jeannette went to the War Camp Community dances on Saturday nights at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club, and was magically transformed from a wall-flower into a rose.

At these carefully supervised Community affairs Jeannette danced with boys from Texas and boys from Massachusetts; boys from Arizona and Kansas and Ohio and Washington. But though she danced with them all with indefatigable patience and good-humor, it was Nebraska's step that perfectly matched her own after the first few weeks, and it was Nebraska who took her home at a gallop in order not to overstay his shore leave. Nebraska was an embryo ensign. He talked of the sea as only a boy can who has known but the waves of the wheat rippling before the wind across miles of inland prairie. When Lottie suggested that Jeannette invite Nebraska to dinner on Sunday, Mrs. Payson, surprisingly enough, agreed. They made conversation.

"And where is your home?"

"I'm from Nebraska, ma'am."

"How do you like Chicago?"

"I like it fine." A quick glance at Jeannette. "Everybody here is certainly grand."

Jeannette and Aunt Charlotte were great friends. Aunt Charlotte's room had, for Jeannette, something of the attraction of a museum. In it were all those treasures accumulated by a lonely woman throughout almost half a century of living in one house. Ribbons, flowers, buttons, photographs, scraps of lace, old hats; mounds of unused handkerchiefs, and bottles of perfumes, and boxes of time-yellowed writing paper representing the birthdays

and Christmases of years; old candy boxes; newspaper clippings; baby pictures of Lottie, Belle, Charley; family albums. There was always a bag of candy of the more durable sort—hard peppermints, or fruit drops. And, treasured of all, the patchwork silk quilt.

To-day, as Lottie passed Aunt Charlotte's room just before dinner she saw her sitting by the window with the silk quilt in her lap. Of late it had been packed away in one of the room's treasure boxes and brought out only for purposes of shaking and dusting.

Lottie entered and stood over Aunt Charlotte as she sat there in her chair by the window looking out on the ornate old houses across the way. "I haven't seen it in years." She passed her fingers over the shining surface of silk and satin. Frayed squares and triangles marred many of the blocks now. A glistening butterfly still shone in yellow silk in one corner; a spider wove an endless web in another. Time had mellowed the vivid orange and purple and scarlet and pink, until now the whole had the vague softness and subdued gleam of an ancient Persian carpet or an old cathedral window.

Aunt Charlotte looked down at it. One tremulous finger traced the pattern of wheels and circles and blocks. "I always thought I'd give it to the first one of the family that married. But Belle—of course not, in that grand apartment. For a while I thought Charley and that young lad—I'd have liked to tell them how I came to make it. The boy would have liked to hear it. Jesse Dick. He'd have understood. But he's gone to war again. Jesse Dick has gone to war again. Oh, dear! Why didn't Charlotte marry him before he went?"

"She's wandering a little," Lottie thought, with a pang. "After all, she's very old. We haven't realized." Aloud she said, smiling, "And how about me, Charlotte Thrift? You're forgetting your old niece entirely."

"No. I haven't forgotten you, Lottie. I think I got it out because of you to-day. A curious feeling. Something's going to happen. I've lived a long time, Lottie. Nearly seventy-eight years. Old maids usually don't live that long. Did you know that? Short-lived, they are—unmarried women. Here I am, nearing seventy-eight. And every now and then I get the feeling—that unsettled feeling as if something might still happen in my life. I don't know. It's like listening for a bell to ring. Something's going to happen."

Lottie looked at her strangely, almost fearfully. She stooped, suddenly, and gathered Aunt Charlotte and the silk quilt into her arms. "Oh, Aunt Charlotte! Aunt Charlotte! I've done something terrible. I'm scared. I'm—"

"Lot-tie!" from the foot of the stairs. "Lottie! What's the matter with you and Aunt Charlotte! Dinner's waiting."

"You don't say!" Aunt Charlotte stood up, facing Lottie, suddenly alert, vitalized. "You don't say!" Something about the commonplaceness of her expression of approval seemed to restore Lottie's balance. "Don't let her scare you. They always try, and if you're weak you give in. But don't you. Don't you!" A sudden suspicion: "It isn't that pink fat man!"

"Ben? No. It's—it's something I never thought I'd—"

"What's it matter? Only, don't give in." She propelled her almost fiercely ahead of her to the stairway and down to the dining-room. It was as though she feared Lottie would change her mind if they paused on the way. All through dinner Aunt Charlotte glowed and beamed upon her. Occasionally she shook her head vehemently to convey encouragement to the silent Lottie.

Jeannette was full of plans for the evening: "If we don't start early we won't get there in time for the first show, and then we'll have to stand and wait. They say it's a wonderful picture. The man who takes the part of the Kaiser looks exactly like him." Evidently she and Mrs. Payson were going Hunning among the films.

They had eaten their dessert. In another moment they would leave the table. Lottie sat back in her chair and gave a little indrawn gasp, like a swimmer who plunges into icy water.

"I had my first inoculation to-day, and my vaccination."

"Vaccination?" Mrs. Payson had caught this one familiar word and now held it dully, awaiting an explanation.

"I'm going to France two weeks from to-day," said Lottie. She braced herself, one hand clutching her napkin tight, as if that would sustain her.

But there was no storm. Not yet. Mrs. Carrie Payson's will refused to accept the message that her ears had flashed to her brain.

"Don't be silly, Lottie," she said.

Lottie leaned forward. "Mama, don't you understand? I'm going to France. I'm going in two weeks. I've signed. It's all arranged. I'm going. In two weeks."

"Oh, golly!" cried Jeannette, "how perfectly grand!" Aunt Charlotte's hand was weaving nervous palsied circles on the tablecloth, round and round. She champed her teeth as always when she was terribly excited. But Mrs. Payson sat suddenly waxen and yellow. You saw odd lines etched in her face that had not been there a moment before. She stared at Lottie.

The red surged up into Mrs. Payson's face. "Well, you're not going, that's all. You're not going."

"Yes, I am, Mama," Lottie said then, quietly.

"And I say you won't. France! What for! What for!"

Aunt Charlotte stood up, her face working, her head shaking. She pointed a lean aspen finger at her sister. "Carrie Thrift, don't you stand in the way of her going. Don't you! Don't you!"

Even then Mrs. Payson's middle-class horror of being overheard by the servant in the kitchen triumphed over her anger. "Come on into the sitting-room. I'm not going to have that girl listening."

They marched into the sitting-room in silence.

IN THE two weeks that followed Mrs. Payson never once relaxed her opposition. Yet she insisted on accompanying Lottie throughout the orgy of shopping that followed—scouring the stores for such commonplace articles as woolen stockings, woolen underwear, heavy shoes, bed socks, soap, hot-water bag, candles, sugar, pins, needles. Sometimes her mother barely spoke to Lottie for hours. Yet, strangely enough, Lottie had twice heard her say to a sympathetic clerk when she did not know Lottie was listening: "Yes, they are for my daughter who's going to France. . . . Yes, it is hard; but we've got to do our share." There had even been a ring of pride in her voice.

She and Charley had had one brief honest moment together. "I wanted to go, too," Charley had said. "I do still. But I'm not going. I want to see Jesse. I want him so much that sometimes I find myself doing things that I thought only women in novels did. Stretching out my arms to him in the dark. . . . The girls of my sort who are going are going for the excitement of it—for the trip, you might almost say. Oh, I know a lot of women, thousands, are moved by the finest kind of patriotism. But— Well, for example, that pretty Olive Banning who's in our advertising department. She's going. She says all the men are over there."

The night before leaving, Lottie Payson suffered that agony of self-reproach and terror which unaccustomed travelers feel who are leaving all that is dear and safe and familiar.

She sat up in bed. Suddenly she swung her legs over the side of the bed, thrust her feet into slippers and stole down the hall to her mother's room. The room was dark, quite. From within the room came a sleeper's breathing, deep, full, regular. Her mother was asleep. Her mother was asleep! The knowledge hurt her, angered her.

She turned back to her room, past Aunt Charlotte's room. "Lottie! Is that you!"

"Yes. I—I couldn't sleep. I—"

"I should think not. Come here to Auntie."

Lottie huddled at the side of the bed. "I can't go, Aunt Charlotte. I can't go."

"Fiddlesticks! That's the middle-of-the-night talking. Wait till you've had a cup of coffee at eight to-morrow morning, and see how you feel about going."

Lottie went back to bed feeling reassured, almost lighthearted. Next morning at breakfast her mother said, "I didn't close my eyes all night."

They made a good-sized group at the station. Her mother, Aunt Charlotte, Jeannette, Belle, Henry, Charley, of course. Then, all The Girls. And Emma Barton was there. Winnie Steppler was in France for her syndicate of papers, sending back stories about the Kansas and Nebraska and Wyoming lads in Paris—the best stories of her career. And Ben Gartz was at the station. He was there in spats, and a check suit, and what is known as a trench coat, with a belt and full skirt; and a little green soft hat with a tiny scarlet feather stuck in the band, toward the back. He had regained some of his former weight, and though he was dapper and spruce he looked plump and pink-jowled and prime. Surprisingly young, too. It was said that quite outside the flourishing wrist-watch business he had just made a little fortune in War Steel. He joked with Charley. "You little rascal!" Lottie heard him say; and Charley had laughed and looked arch. When he came over to Lottie his admiring eyes were still on Charley's slim young figure. "That little niece of yours is a card! She's a wonder, that kid." Ben and The Girls had brought books, candy, flowers, magazines. Ben had taken the name of the New York hotel at which she was to stop overnight. She saw, in anticipation, more books, flowers, candy. She wished he wouldn't. Lottie wished that the train would start. How old Henry looked. What a dear he was. Fine. Too fine and good.

The train gave a tremendous jerk. She stood on the car steps, looking down on them. They, on the platform, waved hands, handkerchiefs, their faces upturned to her.

"Cable the minute you land."

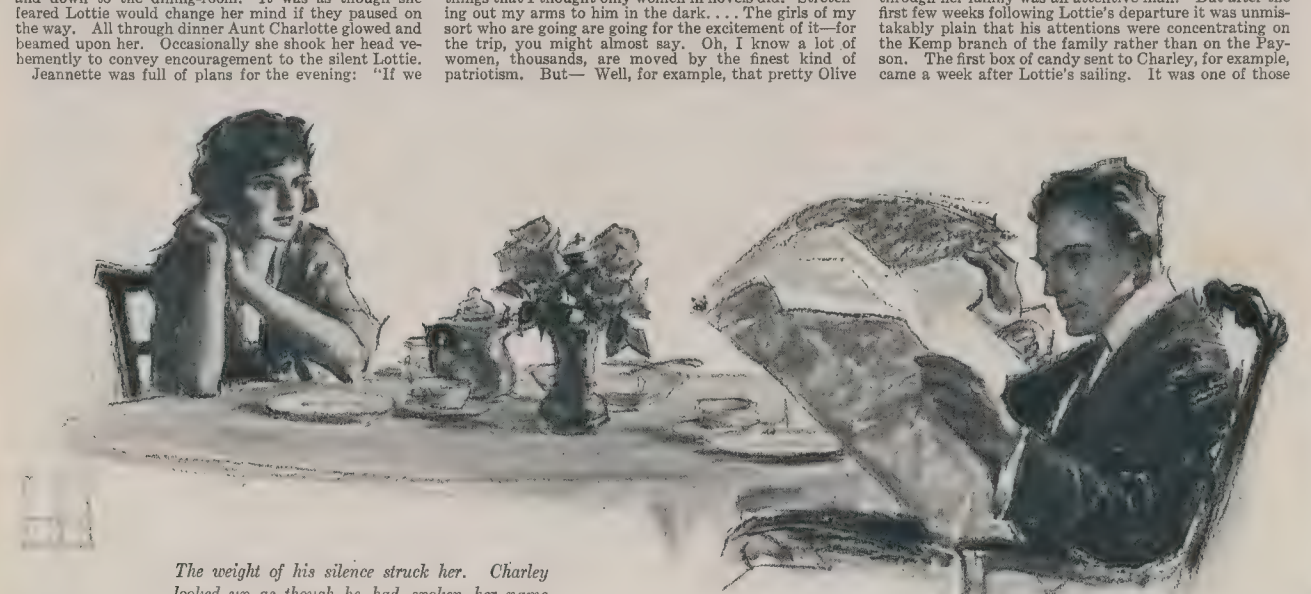
"If you see Vernon Hatch, tell him—"

"Stationed at Nancy, I think—or maybe it's Soissons."

"Woolen stockings when you get—"

"Good-by! . . . 'By!"

THE family thought that Ben Gartz was being heavily attentive. A man who paid court to a woman through her family was an attentive man. But after the first few weeks following Lottie's departure it was unmistakably plain that his attentions were concentrating on the Kemp branch of the family rather than on the Payson. The first box of candy sent to Charley, for example, came a week after Lottie's sailing. It was one of those



The weight of his silence struck her. Charley looked up as though he had spoken her name

large satin, brocade, lace and gold affairs. You have seen them in the two-dollar-a-pound shops, and have wondered who might be so fatuous or so rich or so much in love as to buy them. Charley, coming from work on a cool autumn day found a great square package on the dressing-table in her bedroom. Her letters and packages and telephone calls always were placed there, ready for her home-coming.

"Any mail?" she said to-day. Her quick eye had seen there was none. And yet she so wanted some—one letter in particular—that she asked, hopefully. Mail, to Charley, meant, these days, one of those thin envelopes with a strip pasted over one end to show where the censor had opened it. Then she had seen the box. It was an unavoidable box, holding, as it did, five pounds of most intricate sweets. In these self-sacrificing days candy was one of the things you had learned to forego. Therefore, "Thorpe's!" exclaimed Charley, removing the wrappers. "Who do you suppose?— Oh, my goodness! It looks like a parlor davenport, or a dressy coffin. Why, it's from that Ben Gartz! Well! Lotta can't say I'm not keeping the home fires burning."

She meant to write Ben a note of thanks. She even started one, addressed one of her great square stiff art-paper envelopes in her dashing hand. But something called her away, and she never finished it. He called at the house a week later, after dinner—just dropped in as he was driving by—and mentioned it delicately.

"Oh, Miss Charley, I sent you a little—I wondered if you got it—"

Then she was honestly ashamed. "Oh, Mr. Gartz, what a pig you must think me! I started a note to you. Really—" She even ran back to her room and returned with the envelope and the sheet of paper on which she had written his name, and the date. He said he was going to keep the piece of paper, and tucked it into his left-hand vest pocket with a soulful look.

Things had come to a bad pass with Henry Kemp. It was no longer necessary for him to say that business was not going. Business, for him, was gone. Importing was as dead as war and U-boats could make it. His house, together with many less flourishing and important ones, had closed for lack of goods. It had been wiped out so completely that there remained of it nothing to tell the tale except the exquisite collection of Venetian glass, and Bohemian liqueur sets, and French enamel opera glasses and toilette-table pieces, and Hungarian china and embroidery which Belle had acquired during the years in which her husband had dealt in these precious things. Sometimes you saw Henry looking at them—picking up a fine old piece of French china or Italian glass from the buffet or dresser and turning it over to scan its familiar stamp. He knew them as an expert knows diamonds. His eye could detect any flaw in glaze or color.

NOW, at fifty, Henry Kemp, for years a successful merchant and importer, was looking about for an opening. He would get something. The young men were being drawn away by the hundreds of thousands. He had been offered a position which would require his traveling for six months in the year. He had no illusions about it. It was a bitter pill for Henry Kemp. He could not yet force himself to swallow it.

His day stretched, empty, before him, but he made himself busy. Each morning he rose at the hour to which his business had accustomed him for years. He bathed and shaved and dressed carefully, as usual. He breakfasted and glanced at the paper, doing both with the little air of hurry that had meant the car waiting outside, or the 8:45 I. C. train to catch. For twenty-five years he had gone down-town daily at a certain time, his face alight with the eager, alert expression which meant the anticipation of a heavy mail and a day crowded with orders. He still followed out this program. But the eager look was absent. His springy step was suddenly heavy, lagging. Belle sometimes wondered where he went—how he filled his day.

In fairness to Belle Kemp it must be said that she did not nag him, or reproach him, or bewail her lot, or mope.

Ben Gartz got into the way of sending tickets to the Kemps. Tickets for concerts, tickets for war benefits, for the theatre. "I wonder if you wouldn't like to use these? I can't go, and I thought—"

When Mrs. Payson heard of these things, as she inevitably did, she looked a little aggrieved. "He's been here once since Lottie left—just once. I can't blame him. Lottie treated him like a dog. If ever there was an attentive man. But what's he come to your house so much for?"

"Oh, he and Henry—" Belle said, lamely.

Aunt Charlotte spoke up from the silence which now enveloped her more and more. "I suppose there's nothing Henry needs just now more than candy and roses and theatre tickets, and one thing and another."

Following these attentions—rather, breaking into the midst of them as they came, thick and fast—the Kemps had Ben Gartz in to dinner. They had had few dinner guests of late. Belle made a very special effort and the dinner was delicious, a thing to tempt Ben's restaurant-jaded appetite. The meat sauce was smooth, rich, zestful; the dressing for the salad properly piquant, but suave; the sweet just light enough to satisfy without cloying.

After dinner he and Henry talked business.

"Well now, Kemp, you hold on for a while longer, will you? There may be something pretty big breaking for you."

"How do you mean, breaking for me?"

"I don't want to say, right now. But I mean—well, I mean in our business. We knew we had a big thing, but we didn't know what we really had. Why, it's colossal. There's only me—and Beck and Diblee. Beck's getting pretty old. He's a pioneer among the jewelry manufacturers. Crowding seventy, Beck is. Diblee's all right, but he doesn't do for the trade. He hasn't got the trick of mixing. He wears those eyeglasses with a black ribbon, you know, and talks about the East, where he came from, and they get sore, the wholesalers do. . . . Got any capital, Henry? Not that we need capital, y'understand. Lord no! What we need is brains and business experience and a mixer. I've got all three but, say, I can't be everywhere."

As if by magic Henry Kemp's face filled out, became firm where it had sagged, glowed where it had been sallow with the jaundice of discouragement.

"Why, say, Ben—look here—you don't mean—"

"I don't mean anything, Kemp. Not yet. And perhaps I oughtn't to have said anything. Of course old Beck and Diblee've got to be considered. But I think I could swing it—if I pushed hard enough."

Ben made a bet with Charley. He seemed so certainly on the losing side that Charley said, "But I won't bet on that. I'm sure of it. You haven't a sporting chance."

"Oh, haven't I! That's what everybody thinks before the other fellow wins. I'm just as sure as you are. I'm so sure that I'll bet you a pair of gloves to a set of dice. What size do you wear? Understand, I'm only asking to observe the formalities, that's all. I'm safe." He laughed a fat chuckling laugh.

SHE won the bet. He sent her half a dozen pairs of finest French glacé gloves. Charley fingered them, thoughtfully. There was nothing pleased about her expression. She was not a fool, Charley. But she told herself she was, pooh-pooh'd the idea that was growing in her mind. But now, steadily, when Ben Gartz called at the house, telephoned, wrote, sent flowers or candy, she was out; did not answer; ignored the gifts. He found out that she and her mother had arranged to meet at a tea room for lunch during Charley's noon hour one day, intercepted them, carried them off almost bodily to the Blackstone. There, in the rich splendor of the rose-and-cream dining-room looking out upon the boulevard and the lake beyond, he was in his element. A table by the window—the center window. "Well, Maurice, what have you got out of season, h'm? . . . Lobster? Japanese persimmons? Artichokes? Corn on the cob?" He remembered that Charley had once said she adored Lobster Thermidor as the Blackstone chef prepared it. "But none of your little crab-sized lobsters now, Maurice! This young lady may be a baby vamp, but she doesn't want your little measly baby lobster, remember. A good big one. And hot. And plenty of sauce. . . . Now then, Mrs. Kemp. How about you?"

Charley ate two bites of the big succulent crustacean, and left the rest disdainfully as a reproach and a punishment for him. She talked little, and then of Lottie. Her manner was frigid, remote, baffling. A baby vamp—she, Charley Kemp! who loathed cheapness, and bobbed hair, and wriggling ways, and the whole new breed of her contemporaries who were of the hard-drinking, stairway kissing, country-club spooning, class. She thought of Jesse, looked out across the broad avenue to the great blue expanse of lake as though it were in reality the ocean that lay between them, and left her sweet untouched on her plate.

Mrs. Kemp did not speak to Charley of Ben Gartz's insistent attentions. Probably she did not even admit to herself the meaning of them, at first. But there is no doubt that she began, perhaps unconsciously, a process of slow poisoning.

"They all say this will go on for years. There won't be a young man left in the world—nor a middle-aged man, for that matter. Nothing but old men and children. Look at France, and Poland, and Germany! I don't know what the women are going to do."

"Do?" queried Charley maliciously; she knew perfectly well what her mother meant.

"Do for husbands. Girls must marry, you know."

"I don't see the necessity," said Charley coolly. (Charley, who stretched out her arms in the dark.)

ONE day, in mid-winter, Henry Kemp came home looking more lined and careworn than usual. It was five o'clock. His wife was in their bedroom. He always whistled an inquiring note or two when he let himself in at the front door. It was a little conjugal call that meant, "Are you home?"

To-night he whistled as usual. You almost felt the effort he made to pucker his lips for the sound that used to be so blithe. He came into their bedroom. Belle was standing before the mirror doing something to her hair. She smiled at him in the mirror: "You're home early."

He came over to her, put his arm about her and kissed her rather roughly. He was still in love with his somewhat selfish wife, was Henry Kemp. And this kiss was a strange mixture of passion, of fear, and defiance and protest against the cruel circumstance that was lashing him now.

"Belle, we'll have to get out of here."

"Out of—how do you mean?"

"Our lease is up in May. We'd have to go then, anyway. But I was talking to a fellow to-day—Leech, of the David, Anderson Company. They've made a pile in war contracts. His wife's looking for an apartment about this size and neighborhood. They'd take it off our hands—the lease, I mean."

"Now? You mean now!"

"Yes. We could take something smaller. We—we'll have to, Belle."

SHE threw a terrified glance around the room. It was a glance that encompassed everything, as though she were seeing it all for the first time. It was the look one gives a cherished thing that is about to be snatched away. A luxurious room, with its silken bedcovers, and rosy hangings. The room of a fastidious, luxury-loving woman.

Terror lay in her eyes as they turned from their contemplation to the man who stood before her. "Oh, Henry, can't we hold out just for a while? This war can't last much longer. Everybody says it'll be over soon—the spring, perhaps—". She who had just spoken to Charley of its endlessness.

"It's no use, Belle. No one knows how long it'll last. I hate to give it up. But we've got to, that's all. We might as well face it."

"How about Ben Gartz? He promised to take you into the business—that wonderful business."

"He didn't promise. He sort of hinted. He didn't mean any harm. He's a big talker, Ben."

"But he meant it. I know he did. I know he did." A sudden thought came to her. "How long has it been since he talked to you about—since he last mentioned it to you?"

"Oh, it's been three weeks, anyway."

She calculated quickly. It was three weeks since the Blackstone luncheon, when Charley had been so rude to him. She tucked this away in the back of her mind, fenced for time. "Couldn't we sub-let? I'd even be willing to rent it furnished, to reliable people."

"Furnished? What good would that do. Where would we live?"

She had thought of that, too. "We could go to Mother's to live for a while. There's loads of room. We could have the whole third floor, for that matter, until this blows over. Lots of families—"

But at that his jaws came together, and the lower one jutted out a little in the line she had seen so seldom and yet knew so well. It meant thus far and no farther.

"No, Belle. I may be broke, but I'm not that broke—yet. I'll provide a home for my family. Maybe it won't be quite what we're used to; but it'll be of my own providing. When I let you go back to your mother's to live, you can know I'm licked, beaten, done. But not until then, understand."

She understood.

"Well, dear, we'll just have to do the best we can. When do you have to give Leech your answer?"

"Within the week, I should say. Yes."

She smiled up at him, brightly. She patted his lean cheek with her soft, cool, scented hand. "Well, you never can tell. Something may happen." She left him to shave and dress.

He thought, "What a child she is. Women are."

She thought. "He's like a child. All men are. . . . Well, I've got to manage this."

THERE were two telephone connections in that big apartment—one in the front hall, another in the dining-room at the rear. She went down the hall, closed the dining-room door carefully, called Ben Gartz's office number in a low, tense voice. It was not yet five-thirty. He might still be there. He must be, she told herself.

He was. His tone, when he heard her name, was rather sulky. But she had ways. "We haven't seen a thing of you. Forgotten your old friends since you've made all that horrid money. . . . Talking of you only yesterday. . . . Who? Charley. . . . Why not come up for dinner to-night. Just a plain family meal, but there was a rather special deep-dish pie."

He would come. You could hear that it was against his better judgment. But he would come. When she had hung up the receiver, she sat for a minute, breathing fast, as if she had been running a close race. Then she went into the kitchen and began feverish preparations. Half way, she stopped suddenly, went back into the dining-room, picked up the receiver and gave her own telephone number, hung up quickly, opened the door that led from the dining-room to the long hall, and let the telephone bell ring three times before she answered it. The maid opened the swinging door that led to the kitchen, but Belle shook her head. "Never mind. I'll answer it." She said "Hello," then hung up again, once the buzzing had ceased. Then, carefully, she carried on a brief conversation with someone who was not there—someone who evidently wanted to come to see them all; and wouldn't he like to run in to dinner. She went to the hall door and called: "Henry! Oh, Henry!"

A mumble from the direction of the bathroom meant that he was handicapped by shaving lather.

"I just wanted to tell you. That was Ben Gartz who just called up. He wanted to come up, so I asked him to dinner. Is that all right?"

"S'all right with me."

Grapefruit. Olives. A can of mushrooms to be opened. For over half an hour she worked furiously. At six Charley came home.

Her bedroom was down the long hall half way between the living-room and dining-room. Her mother was already there, waiting. "Any mail? . . . How pretty you look, Mother! Your cheeks are [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

Good Citizenship Bureau

Conducted by

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

DO YOU need a better community spirit in your town, among your neighbors?

Do you realize what your community would gain by having a live civic organization of broad-minded, enthusiastic women?

Then read the story of the Woman's City Club of Chicago.

Eleven years ago, a business man said to a public-spirited Chicago woman: "I wish you women would form some kind of club to fight our civic evils. The men have tried, and failed. Perhaps *you* can do something!"

Two hundred women met, and decided that they could, and would, do something for the civic life of Chicago. A civic club it was born, and such it has remained to this day. It does not organize departments to study literature, art, history, or music. It studies Chicago and its civic needs.

From two hundred charter members, the club has grown to nearly five thousand earnest, intelligent women, all working along nonpartisan lines for the good of Chicago.

And what is their record?

The club has beautiful rooms overlooking Lake Michigan, where its members can come to read, rest, and entertain guests in its pleasant dining-room, where a self-service luncheon can be had at moderate price. It has a library, where members can read up on civic and political problems, and committee-rooms, where other members can hold special meetings to discuss these problems. The annual dues are three dollars, and membership is open to any woman who desires to use it as one means of expressing her interest in the municipal life of the city and its surroundings. A democratic organization!

Its activities include education for citizenship and direct concern with the business administration of the city. For example, the club coöperated in the "Every Woman at the Polls" campaign of the last election; secured hundreds of names for the petition for the "Fifty Ward Law;" published the "Illinois Voters' Handbook," used by the Illinois League of Women Voters and other organizations in teaching citizenship; organized citizenship classes both in the club and in ward, suburban and Americanization groups; published a play, "An Hour at the Polls," based on voting laws of the state; issued a remarkable chart showing direct connections between the home and city government; organized a city-wide play festival; held meetings to study candidates preceding county and city elections; supplied speakers on civic subjects for other organizations; coöperated with the state building, zoning and housing committees, backed concerts given by the Civic Orchestra in the high schools, and held a textile exhibit in connection with the Food and Markets Committee.

The club has three salaried workers: A civic director, who keeps the club informed on all city and county affairs, attending meetings of city council and county committees; an assistant civic director, who has charge of the club rooms and the office; and a ward secretary, who organizes ward and suburban branches and reports on their work to the club.

Six hostesses alternate in serving at the information desk from ten to four daily each business day.

The Tuesday Morning Citizenship Class, conducted by Mrs. Annie Sargent Bemis, has been so popular that this year it ran straight through June and July. The club also conducts a "questions and answers" department in the "Sunday Herald-Examiner," through which it receives a large number of letters each week from Chicago voters.

Thousands of our readers visit Chicago every year. The next time *you* are in that wonderful city, we hope you will call at the club rooms, 16 North Wabash Avenue, and see how these women work. Any one of the charming hostesses on duty will give inspiring information and explain the display of literature, charts and bulletins.

Readers who cannot enjoy this privilege, but who are interested in the plans and achievements of the Woman's City Club of Chicago, can secure more detailed information by writing Mrs. Maud R. Turlay, 16 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Results of Summer Work

FOR two weeks during July, the Chautauqua Institution, the Chautauqua Women's Club, and the National League of Women Voters coöperated in conducting the first School of Political Education ever held at this historic resort. The stately Hall of Philosophy furnished an ideal setting. Miss Emily R. Knuebuhl, educational director, Minnesota League of Women Voters, conducted the practical classwork, question boxes, quizzes, and examinations. Two hundred students registered and the average attendance at class lectures was twice that number. The director of the Good Citizenship Bureau, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, had the honor of addressing two thousand Chautauqua students on "What Magazines can do for Education in Citizenship."

THE New York League of Women Voters held a very important meeting at the summer home of Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, president, at Scarborough, to discuss the new program of Government Efficiency, inaugurated at the National Convention in Cleveland. Among the topics discussed were: "County Government," Mr. W. H. Dodds, National Municipal League; "Relations of County Government to Public Health," Homer Folks, Red Cross; "Relation of County Government to Education," Miss Mabel Carney, Teachers' College; "Commission Form, City Manager Plan, Nonpartisan City Government," Professor A. R. Hatton, National Municipal League; "Home Rule for Cities," Hon. Henry Curran, President Borough of Manhattan, New York City; "Equal Representation of Women in the Political Parties: How it Was Won and How it Has Worked in New Jersey," Mrs. Lewis S. Thompson; "Making Government Responsive to the Wishes of the People," Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Here was a picnic strictly up to date, from which every guest carried home a message to her voting neighbors!

SIMMONS COLLEGE, Boston, held its first course in citizenship in connection with its summer school this year. The lectures, designed especially for women voters, were delivered by Mrs. Ida Porter Boyer.

Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, president of the Woman's City Club of Chicago, one of the biggest local factors for community good

Mrs. Henry W. Cheney, president of the Illinois League of Women Voters, and little Miss Cheney, who rises to remark that her mother was a good home-maker long before she decided to help her city and state keep house

The University of Louisville, Kentucky, held its first summer school in citizenship this year.

Items of Interest

PREPARING to participate in the first state election and central assembly since they acquired the ballot, the Maryland League of Women Voters held a unique legislative convention this summer. After outlining a legislative program, the convention prepared a questionnaire covering measures of particular interest to women. This questionnaire has been sent to every candidate for the legislature. The answers, filed at the league headquarters, 14 West Franklin Street in Baltimore, are available to all women voters, and will be used to check up the legislators as they vote, while the general assembly is in session.

The Massachusetts League of Women Voters will hold a bazar in Boston during November, under the direction of the Ways and Means Committee. The proceeds will be turned into the twenty-thousand-dollar budget needed to carry on the league's program for the current year; but it is also expected that members coming from all over the state to attend the bazar will forge new ties and find many common interests along civic and political lines.

Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mt. Holyoke College, is the new Chairman of American Citizenship, Massachusetts League of Women Voters.

Again Oregon women have proved that they can get what they want when they want it. This time it was the Woman Jury Bill, a measure which had been repeatedly defeated. When the Oregon League of Women Voters asked the state legislature to refer it to the people, the legislators thought this a great joke. Many had been advised by their wives that if they voted for the measure, they needn't come home. But immediately the resolution to refer it to the people had passed, league women got busy, educated the voters, and so the Woman Jury Law went through with a rush.

Under its new president, Mrs. J. R. Hagan, the Alabama State League of Women Voters is planning a campaign of interest to every mother, and every voter in the state; it plans to coöperate with Doctor Abercrombie, state superintendent of instruction, in amplifying, visualizing and making more practical the study of civics in the public schools throughout the state.

If you are interested in the Sheppard-Towner Bill for Maternity and Infant Care, commonly known as the "Baby Bill," you may be greatly troubled by the attacks of its opponents, led by the National Association Opposed to Women Suffrage. If you cannot answer the arguments advanced against it, we will be glad to help you. S. Josephine Baker, M. D., director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City, has prepared a very interesting statement: "What the Bill Is and What It Is Not." We will send this to any reader on receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

How is your club work in civics citizenship or political education coming on? Need any help in planning programs, preparing papers or conducting quizzes?

Then write to the Good Citizenship Bureau. We are here to help.

Could You Use Five Dollars? Or Three, Or Two?

You can earn it by writing one letter.

This summer, universities and colleges had the largest summer classes in their history. Many of our readers attended these summer schools. We want to know whether they feel repaid for the investment of time and money. So, for the best letter on

"How My Experience at Summer School is Helping Me"

we will send a check for five dollars. Three for the second best letter, and two for the third.

If you are being helped in your home, in your job, or as a citizen, by your summer studies, tell us how.

The shorter your letter, the better.

No letter of more than five hundred words will be read.

Send your letter flat or folded. No rolled letters will be read.

Contest closes November 1st.

Address your letter to

SUMMER-SCHOOL CONTEST
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
381 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

See "At Your Service" Page 47

I'm the best little planner I know,
Just bubbling with hustle and go.
With Campbell's for dinner
My table's a winner—
Why, even our neighbors say so!

Back of every housekeeper

Bringing dainty, delicious, health-giving food to her table every day. Cutting down the work in the kitchen and reducing the household expenses. Making it so much easier to plan the meals and obtain the tempting variety which is the life of appetite. You have only to order Campbell's Soups and begin to enjoy these big helps right now.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Notice how eagerly everybody welcomes it! Made from the rich tonic juices and fruity parts of luscious tomatoes, with creamery butter, pure granulated sugar and other tasty ingredients, daintily spiced, this is undoubtedly the most popular soup in the world.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Delightful Cream of Tomato

An easy way to bring added variety and attractiveness to your table is to serve Campbell's as a Cream of Tomato. Follow the simple directions on the can. You will find it a big reward for so little trouble!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Some Things You Can Do

For the sick soldier—and some things you should not do

By CAROLINE BENEDICT BURRELL

ANY lover of the sea knows the joy of the incoming tide. The lifting of the heart when the wind begins to freshen, the waves to ripple and hurry, and at last the breakers to roll in with their glorious crash! But what of the outgoing tide? That means only a withdrawal of action, quietness, induces only lethargy.

When our soldiers went to France not a community but felt its duty toward them. In every church and schoolhouse women rolled bandages; no hamlet was too small for its little railway canteen with its comforting coffee and sandwiches. In cities women drove ambulances, and lucky girls went to France. The tide was rushing in.

When the wounded men began to come home, what a glorious wave of enthusiasm welcomed them! How we shook out our flags, and made speeches, how we crowded to the hospitals and wept over the maimed and blinded boys, and with what devotion we vowed them lifelong remembrance. And we meant it all. For months, perhaps for a full year or more, everybody was interested in these wounded soldiers, and gave entertainments for them, visited them, took them flowers, and gave their services as volunteer workers for them. And then slowly . . . slowly . . . slowly . . . the tide ebbed.

There is scarcely a large city to-day without its hospital for the wounded, either in the city itself, or in the vicinity, and there are many in the country, some even in remote places. There are still thousands of men in these hospitals, some who have been ill ever since they were first wounded, now three years ago, and many others who came home with what seemed slight injuries, who were discharged after only a few weeks or months in the hospital, and are back again; and, perhaps worst of all, many, very many, who are suffering from tuberculosis from the poisonous gas used in the war.

The operations still go on to-day, exactly as they did two years, three years ago. The bones injured by shrapnel continue to die, and must be removed; a man often has had ten, fifteen, operations and now must undergo amputation of his leg or arm; some have "trench feet;" many have rheumatism and heart disease from exposure and overexertion; some lie in casts with broken backs and fractured skulls.

If only the number of these men were growing less, it would be an easier thing for the community to face the facts; but the Government tells us that the contrary is true, that the number of those in the hospitals will increase steadily. To-day more than a thousand soldiers return each month, and will continue to return in possibly larger numbers for eight or ten years yet. Convalescent homes are being established, new hospitals built, old ones reopened, as the necessity is forced upon us. Yet how few of us realize this! How little we realize the sadness of the men who, home from the war, and settled down, now have to begin all over again: Back in the hospital once more, the old ability to bear what seemed only a temporary trouble has to become the grim endurance of uncertainty.

Have We Forgotten Our Job?

THAT job of ours, the job of the individual and of the community, which we women assumed so gladly three years ago, what have we done with it? Shifted it to others' shoulders? Forgotten it?

The work for the wounded and sick men to-day is on much the same lines as when they first came home. True, after the Armistice, rolling of bandages, canteen work and driving of ambulances died out. These things were no longer needed. But hospital work has remained the same. Volunteer ward workers still give their services daily, and the Red Cross has offices to help men get their compensation, arrange for vocational training, and all other needs. The military aspect of the work has changed, however, and hospitals bear the title of Public Health, rather than the numbers used in war times.

This job of helping the sick and wounded soldiers is one that any woman can have a share in, wherever she lives, and however busy or inexperienced, for the avenues of help are numberless.

The woman on a farm may write to the Red Cross and say that she will send regularly once a week to the nearest hospital or convalescent home so many fresh eggs, or so much cream; or she may send without such a promise, if that is easier for her: honey, preserves and jellies, little pillows made from her own farm feathers; all these things will be welcome.

Or, the woman on a farm may do something perhaps better still; she may go herself with credentials to the Red Cross and explain that she can take one or two soldiers, and give them a month of plain, cheerful farm life. How many country boys who have been in a city hospital for months would love such a change as that would be!

The woman in a village can visit the nearest hospital and find there some special boy who needs what she can give him. Human nature being what it is, she will probably want an attractive fellow, one with a record of heroism, one who is good-looking and well-mannered, and all that. But if she is the right sort of woman she will choose, instead of this delightful boy, one who is thin, tired, foreign perhaps, with little that attracts her but his need. This boy she can take driving in summer time; she can invite him to her home, going for him and taking him back; she can make him so welcome to whatever she has that he will begin to grow better with every visit. That's a worth-while job for anyone with a real desire to do her bit.

If You Live in a Boarding House

THE single woman of middle age who lives alone and thinks she is not fitted to do anything for soldiers may have an unexpected gift to take them. She may play chess, or checkers; there are always some sick men who love these games and have no opportunity to play them. Or, she may speak some foreign language, which will give her the warmest sort of welcome from many an Italian or Polish boy when she comes, to let him talk to her in the home tongue.

Sometimes a woman has the gift of reading aloud, and the sense to know what to read; the two by no means go together. Such a woman can find all she can do in a hospital for the boys with eye trouble or for those in casts, or even boys who are simply bored, lying still.

Too many of those who wish to read to the sick soldiers, however, have some favorite line of their own. "I am a professional reader," said an attractive woman one visiting day; "I will recite for you." So she gave a selection from Browning, a few verses from Swinburne, a bit of prose from a nature writer on nest-building, and closed with a part of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. She could not understand why she was not asked to repeat her visit to the ward. Boys do not wish to hear anything sad, or sentimental; no love scenes are acceptable, however good; they seldom care for history or biography; not often for poetry. They love, however stories of adventure, or mystery, anything to "pass the time," as they say. Stevenson is good, and Conan Doyle, and such poetry as Kipling's "Gunga Din," and the "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." One who is going to read to soldiers must give them not what she likes but what they like.

The woman who is too busy to do more than one thing for the boys can do a great service by sending in as regularly as possible, a jar of strong, nourishing soup. This should go to the head nurse, who will see that only the very neediest boys get it. Recently a soldier was so exhausted after a severe operation that all that kept him alive was a daily gift of such soup. He refused all other food, and took this only because the nurse assured him that Mrs. Blank, whom he knew, had sent it, and would be hurt if he did not take it; he did not want to eat it, but he did; and he pulled through.

Women who have automobiles can always do a kindness by lending them to the hospital one or two afternoons a week, even if they cannot go themselves with the patients; but of course a drive with somebody who is interesting and interested counts for more.

Take Him to the Movies

THEN there are all the entertainments which city women, and city men as well, can invite boys to attend: concerts, theatres, moving pictures, lectures, fitting the form of amusement to the individual boy. And there is the family meal; that means much to one who has not been in a home for months—many months, perhaps; anybody can take a convalescent boy home to a cozy dinner and let him put his lame leg up on the sofa and talk, and smoke, and get away from the ward atmosphere for a time.

There are plenty of girls who can entertain in a hospital, and they can bring their men friends with them to help: vaudeville sketches, amateur theatricals, fancy dancing, minstrel shows, popular concerts in which the audience is invited to join in the choruses, all these are excellent.

A busy man who sang in a church choir on Sundays sometimes gave the utmost pleasure to the men who were bed patients by coming to a hospital and singing in the corridors on each floor, so all could hear. And no one who ever heard Christmas carols sung in the dusk of the evening by a city choir outside the wards, can ever forget the loveliness of that service.

There is a line of paid work which is invaluable in a hospital, that of occupational therapy, teaching the patients to do all sorts of hand work: wood carving, basket making, bead work and leather work.

This work is done by young women; it requires a regular course of instruction, but it is worth while taking it, for the value of the lessons is infinite. It not only shortens long hours, but it takes the mind of the sick man off his troubles and pains and helps him get well. Women who are clever at getting up sales can help these men sell the wood carving and bead work they have made in the hospital.

One is often asked what a volunteer worker does in a hospital, and that is a question not so easily answered, for she does much that is never scheduled. First of all, she must be a strong, capable woman, of good common sense and judgment, discreet, tactful, spontaneously cheerful, with a sense of humor which never wears out. She must give at least three days a week to her job, coming promptly each morning. She carries the hospital Red Cross supplies to each patient, giving him letter paper, tobacco, a tooth brush, or a handkerchief, or a sweater, or whatever he needs. Then she writes letters for him if he is not able to write for himself, tells him anything he wishes to know—from how to get his compensation to how to answer a love letter, and in general keeps in touch with his home, his money difficulties, his health, his future. She is, in brief, his friend. The service given by the volunteer worker is not an easy one, but it is the most delightful that can be rendered. The close acquaintance with the individual boy, the affection one grows to feel for him, the dear affection she receives from him, the gratitude given so abundantly for so little—this is the best reward one could ask.

Cookies Are Better Than Cake

THE hospital visitor is one who is both welcomed and dreaded by the authorities; what stories could be told of well-meaning, unwise, sympathetic, amusing visitors! Why the American soldier is supposed constantly to crave chocolate layer-cake and homemade fudge is something no one knows; but almost all visitors accept it as a fact that he does and supply his wants with appalling lavishness. Why do they not remember what well boys like—spicy, crisp cookies, and freshly popped corn, and nut meats, and stuffed dates, and oranges, and raisin cake? And why, why, do they not remember that not all sick boys may have goodies at all? One visitor recently was discovered handing out one hundred little mince pies in the hospital wards where many boys were very ill. "Have you asked the nurse about temperatures?" inquired a worker. "Oh, no! I am giving to all alike!" said the visitor complacently.

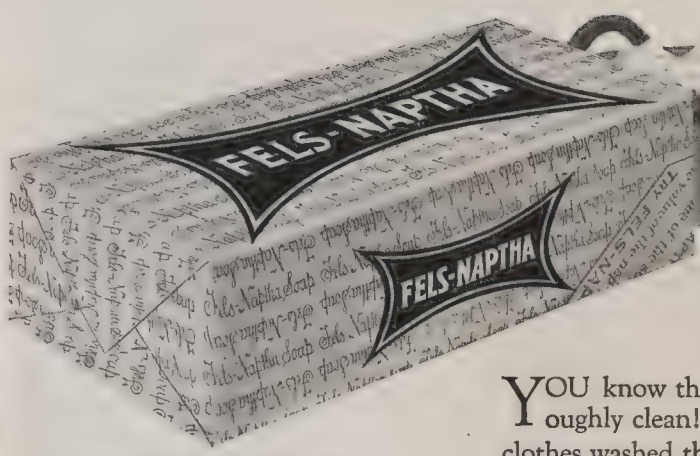
But the recklessness of visitors is not confined to food; they give sympathy in the same fashion, and sympathy is something the average soldier dreads and resents. "Don't you call me a poor thing!" muttered a boy with a cast on his leg and a head in bandages, looking aggrieved. Another just coming out of ether, submitted to having his forehead stroked one entire afternoon, too weak to express his feelings. "Who was that fool?" inquired his neighbor later on. "I never saw her before, and I hope to heaven I'll never see her again," said the sufferer, pulling the blankets over his head to shut out the jeers of the other boys in the ward.

Such visits do a boy no good. Instead, he wants to be cheered up with the caller's interest, with a good story, something to eat, something worth-while to think about when she has gone. An amount of tact almost more than human, and a fund of genuine gayety are both necessary in a hospital visitor who wants to be popular with the men. They do not ask for sentiment, they want friendship.

The job of caring for the sick and wounded soldiers to-day calls for the seeing eye and the understanding heart. Because a worker is cheerful never means she does not feel deeply the pain, the disappointment, the sorrow of things as they are. But she sees the other side as well, the marvelous patience of the men, their courage, their unselfishness, their dignity. The great work laid on this generation is one not to be borne by us lightly and indifferently, but with a steadfast determination to lift, as far as may be, the heavy burdens borne so cheerfully by the boys in the hospitals. How they receive what one tries to do for them—with such touching gratitude as bring tears when one remembers! War is not all "hell." War has its heavenly side, too.

When the war was on any man in uniform was interesting to any woman. But read Mrs. Burrell's account of how different it is now. In the November issue.

That sweet clean-clothes smell Certain with FELS-NAPTHA!



An interesting feature of Fels-Naptha is its deodorizing quality. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha does its work, vanishes completely and leaves that delightful clean-clothes smell.

Fels-Naptha for Washing-machines

Its *real* naptha churns through and through the clothes and loosens all the dirt.

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Besides being a wonderful laundry soap Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, sink. *Safely* cleans anything cleanable.

FREE

If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia."

YOU know the fresh sweet smell of clothes made thoroughly clean! You can tell it the instant you pick up clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way.

And *white!* Their brightness is astonishing!

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than naptha. Together, the soap and the *real* naptha do better work than either one alone can do. The original Fels-Naptha process of combining good soap and *real* naptha has never been duplicated or successfully imitated.

The *real* naptha in Fels-Naptha searches out the dirt and makes it let go, so that only a light rub on extremely soiled places is occasionally necessary. Then a good rinse—and clothes are so fresh, so sweet, so white you are amazed at the ease with which you get perfect cleanliness!

Order Fels-Naptha—the *real* naptha soap—of your grocer. Put it to the test today!

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FELS-NAPTHA

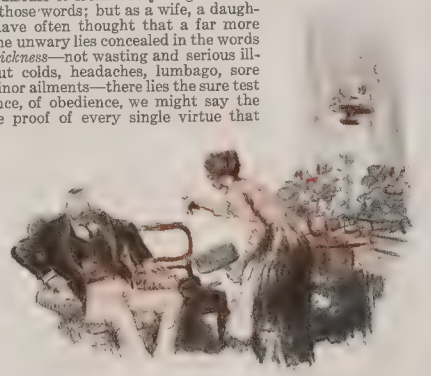
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Do You Take *this* Man?

By LILLIAN SPENCER HALLOCK

ILLUSTRATED by GEORGE WRIGHT

MANY a discussion has waxed hot over the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, and it is indeed fitting and proper that the truth-loving and independent lady who cannot bend her neck to a subordinating yoke should discuss it from every angle before binding herself with those words; but as a wife, a daughter, and a sister, I have often thought that a far more dangerous trap for the unwary lies concealed in the words "in sickness." *In sickness*—not wasting and serious illnesses, of course, but colds, headaches, lumbago, sore throat, and all the minor ailments—there lies the sure test of affection, of patience, of obedience, we might say the definite and positive proof of every single virtue that goes to make human nature great.



Many a discussion has waxed hot over the word "obey"

Why could not the preacher simply ask:

"Do you, N——, take this man *in sickness* to be your lawful wedded husband?"

Isn't that sufficient?

The bride cannot answer lightly or inconsiderately when that solemn question is put to her, if she has ever beheld her father, brothers, or uncles suffering from the toothache; nor can she escape any of the proper responsibilities if she does answer in the affirmative. She must then love her husband; she must obey him; she must cleave only unto him; in short, she must fully live up to her side of the bargain.

Surely and inevitably she will be put to the test, and one good spell of lumbago will prove her undoing if she has answered insincerely. Can she bend over John's lame back, rubbing for hours together? Can she smooth and straighten his pillow? Can she call up his office intermittently all day long? Can she wag up and down the stairs four hundred and eighty-seven times between seven o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at night? If she can, those persons who may have said before her marriage, "Mary is not in love with John at all; she loves his money and the home he can give her"—those persons must now hold their tongues in silence, or say, "I find that I was mistaken and that Mary has a real affection for John, after all."

Which of us has not childhood recollections of slamming the front door, only to have it opened quickly behind us, with Mother's tired voice saying:

"Why can't you remember, my dear, that your father has a headache? Can't you play quietly? You and Sarah take your things off the porch and play under the apple tree."

We do not stop to debate, but pick up our traps in a hurry and move off a discreet distance and well out of earshot of Father's bedroom.

But how about Mother's headache? Who keeps the house dark and the children quiet when her head is splitting? Father must have his supper on time, so that he can go to the civic meeting in the evening. The easiest way is for nobody to know anything about her aching head.

Recently a member of my family went to bed at night with a slight cold. Next morning his greeting to me was:

"I feel terrible this morning."

"Do you, dear?" I asked, too sympathetically, perhaps, for a fearful reply was forthcoming:

"Yes, I do, and, what's more, I raved in delirium all night."

"Oh, impossible, you haven't any fever this morning and I'd surely have heard you if you were delirious, sleeping right by your side."

"Well, I can't help what you heard. I was delirious just the same."

After which discussion he went down-stairs and ate his usual hearty breakfast. When he came home in the evening he did not mention the delirium. I, also, refrained. I know him so well; his ailments are always serious; almost always he chooses those with a fatal termination; yet he never has had a single dangerous illness in his whole life.

The other day a friend gave us a basket filled with the most delicious pink meadow mushrooms, which we ate with the greatest relish. Two days later John came home to inform me that he was positive he was the victim of toadstool poisoning.

"Get that book on mushrooms in the other room and read me the symptoms. I have pains in my throat and my back aches awfully."

I got the book and read:

"'Very shortly after eating the fungi (from one to six hours, depending upon the amount eaten), the victim exhibits excessive salivation, perspiration, flow of tears, nausea. The pulse is irregular and respiration accelerated. Giddiness and confusion of ideas are also present.'"

I said, "Those symptoms don't seem to tally very well, do they?—with the possible exception of the last two."

"No," he replied, "they don't. I guess that isn't what is wrong with me, but something is the matter all right. You might try the vibrator on my back and get me some hot lemonade if you will."

For once in his life he had ground for complaint, as he actually developed a mild case of tonsilitis. Oh, the nightmare of those four days in bed! The thousand errands I ran for him, the endless rubbings I gave him, the friends I called on the telephone!

Now, I contend that this is an accurate picture of the male of the human species as known to members of his own immediate family. I know that the gentlemen are indignantly protesting, and I know also that history records the case of the daring Roman, who, undaunted by the threats and taunts of his enemies, thrust his hand into the fire and held it there unflinchingly until it was burned to a crisp. Again there is that courageous Spartan boy who allowed the fox to gnaw out his vitals without one whimper of pain; we might also add to the list the young hero of Haarlem who held his finger in the hole in the dike for many long weary hours until he was almost insensible from misery and cold.

These feats have rendered their heroes famous in song and story. But as a rule men have written the history of the ages, and if these acts of courage were being performed every day by all men it would hardly be worth the historian's time to record them. May we not, therefore, believe that the daring Roman was appealed to slightly by the spectacular, and that, suffering from an attack of quinsy, he bawled as loudly as any other gentleman at his wife to fetch his cold compress a little more speedily?

"Do you, N——, take this man in sickness to be your lawful wedded husband?"

Man is the greatest bundle of contradictions that the universe contains. He is afraid of small pain, yet he can inflict it with pleasure; he can endure the sight of it, nay, more, he even enjoys beholding it. The savage loves to fight, and the more blood he sheds in doing it, the better he is pleased. Civilized man usually outgrows in early youth his love of that personal combat which leaves its participants with broken skulls and bloody noses; but he will flock in droves with his brothers for miles to see two burly physical specimens stand and cuff each other at a prize-fight. He will train cocks to fight to the death, and who among us has not seen the village loafers gather round to witness two dogs fly at each other's throats, no protesting hand being raised to separate the belligerents?

No one will deny that these physical cowards love fighting for its own sake. I once heard a feminist lecture. She said she tried to bring up this point with her students—that the love of fighting is an inherent quality of the male but not of the female. One voice was raised in defense of the men. The teacher advanced her arguments to no purpose. Finally, she said:

"Let us suppose this: suppose that there are two adjoining fields, through one of which you must pass. You may make your own choice. In the north field is pastured a cow; in the south field is a bull. Which field will you choose to pass through?"

She proceeded with her proposition undisturbed.

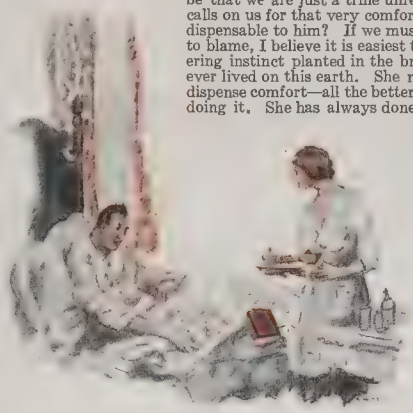
I suppose it might seem from my statements that matrimony means nothing to me but life with a delicate and whimpering individual who likes to hurt everything else but himself, to loll in luxurious comfort. Not so, for every man is a Dr. Jekyll in health and a Mr. Hyde in sickness, and, thank heaven, it is possible for the Dr. Jekylls to be with us most of the time. That agreeable Dr. Jekyll is the man who brings home flowers without hints from anybody, on anniversary days; he is the one who takes the children riding on Sundays; he is the one who eats the burnt pot-roast with no unfavorable comments whatever, and does a hundred other dear and endearing small things.

Indeed, to our complaints of his behavior in illness, he might well ask indignantly:

"Why do you marry us? You women must find us pretty attractive in spite of all you are saying."

If we are wise, we will decide that this is the exact moment to put the potatoes on to boil, and we will leave the room as promptly as possible. Concealing our agitation behind a barricade of pots and pans we ask ourselves the question: "Why do we marry these creatures?" The majority of us are not ready to admit that we have made a terrible mistake and that life with John is all wrong. Certainly, he praised that miserable warmed-over pudding we served last evening; he displayed no temper over the enormous grocery bill the first of the month; not a week ago he was telling us that we were working too hard and that we needed a good vacation. We have no argument—we can only rattle the pots and pans a little louder and say, "John is the best old fellow in the world, and life would be worth nothing to me without him. The strange part of it is that he is brave enough down-town. He is only a baby when he is at home with me."

Is it not possible that we have added our share to the inherent weakness of his nature in making him unreasonable and selfish in sickness? Have we never found a pleasure in taking up-stairs to the recumbent John a fresh and dainty custard on its little tray? Have we never found satisfaction in our necessity to his comfort? Can it be that we are just a trifle unreasonable to balk when he calls on us for that very comfort which we have made indispensable to him? If we must admit that we are at all to blame, I believe it is easiest to lay it to that old mothering instinct planted in the breast of every woman who ever lived on this earth. She must soothe and rub and dispense comfort—all the better if she sacrifices herself in doing it. She has always done it. He has had it at the hands of his mother, he sees his wife give it to his children. He cannot cease feeling that it is his due when he needs it. It is part of the great scheme of things, and the blushing bride will speedily learn that every man ever born expects to be gathered to his reward at least once every season; but that in spite of the ravages of disease, she may reasonably look forward to spending a good many happy, healthy years in his society.



We found pleasure in taking up-stairs to the recumbent John a dainty custard

A Serious Purchase, Mothers

Say Highest Musical Authorities

The Effect of False Tones and Incorrect Interpretations on the Sensitive Ear of a Child

Educators high in the musical world now caution the importance of phonographic music that achieves *true renditions*, in homes where there are children.

They point out the danger of spoiling a child's "ear" for music by false tones and incorrect interpretations. And they say that "musical sense" in after life—the unmistakable mark of a cultured person—is largely dependent upon the *quality* of music, heard in the home during the impressionistic years of childhood.

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Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records

Good Looks

Reminiscences of some figures I have known

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD

HAVE you met Mrs. Huddled-up? Do you know Miss Thin-as-a-match? They're friends of mine. And I have a passing acquaintance with Miss Droopy Fall-to-pieces and Miss Skinny Flat-chest, as well as Mesdames: Crane-neck, Bulge-where-she-shouldn't, Stick-out-in-the-back, Mere-bundle of clothes, and Fat-all-over.

These are but a few types of the anxious many whom I meet at every turn of the way. Each has her own pathetic tale. Each longs for distinction. Each wants a new figure.

Mrs. Bulge-where-she-shouldn't is way up at the head of the procession and most insistent on telling me all her troubles first. She wants to be straight and lithe. She wants to look like a sylph. Above all, she wants to accommodate herself to the straight, modish one-piece dress. "And how can I?" she groans. "Just look at my hips. Just gaze at their curves. I know I bulge other places, but it's my hips that give the supreme bulge. You should see me in my new fall one-piece dress, which is so smart and hangs so straight. Why, I look for all the world like a big, roomy tent! Surely, it's disheartening. And because I bulge, and then bulge some more, the new flare silhouette isn't for me, either. As far as I can see, there never was a fashion designed for my shape. Can't you help me to change it, Miss Gould?"

Of course, I can. First of all, you've gone a long way toward helping yourself, because you know what the trouble is. There's nothing like knowing yourself as you are—knowing the very worst. You really have to, before you can get back some of the best. It's your too prominent hips that are the trouble. They are the big detriment to your looking well in the straight-hanging dress. Well, I say, don't have them. Roll them off. Exercise them away—and wear the right corset. There are corrective corsets to-day that really remodel the figure and give it proper poise and symmetry of line. I don't mean that the mere wearing of one of these new symmetry-giving corsets, Mrs. Bulge-where-you-shouldn't, will give you a figure of normal slenderness. But I do mean that the corset, in time, plus exercise and correct poise, will take away your bulges and give you, if not a slender figure, a symmetrical one. You can wear the one-piece dress then, and if you want to keep on wearing it, I'd advise your writing to me for the exercise to reduce the hips. I know of a soap, too, that has a special way of its own of reducing fatness. And there is a harmless fluid that I understand makes slender any part to which it is applied. Why not see how it acts on bulging hips?

"But what about me?" says Miss Droopy Fall-to-pieces. "No one admires me. I don't look well in anything I wear. I don't seem to have any backbone at all." Yes, you have, but you probably haven't trained it right. Have you taught it to hold up your figure? Have you taught it to be reliable? You know, if your spine isn't strong and if the muscles of your back are puny and weak, you can't keep your torso and head erect. Let's just talk it over. Are your shoulders rounded? Do you slouch? Do you poke your abdomen out and crane your neck forward? Dear Miss Droopy Fall-to-pieces, I'm afraid you do. Well, turn over a new leaf. Mend your ways. You really must if you want to appear attractive. Correct carriage, you know, is closely linked with good looks. Learn the knack of holding your figure the way it should be held. It's very easy. Draw your chest up as high as you can. As you do this your shoulders will fall back where they belong. Now draw your abdomen in and let the weight of your body be thrown forward on the balls of the feet. Hold your figure this way and you have correct poise.

There are many aids to help you to stand as you should. Deep-breathing exercises perhaps help the most. To begin with, you can't deep-breathe with your shoulders drooping, so you have to throw them back and make them straight. The best way to take the deep-breathing exercises is—stand erect. Raise up slowly on your tiptoes, bringing your arms up from the sides as far as your shoulders. While you do this, inhale slowly. When you are as high as you can get on your toes, begin to exhale slowly, letting your body and your arms come down to their normal positions. You really should fill the lungs with air in this way at least ten times a day. Do this exercise before an open window if you can't do it outdoors. Of course, if you are a confirmed slumper and sagger, get after your will power. Make that work.

These are but a few types of the anxious many whom I meet at every turn of the way

Keep in mind that many women have won a reputation for good looks merely because they have known how to carry themselves. Make up your mind that you are going to have a dignified carriage, and yet one that is graceful and easy. Every time you feel your shoulders slumping into their old, tired-looking, familiar sag, just say to yourself, "Brace up," and then—brace. Push your shoulders back just as far as they will go, and then hold them there. Oftentimes a gymnasium wand placed across the back and tautly held there by the arms will hold the shoulders in place. But if you have slumped for years, take heart. Try one of the new corrective shoulder braces, and see what happens to your slouching figure. I've been examining a shoulder brace that's quite different from any I have seen before. It's absolutely comfortable to wear. It washes, is as light as a feather, and yet is very strong. It's the cut that does it, plus the firm, heavy belt of webbing. There is no lacing.

"Don't forget about me, Miss Gould," says Miss Thin-as-a-match. "I need more help than anyone. I have such hollows in my neck. My arms are like pipe stems, my throat is long and thin, and my shoulders droop."

I was afraid you didn't carry yourself right, Miss Thin-as-a-match. And do you know that drooping shoulders make you look thinner than you really are? And a poor carriage brings into prominence the hollows in your neck, too. First and foremost, straighten up. Then, why have hollows? There are ever so many things you can do to round out the contour of your neck. Correct poise, as I've just said, helps and so does deep breathing. Then, there's a cream to use, a most satisfactory one, because it actually feeds the poorly nourished sunken tissues under the skin. You really ought to use it for ten minutes night and morning, and of course you should use it in a special way. Work the cream in well and don't overlook the hollows. But this is only part of the neck-developing treatment. You must combine the massage with exercise, to get the best result. Try the following exercise ten times each day, and see what happens to the hollows: Stand erect, chest up high. Bring the hands out to the shoulder level, palms facing forward. Swing the arms backward and at the same time bend forward from the waist, bringing the head back so that it rests easily at the back of your neck.

And here's a comforting thought for you: It is a basic truth that it is easier to build up than to trim down. You, Miss Thin-as-a-match are a frame; Mrs. Fat-all-over is an obstacle. Bear in mind that often the woman who worries because she is thin is thin because she worries. Miss Skinny Flat-chest, Mrs. Stick-out-in-the-back, Mrs. Bulge-where-you-shouldn't, and all the rest of you, have you ever thought of arranging your coiffure with an eye to improving your figure? Or, at least, lessening your figure defects? Some coiffures throw the whole angle of the body out of line. If you have big hips and a broad short face, be careful not to arrange your coiffure too tight or too high. Such an arrangement might make your face look thinner, but it will bring your hips into prominence. Your head will look like an acorn, and the eye of the passer-by will be attracted to your big hips. Don't arrange your hair sitting down. Balance your coiffure to your whole figure.

Stick to moderation. It's a pretty good system to use, whether you are building your coiffure or starting out to reconstruct your figure.

Grace Margaret Gould has sets of exercises for the too thin and the too fat woman. She will be glad to send these or to answer any personal questions. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Grace Margaret Gould, Good Looks Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

"A Skin You Love to Touch," by Graham Cootes

You, too, can have the charm of *"A Skin You Love to Touch"*

IF YOUR skin is not just what you want it to be—if it lacks freshness and charm—do not let this fact discourage you.

Remember—*every day your skin is changing.* Every day old skin dies and new takes its place. This is your opportunity!

By giving this *new skin* the special treatment suited to its needs, you can gain the clear, smooth, attractive complexion you long for.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

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Get a cake of Woodbury's today and learn from this booklet just the right treatment for *your skin.* Begin using it tonight.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your toilet to keep your skin in the best possible condition. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

"Your treatment for one week"

SEND 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch;" a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; and samples of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 210 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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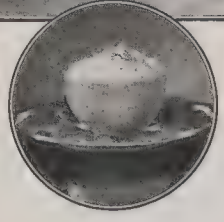
IN the heart of New Orleans, sharing the rich romance of the city itself, stands quaint Antoine's Restaurant. Antonio Roberts, a famous Spanish-French creole, is the chef, and for 60 years he has attracted thousands to Antoine's Restaurant through his rare skill. He has created delicious dishes for many celebrated men and women of America and Europe.

And now you may enjoy one of his dishes in your own home. His new Dromedary Cocoanut recipe is published here.

For those who appreciate flavor



GROCERS complain that many women select food merely by looking for size and weight—and overlook flavor. They seem to forget that food, besides satisfying hunger, should be enjoyed.

The ability to select finely flavored food is surprisingly rare.

But it does exist. It is found more and more in every community of America among women with a certain nicety of judgment in the selection of what they eat and drink which is characteristic of refined appetites.

It was for these women who place fine flavor ahead of size or weight that Dromedary Cocoanut was made.

It is not just cocoanut—it is Dromedary.

Sweet with the captive sunshine of the Tropics; fresh soft shreds, juicy and tender, with a food value that makes it both meat and dessert, Dromedary Cocoanut adds a crowning touch to salads and pies, to cakes, muffins and bread.

It comes in the "ever-sealed" package with the tight fitting cover that keeps it fresh to the last shred.

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
375 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK
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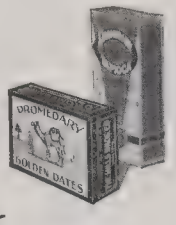
SAN JUAN · SMYRNA · PARÁ
THE OLDEST AND THE LARGEST BUSINESS OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

Cantaloupe Surprise à l'Antoine

CUT 2 medium sized cantaloupes in halves and remove seeds. MIX 1 cup white meat of a chicken, cut in cubes, ¾ cup sliced mushrooms, 2 finely cut truffles, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Place in centers of cantaloupes. Spread Dromedary Cocoanut over the top and bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve immediately. This makes 4 servings.

SEND *for the Dromedary booklet that gives eighty-four ways to surprise and please the most exacting family. It tells how* DROMEDARY COCOANUT, DROMEDARY TAPIOCA *and* DROMEDARY DATES *can bring to the commonest dishes a touch of tropical elegance. Address Department C.*



Dromedary Cocoanut

DROMEDARY PRODUCTS
TAPIOCA that is ready in an instant; COCOANUT that keeps fresh to the last shred; GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden

Better Babies' Figures

Always follow the lines laid down by Miss Gould

THE *Better Baby above, who is Walter Allan Fowler, of Montana, aged three and a half months, has fully determined not to grow up into one of those Bulge-where-he-(or she-) shouldn't persons described by Miss Gould.* *(See page 30).* *Already, with much enthusiasm, he's taking the advised exercises to roll his hips away.*

BETTY LOUISE JOHNSON, *above, does not yet feel the need of those filling-out measures that Miss Gould recommends for terrible hollows in the neck of Miss Thin-as-a-match. Betty Louise is a product of Kansas.*

BACKBONE—*plenty of it, held perpendicular—that's the secret, says Miss Gould, of not being a Miss Droopy-fall-to-pieces, and certainly there's no slouch at one year about erect little Barbara Thornton Rockwell, above.*

WHILE *Madame Fat-all-over, as Miss Gould points out, suffers a thousand trials and tribulations, it is entirely different to be Baby-fat-all-over, like LeRoy Mason Lody, Jr., a well-developed six-months-old Californian, at the left.*

The Better Babies Bureau

THE EXPECTANT MOTHERS' CIRCLE: Any woman eligible, whether she is a subscriber to the COMPANION or not, may become a member, receiving each month a letter of advice on the care of herself and the preparation for her baby. Several practical little pamphlet circulars showing designs for maternity dresses and a common-sense layette are some of the helps sent with the letters. No matter at what period you enter, everything from the first month will be sent. No mention of the Better Babies Bureau is made on the envelopes in which the material is mailed. Enclose a self-addressed envelope with *Fifty Cents* in stamps, for postage, *and state what month you expect your baby.*

THE MOTHERS' CLUB: Every mother of young children is eligible and need not be a subscriber to the COMPANION to join. Pamphlets, together with monthly letters of instruction on the care and feeding of babies *under one year of age* (covering such subjects as colic, constipation, weaning, teething, etc.), will be sent to any mother who sends *Fifty Cents* in stamps and states the age of her baby. There are also leaflets giving diet lists, and other helps for babies from one year of age to three years. This literature is all included in the Mothers' Club's monthly service, but if the letters are not desired the additional literature will be sent for *Ten Cents.* A self-addressed stamped envelope will bring a prompt reply to every inquiry. Address BETTER BABIES BUREAU, or Mrs. Caroline French Benton, Counselor, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

HOW *do you plan to tell your friends about the new baby? The "Companion" has a cunning announcement folder—stork and baby on the cover and a clever verse inside. The price of each folder with envelope is five cents. In ordering, address Baby Announcements, in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

The "QUEEN ANNE"
Design 1992—in Twin Pair

Look for the name "Simmons"

A HOUSEWIFE wouldn't let the family sleep another night on their old-style, out-worn Beds if she once realized how much better *rest* they ought to be getting.

New beds, by all means,—*Simmons Beds*—the one name that means actually *Built for Sleep.*

Steady, quiet, never a creak or a rattle—how every nerve and muscle can *relax!* You get a brand new idea of how deep and refreshing sleep can be.

For every room shared by two persons, be sure to have *Twin Beds* —that fine, healthful principle of a separate bed for each sleeper. One does not disturb the other, or communicate colds or other infections.

Look at Simmons Beds at Your Dealer's

He will show you the beautiful "Period Designs," wrought in the smooth *Square Steel Tubing.* This one is the "QUEEN ANNE." Your choice of Ivory White and Decorative Colors.—And note the *pressed steel Corner Locks* that keep these beds firm and *noiseless.*

Or if your Dealer cannot show them to you, *write us* and we will arrange for you to see Simmons Metal Beds, Cribs, Day Beds, and *Simmons Springs*—in every way worthy to go with Simmons Beds.—Each marked with the *Simmons Name*—your unfailing assurance of restful sleep.

FREE BOOKLETS ON SLEEP!

Write us for "What Leading Medical Journals and Health Magazines Say about Separate Beds and Sound Sleep," and "Yours for a Perfect Night's Rest."

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SIMMONS BEDS

Built for Sleep

Beauty and charm that endure

THE THING that gives to a room its charm is color, but that charm is soon lost if the quality of the paints, varnishes and enamels is not as carefully considered as the color scheme. A shabby look due to inferior finishes, soon mars the effect of the most delightful decorative idea. Cost must also be considered. The longer the finishes last in their original colorful condition, the less they cost. The claim Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes have upon your consideration is this quality of endurance. It makes your color scheme permanent—a thing of lasting beauty.

Sherwin-Williams FLAT-TONE is on these walls. S-W Old DUTCH ENAMEL Ivory White beautifies the woodwork. S-W MARNOT Varnish protects this floor. This is one of the many decorative combinations suggested for your home. Our DECORATIVE DEPARTMENT will furnish free, color schemes with complete specifications. Tell how your woodwork is finished; also the color of your rugs, drapes, etc. Send blue prints if possible. Address The Sherwin-Williams Co., 600 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

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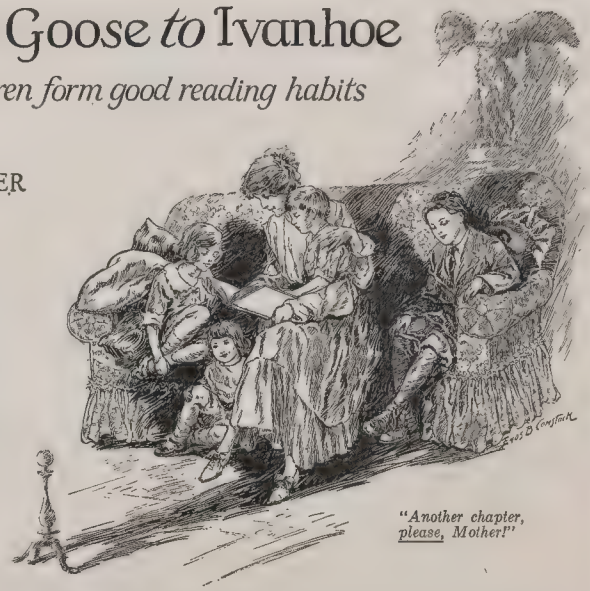
WOOD PRESERVATIVES. AND DISINFECTANTS

From Mother Goose *to* Ivanhoe

How to help the children form good reading habits

By

JESSIE I. CARPENTER



"Another chapter, please, Mother!"

IF I WERE the matron of an orphan asylum I should start the babies on Mother Goose just to give them that much mothering. Mother Goose is preëminently the first step, the fundamental structure, of a child's literary education. Mother Goose stands in the same relation to the opening child mind that small toys stand to the groping, fluttering, little hands—a new experience, something which catches his fancy and holds his attention, preparing his mind for other engaging activities.

A baby a year and a half old will listen delightedly to the rhythm and jingle of Mother Goose rhymes, while he could not possibly find any food for amusement in what some mothers might consider a more sensible combination of words and sentences. To him it is music and story, a delightful composition of words which he is beginning to understand and associate with some object he knows. And while it is all fun and play for him, it is at the same time a sure means of mental growth and development.

To be sure, there comes a time when Mother Goose is outgrown; he may enjoy Mother Goose until he is six years old, but he will be ready for a great variety of other and older material long before that.

If you have access to a good public library the problem of the children's reading is simply to know what to choose. But many mothers who live in the country must supplement the few books that they are likely to have by watching for suitable material in the current periodicals, and collecting it in a form for ready reference. Fortunately, young children love to hear their favorite stories over and over again.

Mental Gymnastics for the Five-Year-Old

A GREAT variety of the most captivating poems of every possible description for children have been collected by Kate Douglas Wiggin in a book which she calls the "Posy Ring." "The Story Hour," by the same author, is a collection of short stories much used in kindergarten work, and very useful to the mother of small children.

Books of poems especially for children are Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child Garden of Verse," Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood." The Brownie Stories as told by Palmer Cox will interest children who have had some previous acquaintance with poetry in general, and have learned to appreciate it. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is surprisingly well adapted to the minds of children of rather tender years, provided they have had some preparation for it in the way of more strictly juvenile literature.

Personally I should never have thought of "Hiawatha" as being at all interesting to babes, had it not been for an incident which occurred in our home. Our younger sister was rehearsing a selection from "Hiawatha" which she was preparing for a school recitation, when we were considerably amazed to hear the five-year-old son of the house repeating the lines softly to himself. He had memorized them while we had been going over them with her, and we found that he knew almost the entire selection which was the part called "Hiawatha's Childhood." In a short time, with a little assistance, he could repeat it perfectly, and his expression was so entirely natural that we knew he understood it as well as anyone else. He was so pleased with this part of the tale that he wanted to hear more. I demurred at first, thinking that much of it would be beyond him. But he was so persistent in wanting to hear it that I began at the first line in the book, and read a few pages every day until we finished the entire poem. He invariably listened with rapt attention, and always wanted more.

About this time a friend offered me a set of charming little books which certainly fulfill their mission of entertaining small people. These were "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," "Squirrel Nutkin," and "The Tale of Benjamin Bunny," all of which were so pleasing that we read everything we could find by this author, Beatrix Potter.

"Nights with Uncle Remus" will keep the children happy for weeks, and even months, at a stretch. Having once become acquainted with Joel Chandler Harris through his Uncle Remus stories, you are eager to read every story bearing his name. There is much the same feeling in regard to Albert Bigelow Paine and Howard Pyle; the former for his "Hollow Tree and Deep Woods," and the latter for his "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood" and "King Arthur and His Knights." The two last-named books are rich in humor as well as in historical interest, and the stories are so whimsically told as to captivate the fancy of both old and young.

The boy or girl of ten who has not been introduced to Kipling's "Jungle Books" and "Just So Stories" has not had all the good times to which he or she is entitled; and the mother who has not read these stories with her children is missing some of her most splendid opportunities for enjoyment. "Two Little Savages," by Ernest Thompson Seton, besides being an intensely interesting tale of two boys in the woods, gives a great deal of valuable information in woodcraft, campcraft, and Indian lore.

Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," Kingsley's "Greek Heroes" and "The Water Babies," "Alice in Wonderland," "Seven Little Sisters," and "The Wonder Book" were among our early achievements, and the children accepted them with real interest; but when "Swiss Family Robinson" appeared in our midst we read it twice in succession, and when the children began to read for themselves they read it twice again.

"Robinson Crusoe" seems to be the logical successor to "Swiss Family Robinson," and parts of it are just as intensely interesting; but my idea would be to leave out about two thirds of the text and arrive at a point where there's "something doing." I shall no doubt be severely criticised for such a statement, but I have the courage of my convictions, and I have observed that young people are not interested in page-long paragraphs of moralizing.

You Mustn't Miss These

STEVENSON'S "Treasure Island," Kipling's "Captains Courageous," and Poe's "The Gold Bug," on the other hand, permit of no pruning. No reader, old or young, will be willing to miss a single word of these stories. Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper," Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Dickens's "Christmas Carol," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," and Mary Mapes Dodge's "Hans Brinker, or, The Silver Skates" may be read by the family circle, for there is no boundary line here between age and youth.

"Cudjo's Cave," by Trowbridge, combines the best qualities of Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," with a more rapid action and less ponderous style, which recommends it to young readers, although it should not take the place of these works, particularly "The Last of the Mohicans" and "The Pioneers."

The Picturesque Bible People

ONE of the most interesting, helpful, and altogether satisfying books that the children and I read together was a book of Bible Stories by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut. This constituted a large part of our Sunday reading for a considerable period, and was accepted with marked enjoyment, the children always asking for another and another chapter, so that we usually read from four to six chapters during the story hour.

The Bible is the supreme example of the classic in literature. It is quite generally conceded by the foremost educators of our day that no person's education can be complete without some knowledge of it. Much of the original text is suited to the minds of children. Stories of the Bible which especially appeal to them are those which tell about David and Goliath, Moses and his adventures with the Egyptians, and the trials and triumphs of his people in the Wilderness; the story of David, of Daniel, and of Joseph and his coat of many colors. The story of Jesus may be appreciated by children.

Many of the books that we want our children to read are expensive, and therefore beyond the reach of the family of small means unless there is access to a public library.

By a system of exchange a group of mothers may not only enlarge the scope of the children's reading, and be truly helpful to one another, but they may contribute to the welfare of the community at the same time. Children should be trained in the proper care of books—borrowed ones particularly.

Many books from the world's best literature are published in what is known as the "Riverside Literature Series," having paper or linen covers. The price makes it possible for almost any family to own such as are most desired. The list of paper-bound classics includes "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "Snowbound," "The Barefoot Boy"—in fact, all of Longfellow's and Whittier's poems, Shakespeare's plays, the works of Edgar Allen Poe, including "The Gold Bug;" Ruskin's "King of the Golden River;" Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales;" Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Mothers:—

YOU'LL swallow hard as your boy sets out for his first job—bravely, alone. How you'll ache to follow him, to coach him what to say; to help him over the rough places!

Your boy's first job!

SUDDENLY—your boy is turned loose on the world! You have known all along that the time must come! But—the reality, the anxiousness of it all! *And, he must go it by himself!* It's better so. He has his own way to make. What are you doing, now, to make this great moment easier for your boy?

You are engaged in making a MAN. See that he gets, now, every help to start him off right. Get him THE AMERICAN BOY magazine. Call to your assistance men who know boys—better than you, perhaps. These men have made a life study of boys and boy problems.

You can't begin too young to supply your boy live reading that gives him just this mental training. For twenty-two years THE AMERICAN BOY has been helping millions of real American boys, through stories and pictures that delight and entertain; that boys read eagerly and voluntarily; that suggest the way to "do" and "think" for themselves, without obviously preaching, teaching or advising.

As a supplement to his home, his school, his other boy activities, THE AMERICAN BOY will develop your boy for a strong, successful, useful manhood. Use the coupon NOW! *He wants* THE AMERICAN BOY. Just ask and find out how much he really craves it. Give your newsdealer a standing order so you will get your copy each month without fail.

PRICE REDUCED

Beginning with the great September issue, THE AMERICAN BOY will be $2.00 a year by mail; 20c a copy on news-stands.

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The biggest, brightest Magazine for Boys in All the World

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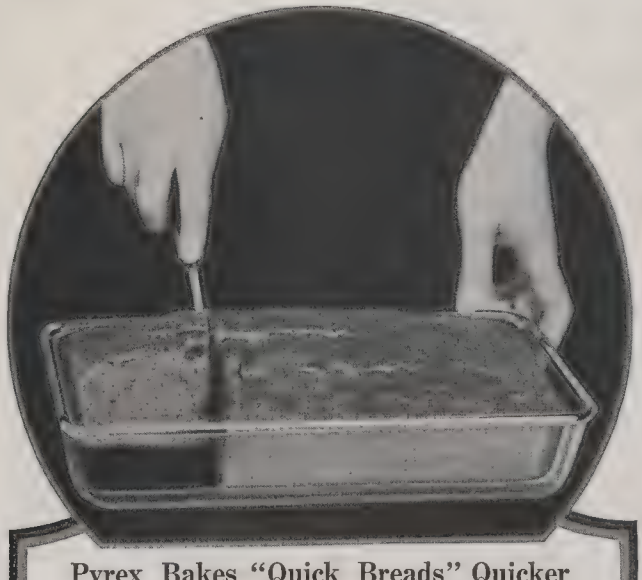


Pyrex Bakes "Quick Breads" Quicker

SAVE ten minutes in the baking of ordinary 25-minute gingerbread by baking it fifteen minutes in Pyrex. Pyrex bakes loaf cakes and other cakes in two-thirds the usual time, securing better flavor and texture.

PYREX

TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

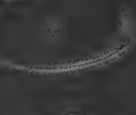
Insure Light Baking

You serve from the same Pyrex dish in which you bake. You see your baking bake in Pyrex—sides, bottom and top. Pyrex keeps foods hot longer. Use this better way of cooking—every meal, every day.

Pyrex is used everywhere for baking purposes. Pyrex does not chip, discolor, nor wear out. Genuine Pyrex is guaranteed against breakage from oven heat. Any Pyrex dealer is authorized to replace any piece of Pyrex that breaks in actual use in the oven.

Pyrex is the original transparent ovenware. Always look for the Pyrex label and the name Pyrex stamped on each piece.

Ask your friends about Pyrex. Sold by good houseware dealers everywhere.



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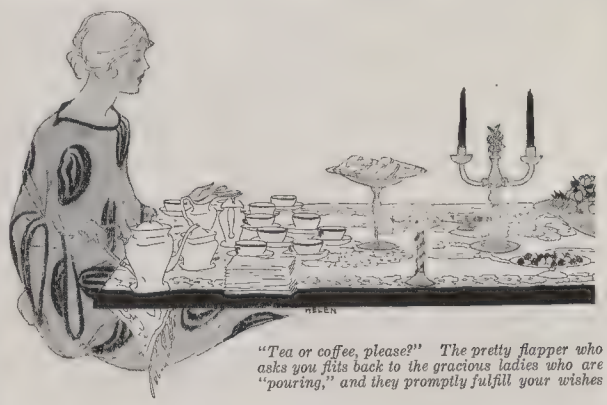


"Tea or coffee, please?" The pretty flapper who asks you flits back to the gracious ladies who are "pouring," and they promptly fulfill your wishes

Refreshments *for* Thirty

Both simple and elaborate

By ALICE BRADLEY

Principal of

Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

THE dishes served in the late afternoon or evening are to promote sociability rather than to supply nourishment and should therefore be light and dainty, attractive to look at, pleasing in flavor, and served in small portions. In order that no hostess need feel embarrassed when her turn comes, the dishes should not be expensive nor such as require too much time in their preparation.

One club of about thirty members has found it expedient to own thirty ten-cent trays. One is set up in the kitchen for each person with the silver, napkin and eatables, and when passed it gives every lady a place for her cup and saucer and plate. In such a club the number of courses should be limited to two, but much variety can be secured by the different hostesses.

Orange Biscuits

4 cups bread flour
3 tablespoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening
1¾ cups milk
48 lumps demitasse sugar
1 orange

SIFT together flour, baking powder and salt, cut in shortening with a knife and add milk to make a soft dough. Roll one-half inch thick, cut out with small round cutter and place close together on a greased tin sheet. Dip lumps of sugar one at a time into orange juice and push down into each biscuit. Grate orange rind over the biscuits and bake in hot oven. This recipe should make about four dozen orange biscuits.

Butterscotch Biscuits

MAKE dough as for orange biscuits. Roll thin, spread with two-thirds cup butter, creamed and mixed with one and one-half cups brown sugar. Roll up like a jelly roll, cut off pieces one inch thick, put in greased muffin pans, and bake fifteen minutes. This should make about three dozen biscuits.

Maple Nut Biscuits

MAKE like Butterscotch Biscuits, using maple sugar instead of brown sugar, and sprinkle with chopped nuts before rolling up the dough and baking.

IF YOU haven't a punch bowl, don't feel bad, since now it's the fashion to serve punch direct from the pantry. For a small party you can use the new punch or lemonade pitcher with a cover. It comes in white and amber crackle glass, and makes the beverage within seem most delectable. The glasses that match it are in a new little vase shape with a flat base. The small flaring tumblers are good form, too, and for lemonade the larger-handled beakers on a round glass standard are quite à la mode. The little low-handled punch glasses are still perfectly good form to use.

Green Turkish Paste

½ ounce agar-agar
1½ cups boiling water
2 cups sugar
½ cup corn sirup
3 drops oil of peppermint
½ cup warm water
Green color paste

PUT agar-agar into saucepan with boiling water and set one side. Put sugar and corn sirup into another saucepan. Pour warm water over agar-agar, stir until it reaches the boiling point, remove from fire, stir until dissolved, and strain over sugar. Stir and cook mixture to 220° Fahrenheit. Add peppermint and enough color paste to make mixture green. Pour into bread pans three fourths of an inch thick. When firm cut in three-fourths-inch squares and roll in confectioner's sugar. This recipe makes about seventy-two pieces.

Katy's Toasted Raisin Bread

3 cups milk
1¼ tablespoons salt
1 yeast cake
½ cup lukewarm water
Flour
2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
¾ cup butter substitute
1½ tablespoons cinnamon
1½ teaspoons mace
1 package raisins
1 cup currants
1 cup nut meats

SCALD milk. When lukewarm add salt and yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water. Add five cups flour, beat thoroughly and let rise until it begins to sink in the center. Add brown sugar, butter substitute, eggs well beaten, three cups flour sifted with cinnamon and mace, mix well and add raisins, and currants and nut meats if desired. Add sufficient flour to make a soft dough. Let rise until light, shape in three loaves, let rise again, and bake in moderate oven fifty minutes. After twenty - four hours remove crusts, cut in thin slices and in finger - shaped pieces. Brush with melted butter and toast in the oven until crisp and delicately brown.

Crystallized Mint Leaves

WIPE leaves, remove from stem, and brush over each leaf with the stiffly beaten white of one egg; then dip into granulated sugar flavored with oil of spearmint. Place closely together on a cake rack covered with

Tiny sandwiches, cakes, candies and salted nuts in their slender-stemmed comports are passed to you from the large table arranged in buffet fashion

When You're Club Hostess

For afternoon or evening

Illustrations By HELEN THURLOW

paraffin paper that is sprinkled generously with sugar. Set in a slow oven or over a radiator and let stand until dry. If the leaves are not thoroughly coated with sugar the process may be repeated. Rose petals may be prepared in the same way, using a few drops of rose to flavor the sugar instead of spearmint.

Eclairs Filled With Salad

ONE dozen eclairs shaped four inches long and three-fourths inch wide can be made from one-fourth cup shortening, one-half cup boiling water, one-half cup flour and two eggs. Increase the recipe as needed. Bake, cool, split, line with a lettuce leaf. Fill each eclair with one sardine, free from skin and bone, mixed with one-third hard-cooked egg, chopped, and two tablespoons mayonnaise dressing.

Chocolate Indians

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
½ cup butter
½ cup cocoa
½ cup flour
Salt
Cinnamon
¼ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup nut meats

BEAT eggs with sugar, add butter, melted, cocoa sifted with flour and few grains each salt and cinnamon, add nut meats cut in small pieces, and vanilla. Bake twenty minutes in moderate oven in a pan about ten and one-half inches by seven inches.

Grape Juice Punch

Juice 3 lemons
Juice 2 oranges
1 pint water
1 pint ginger ale
1 cup sugar
1 pint grapejuice

TO JUICE of lemons and oranges, add water, ginger ale, sugar and grape juice. This is sufficient for twenty-eight punch glasses.

Cocoa Ice Cream

½ cup cocoa
Few grains salt
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 cups scalded milk
2 cups cream 2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup raspberry or strawberry sirup

MIX dry ingredients in order given. Add scalded milk, and cook over boiling water twenty minutes. Pour over eggs well beaten. Add cream beaten stiff, vanilla, and fruit sirup. Freeze and serve with whipped cream. This may be packed and frozen without stirring. The recipe should be sufficient to serve twelve persons.

Caramel Pecan Balls

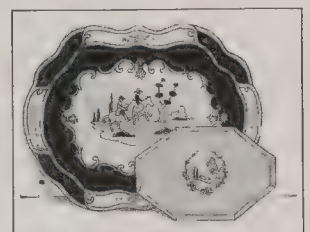
1 cup white sugar
½ cup brown sugar
⅓ cup white corn sirup
½ cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon vanilla, lemon, or almond extract
⅓ cup butter

PUT all the ingredients, except the flavoring, in a saucepan, stir until mixed, bring to boiling point, stir constantly back and forth, and boil like caramels to a firm ball. Remove from fire, add flavoring, pour into a buttered pan, and when cool shape into small balls, cover with fondant, and press whole pecan nuts onto the outside of each ball.

Chicken and Clam Bouillon

1 peck clams
1 quart cold water
Chicken stock
1 pint cream
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup pimientos

SCRUB clams with brush, put in kettle with cold water, cover and cook until shells open. Strain liquor through double cheesecloth. Add enough well-seasoned chicken stock to make five quarts. Season to taste and serve in cups with cream beaten stiff mixed with salt and pimientos rubbed through a sieve. This recipe will serve thirty.



PLEASE pass the punch on one of these new trays that look so old. They are quaint painted tin, like the ones in Grandmother's attic, with a landscape or a bright bouquet of flowers in the center. For cakes and bonbons they're using both tall- and short-stemmed comports of glass, plain or colored. Table candlesticks, single and double-branched ones are of glass with little colored glass posy ornaments. The accessories for the table above were sketched in a smart Fifth Avenue shop, and information about where to obtain them will be sent on receipt of a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Jellied Fruit Salad

⅔ cup sirup from canned fruit
2 tablespoons gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
2 tablespoons sugar
Few grains salt
¼ cup lemon juice
1 cup ginger ale
1 cup canned fruit
2 tablespoons Canton ginger
Mayonnaise dressing
Whipped cream

HEAT fruit sirup to boiling point, add gelatin soaked in cold water, sugar, and salt. When cool add lemon juice and ginger ale. When beginning to set, stir in canned fruit cut in small pieces and Canton ginger, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

"Here's a meal already cooked"

HEINZ Spaghetti

Ready cooked ready to serve

THINK of getting such a delightful meal—in a can! Nothing to do but heat and serve. Everybody knows what a good dish spaghetti is when it is rightly cooked. And every woman knows that it is a task to cook spaghetti rightly. First, the materials have to be right. And then the cooking has to be done just *so*.

Heinz makes the dry spaghetti. Then cooks it—after the recipe of a celebrated Italian chef. The Tomato Sauce, for which Heinz is famous, is used—and a special cheese with just the right flavor.

That's HEINZ Spaghetti—as it comes to your table. Just heat and eat.

Some of the **57** **Vinegars**
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

HERE is a suggestion for the children's lunch box, an appetizing and nourishing meal. The purity and wholesomeness of Premier has made it the favorite flavoring with thousands of boys and girls everywhere.

Try it with your children, on egg sandwiches. Chop hard boiled eggs fine and moisten well with Premier Salad Dressing. Spread between buttered slices of bread and your children's sandwiches are ready.

Make Your Children Smile at Lunch Time

THEY open the lunch box and find the same simple sandwiches that have made up school lunches since the world began.

They taste one grudgingly; their tongues encounter the rich flavor of piquant Premier—that's when they smile.

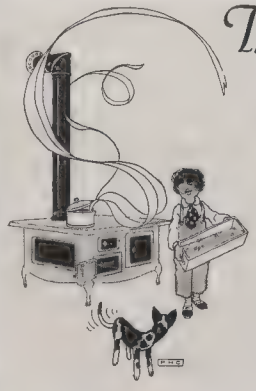
With Premier Salad Dressing you can transform a simple meal into a delightful surprise.

Send for a copy of the book "Salads, Suppers, Picnics." It tells you how to solve the Sunday night supper problem, the children's lunch problem, and shows you how to give a delicious flavor to even the most ordinary dish.

It is free to you in appreciation of your cordial good-will which has helped to make Premier the largest selling salad dressing in the world.

Premier
Salad Dressing

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO. • Department 2B • NEW YORK



The Good Old Coal Stove

By ALICE BRADLEY

Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

OUR sympathies are with the youngster who is willing to "take out the ashes" and "bring up the coal," because he likes to get "a real breakfast" in the morning.

MAYBE you live in a jolly "story-book" family, where the mother says to the little lad who is learning to be a good American, "Come, son, and take out the ashes." We hear volumes about labor-saving devices for the modern housekeeper, including kerosene, gas and electric cooking stoves, until the good old coal stove is in danger of appearing as out of date in the kitchen as trailing skirts; but it is not yet ready for the discard.

The advantages of gas, kerosene, or electricity should not for a minute be underestimated. It is convenient to have one of these quick-lighting stoves in every kitchen, coal stove or not. But the coal range has points that endear it to many of us. It is comfortable, leisurely, friendly, reliable, and most generous in the amount of work it will do if you treat it well.

One fire in the ordinary kitchen coal range, allowing one and one-half to two hods of coal per day, will heat six kettles at a time, water for all household purposes and the "flats" for the family ironing, warm the kitchen in cold weather, and bake, boil and stew almost any amount of food.

It is instinctive to make as much use as possible of the constantly burning coal fire. Therefore, perhaps, the family whose meals are prepared on a coal fire stands a better chance of getting an abundance of well-cooked food than the family where every gas or electric burner that is lighted is watched and counted. Our sympathies are with the youngster who is willing to "take out the ashes" and "bring up the coal," because he likes to get "a real breakfast" in the morning, a good dinner at noon and a hearty supper at night.

EACH type of coal stove has its individual characteristics; consequently, it is wise to be on pleasant terms of intimacy with your own range. The dampers, drafts, and ash box should be investigated and understood. The quickest way of coaxing a bright new fire should be one of the housekeeper's gems of artistic accomplishment. You should know how small an amount of coal will keep a low fire running, how much is required to keep it overnight, how much is needed to give baking heat in the oven, and whether or not to add coal just before the oven is to be used. This last depends on the degree of heat desired in the oven. When coal is put in, it cools both the oven and the top of the stove, and time must be allowed for it to heat up again.

Rules for baking by gas and electricity may be timed by hours and minutes, and thermometers (of the right kind) may be relied upon. Oven thermometers for coal ranges are of assistance, too, but must be used with judgment. A good rule for baking in a coal stove is to make sure, before anything goes into the oven, that the ash box is comparatively empty, drafts right, and that there is a proper amount of fuel in the fire box.

A hot fire cannot be achieved without fuel, but the coal never needs to come any higher than the top of the oven. If there is plenty of heat continuously circulating around an oven, the food in it will have to bake.

For moderate heat, there should be a good fire in the fire box and all drafts should be closed.

If a slow oven is desired, cold air drafts should be opened for a few minutes before whatever is to be baked is put in, and then closed so that the heat will keep uniform.

IT NEED take only a short time, and possibly a few failures, for a woman to learn how the fire looks in the fire box when her oven is hot or cool, and how the heat of her oven feels when it is really hot enough for baking-powder biscuits, or only hot enough for loaves of bread, or slow enough not to curdle a baked custard.

All roasts want a very hot oven at first. Plenty of coal must be put on and all drafts opened for some time before the meat is put in. Ovens vary in the time taken to become hot; some respond in an hour, others take less time, or even more. When the meat goes in, close the drafts so that by the time the meat is seared over, the oven will not be so hot.

For baking bread, biscuits, and popovers, prepare the oven in a similar way, allowing a little less heat for bread. In baking small biscuits and popovers, the heat need not be decreased when they are put in the oven. They will usually take all the heat they can get.

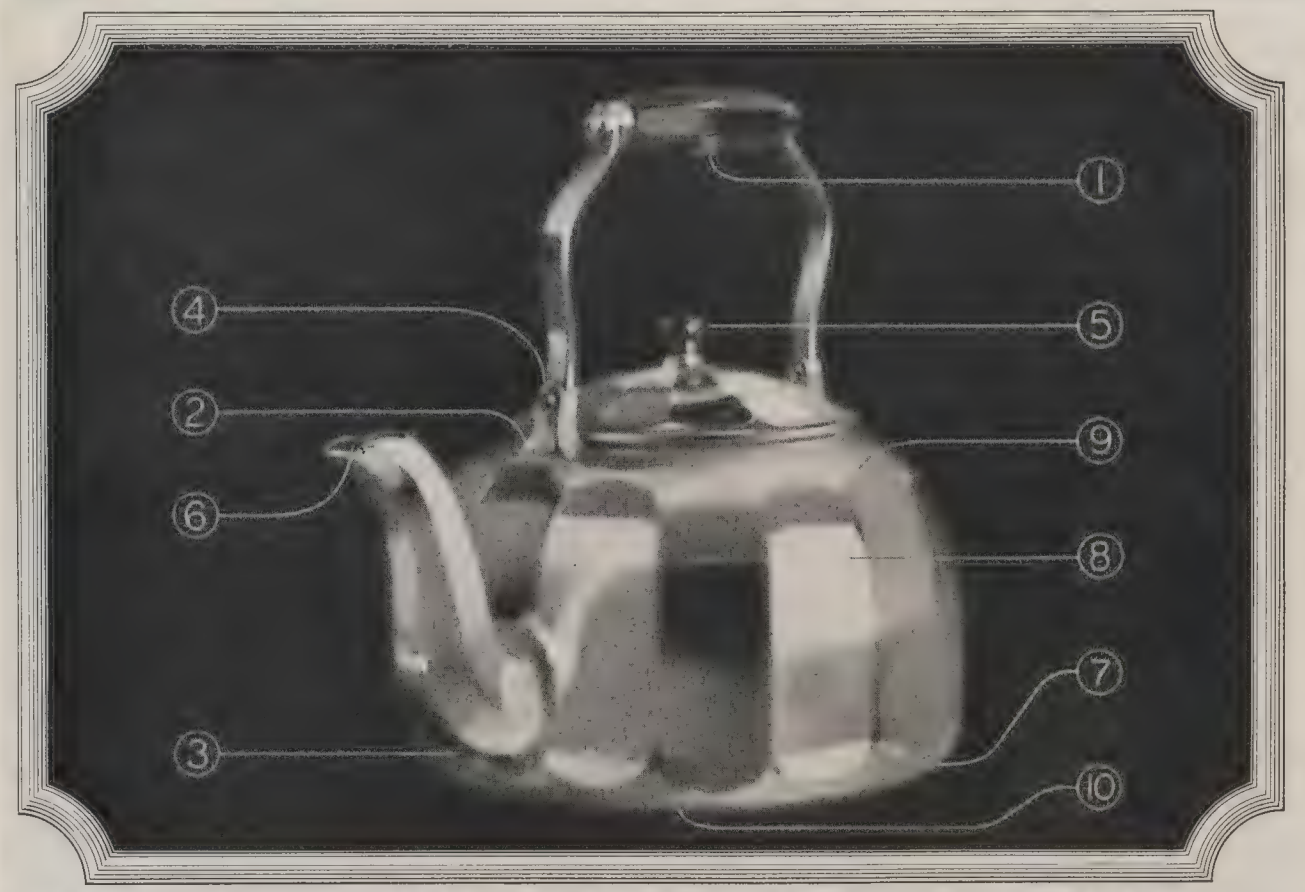
For cakes, a moderate oven is best, except when true sponge cakes are baked, and then the oven should be slow.

All egg mixtures, as custards, soufflés and meringues, should be put in a slow oven and baked slowly a long time.

IF YOU wish, you may plan your work so that all the cooking requiring a hot fire is performed at one time. It saves fuel to have the stove hot at only one period during the day. It pays to remember what is to be needed for twenty-four hours, to bake the cookies when the fire is at its height, and to put in the pies while the oven is still very hot, but at such a time as the heat can be considerably reduced. On ironing day, the prolonged heat may be used for the inexpensive cuts of meat that require long, slow cooking and for beans, brown bread, Indian pudding, or casseroles. A roast, vegetables enough for the "next meal" and for salad for the following day, stewed fruit, bread, cake that will stay moist for several days, cookies that remain crisp if kept in a stone jar; pies that will not become soggy in twenty-four hours; a gelatine dessert, cooked salad dressing, a dark steamed pudding, or a custard to be frozen into ice cream, all these lend themselves to a morning of cooking while the fire is hot, and to waiting on the pantry shelves until they shall be needed at table.

Juicy Apple Pies

BY the way, here is a suggestion for making good apple pies: Put them first into a very hot oven and keep the oven very hot for twenty minutes, when the pastry becomes so firmly set that the liquid cannot leak out. Then reduce the heat, allowing the pies to bake slowly until the apple is cooked. This will keep in all the juice.



For Your Most Used Utensil—Mirro

Of all kitchen utensils, the tea kettle is the most used. Not a meal passes but the tea kettle performs its useful service. Look well, then, to its durability, its convenience, its ability to heat water quickly.

If it be your privilege to have a Mirro kitchen—a kitchen of bright, durable utensils of Mirro Aluminum—you may rest assured the Mirro Aluminum Tea Kettle will perform its allotted task dependably.

The Mirro Aluminum Colonial Tea Kettle, with its ten quality features pictured above and described below, is made for a long life of usefulness.

Built into this attractive utensil, as into every Mirro product, is pure aluminum, rolled again and again, in Mirro mills, to give the hard, dense, lasting quality; designed by Mirro craftsmen; made by competent Mirro workers.

And back of every Mirro Aluminum utensil is the guarantee of the world's foremost manufacturer of aluminum ware, with a successful experience extending over nearly thirty years.

Mirro is moderately priced, at leading stores everywhere. Send for the miniature Mirro catalog.

1. Sure-grip, ebonized, detachable handle which insures comfortable handling and easy pouring.
2. Handle ears are welded on and therefore can not loosen.
3. Spout also welded on—no loosening—no dirt-catching joint.
4. Slotted ears permit handle to be shifted to any position, without contact with kettle.
5. Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob.
6. Easy-filling, easy-pouring spout.
7. Unusually wide base—quick heating and fuel saving. Also prevents flame from creeping up around sides.
8. Famous Mirro finish.
9. Beautiful Colonial design. Also made in plain round style.
10. Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every piece. Your guarantee of excellence throughout.

MIRRO ALUMINUM REFLECTS GOOD HOUSEKEEPING A. G. M. Co. TRADE MARK REG.

Every Mirro Utensil Bears This Imprint

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects Good Housekeeping

WALLACE
Silver

AS an embodiment of the gracious beauty and correctness that are Wallace ideals this newest pattern is named "*Hostess.*"

It is the spirit of hospitality translated into silver, and it is made so well by Wallace silver craftsmen that it is guaranteed without time limit.

It has become possible for Wallace prices to be materially reduced:

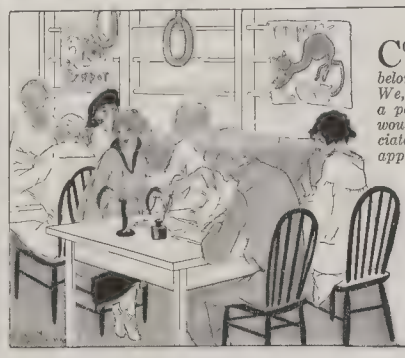
Teaspoons	that **were** $ 8.50 per doz., are **now** $ 6.50						
Dessert Forks	"	"	16.50	"	"	"	12.00
Dinner Forks	"	"	17.00	"	"	"	13.00
Cold Meat Forks	"	"	2.25 each,		"	"	1.75
Berry Spoons	"	"	3.50	"	"	"	2.75

The Wallace Hostess Book tells in text, diagrams and pictures just what every hostess should know. Postpaid for 50c. Address Hostess Department, Box No. 10.

The "Hostess" flatware is matched in hollow ware by the "Sheraton" — both complete services.

"1835 R·WALLACE" HEAVIEST SILVER PLATE

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Wallingford — Connecticut
SILVERSMITHS FOUNDED 1835



COME down to "The Village" and play you belong there for one night. We, the villagers, are giving a party of welcome to our would-be friends and associates. Costumes must be appropriate to time and place. Neither dinner coats nor tulle will be admitted.

DANA HALL GYMNASIUM

Wednesday, at 8:30

Ukuleles, smocks, and sandals welcomed.

A Greenwich Village Party

Just crazy enough for Hallowe'en

By NAN BOUVÉ

IT WAS a party given by our senior class at college, of whom a number were specializing in at least one of the seven arts, and who were going to the city to art schools, to take a course in journalism, or to market their abilities, at the end of the year.

The invitations were crazily printed on stiff, tinted paper, decorated with tiny palettes, brush-filled, realistically and artistically daubed with bright-colored oil paints, or perhaps sporting a sketch of an ink bottle and quill pen.

And when we straggled, one by one, into the "Village"—to the strains of "Rose of Washington Square" which someone strummed on his ukulele—we scarcely recognized our old gymnasium. It had been arranged as much as possible on the order of a genuine south-of-Washington-Square tea room. The electric lights had all been shrouded in lanterns, homemade, of soft red tissue paper, which, pasted to a simple black cardboard frame, gave the prettiest light imaginable. All along the walls stood small tables, in groups of two or three; but it was the walls that caught our attention first. They were decked with erratic posters, each one advertising the particular little group of tables beneath it, in true Greenwich Village tea-room style. "The Puppy-Cat" was announced by a huge charcoal drawing of a kitten of strangely canine aspect, growling fiercely over a bone. A little farther on we entered the domain of "The Pink Parrot."

Most of the girls came in gayly-colored smocks—what mattered it if they were of common or garden variety, as long as the wearer tucked up her hair to appear "bobbed"? Some wore loose Russian blouses of large-figured, multi-colored silk that approached batik-work as far as possible. The boys gloried in soft-collared shirts and flowery ties.

We did not discover the actual use of the groups of tables ranged at intervals about the room until after the whole class had arrived, when the mistress of ceremonies — who rather suggested a 1920 Carmen — passed around a box. Rather disappointedly, we each drew out a slip of paper, bearing on one side the name of the "tea room" where that guest belonged and on the other a famous title. In my case it was "The Pink Rabbit" and "Great Expectations;" then, when, after wandering about, I matched up with half a dozen other guests who belonged under the sign of the pink bunny too, we found on each little table seating two, a set of six boxes, marked "subject," "adjective," "verb," "adverb," "adjective," "object." In turn we drew from each box another slip of paper, and were told that in the haunts of Art we must keep up the esthetic standards of pleasure, and, within a given time, turn in a brief piece of literature, in story form. The epic must be built upon the "situation" given in our blind choice of the six slips.

Mine turned out "Unhappy clown elopes unadvisedly with hangman's daughter." Half of the guests, we discovered, were in the story-writing contest; the rest drew titles of famous poems and were obliged to parody them in limerick form to the extent of four stanzas—which had to contain the gist of the original epic. And at the end of the laughable feat, while we were congratulating ourselves on having drawn as we did, a member of the entertainment committee gave us an encouraging little speech upon our efforts (the wit of the class was chosen for this) and told us that the six shining literary lights of the evening so far could now abandon their particular field for their opponents' field. So the three "poets" turned to fiction, and *vice versa*.

Our attention was now called to the works of art that were displayed on one wall—a dozen of the "newest things in Futurism." And after duly admiring them, we each accepted a list of titles—typical art-exhibit titles—one of which, the girl in the paint-streaked smock explained, belonged to each masterpiece. They did. We had only to make the choice, and put the number of the picture against the title we selected for it. But until the contest was over it was hard to see that "Mother and Child" applied to a crayon parlor sketch, of the vintage of 1870, of a puppy sportively biting the ears of a shaggy dog, and that "Treasure" was the title, not of a painting of a pirate standing over an iron-bound chest, but of a drawing of a millinery window before which a small girl stood adoringly.

This "Gallery" was composed, as you may gather, of the most erratic of mural decoration, which included everything from the work of the art class to old-fashioned enlarged tinted photographs.

Half the fun at this party consisted in its lack of conventional partyishness. And when the Carmen of the literature lottery took her seat at the piano, we enthusiastically fell into the fox-trot.

It was with a sinking heart that we heard her explain that we must content ourselves with the possibilities of a Village tea room and serve ourselves.

It was with a whoop of delight that the bard of the evening, first in line for refreshments, ladled out for himself and his partner a generous "help" of creamed oysters, piping hot, flanked with cream cheese and nut and minced-ham sandwiches. Pumpkin pie, topped with currant jelly, coffee, and salted nuts finished our repast.

WITCHES THREE

A JOLLY Hallowe'en party, with some original fortunes of the witches' own brew will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Write to Entertainment Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

It Goes Twice as Far!

LIQUID VENEER MOP POLISH

Just Try It and See!

JUST try this wonderful new addition to the Liquid Veneer family and be convinced. Not only will it renew any dusting and polishing mop as it has never been renewed before, and ***go twice as far,*** but it will likewise clean and polish in a wonderful manner, your piano, furniture, woodwork, hardwood floors and automobiles, by simply applying with a cloth. Prices—30c, 60c, $1.25, $2.00 and $3.50.

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The Champion Mop of the World

Necessary in every home and already acknowledged the peer among mops by both merchants and housewives everywhere, the Liquid Veneer Mop is truly "The Champion Mop of the World." The swab comes off with a pull for every washing, making this usually irksome task as simple as washing a towel. The Liquid Veneer Mop is the only one in the world with a full yarn center. Ask your dealer to show you it, along with any other dusting or polishing mop made, barring none, and you will see *at once* its wonderful superiority. Or write us for absolute proof. It is *simply overwhelming!* Made in four sizes, 50c (hand mop), $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

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For twenty years the master of them all. Used all over the world alike in modest homes, aristocratic mansions and Royal Palaces everywhere.

These three great home helps are necessary to every housewife in the interest of economy, cleanliness and efficiency. For sale at all dealers.

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70 Ellicott Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me Sample bottle of Liquid Veneer Mop Polish and full particulars telling how I may obtain a Liquid Veneer Mop absolutely **FREE.**

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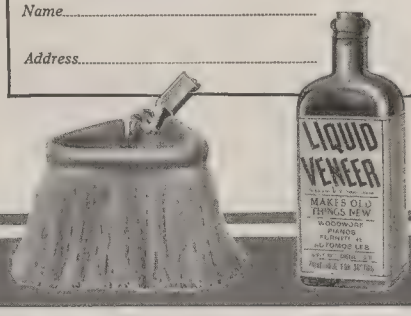

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Buffalo, N. Y. London, Eng. Bridgeburg, Canada

FREE
A valuable book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," will be sent free to those who mail the coupon below.

The Food-Iron of Raisins

May Be Just the Touch

That brings sturdy strength to children and the bloom of youth to mothers' cheeks

You want the kiddies to be healthy and to have the foods they like. But some *nutritious* foods are not *attractive* to us all.

Use raisins to put the *appetite appeal* in oatmeal, stewed prunes, boiled rice, whole wheat or bran bread and in other foods that children would be better for.

Raisins are rich in food-iron, an essential to good blood. No rosy cheeks for little folks—or their mothers—where there is deficiency in iron.

You need but a small bit daily. And that amount from raisins may be *just the touch* that will turn the scales and bring the good looks of good health. There is nothing so attractive as the bloom of youth. Get it for your children. Have it yourself.

NEW!
—Little Sun-Maids
"Between-Meal Raisins"

In a handy little 5c pocket-package!
New energy for office workers who, according to efficiency experts, slow down about 3 o'clock each afternoon—5c.
A little munch-lunch with big nutrition—a luscious bite between meals that everybody needs—5c.
A natural candy for little folk—to satisfy a normal craving for a healthful sweetmeat—5c.
An ounce-and-a-half of "pick-me-up" rich in food-iron which brings rosy cheeks.
All for *five cents!* At all drug, grocery, candy and cigar stores. Try Today.

Scores of luscious dishes

Raisins add nutrition—1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. Appearance and flavor add an irresistible charm. And there are several hundred delicious recipes. A new dish for every day—a new food delight.

By making plain foods more attractive you make them easier to serve. So save on bills. Try them. Learn the possibilities of raisins. They are almost indispensable when you know them.

Sun-Maids are made from California's choicest table grapes. Cured in the sun. Packed in sanitary packages in a great, glass-walled, sun-lighted plant.

They are *clean, sweet, wholesome American* raisins—the kind you know are *good*. All dealers sell them. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 13,000 Growers
Dept. A-610, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Raisin Biscuits
(as illustrated above)

1 cup Sun-Maid Chopped Raisins
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly, add enough cold milk to hold together, add the raisins and mix. Place dough on floured board, roll or pat with hands until 1 inch thick, then cut with biscuit cutter and brush tops with cold milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Cut This Out and Send It

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Dept. A-610, Fresno, Cal.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

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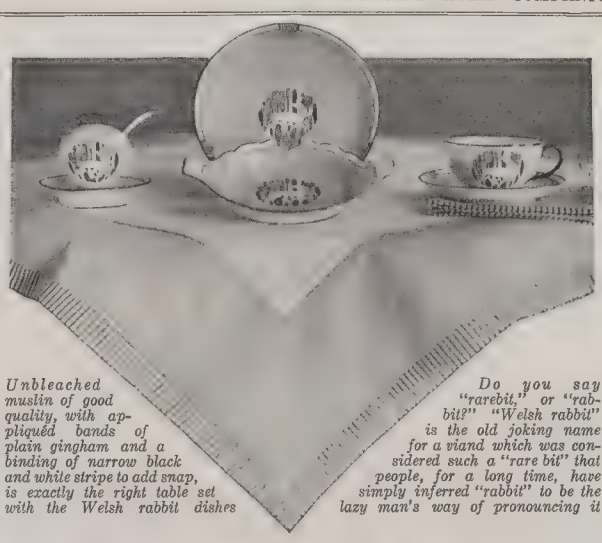
SUN-MAID RAISINS



Unbleached muslin of good quality, with appliquéd bands of plain gingham and a binding of narrow black and white stripe to add snap, is exactly the right table set with the Welsh rabbit dishes

Do you say "rarebit," or "rabbit?" "Welsh rabbit" is the old joking name for a viand which was considered such a "rare bit" that people, for a long time, have simply inferred "rabbit" to be the lazy man's way of pronouncing it

A Welsh Rabbit Set

For that jolly eleven o'clock bite

By JETTA EHLERS

THIS design is carried out in flat color, which means no shading and no modeling, the wash of color being smooth and even.

A small square shader, number four, was used for laying in the design, and a square shader, number eight, for the tinting. A very fine pen was used for the outlining.

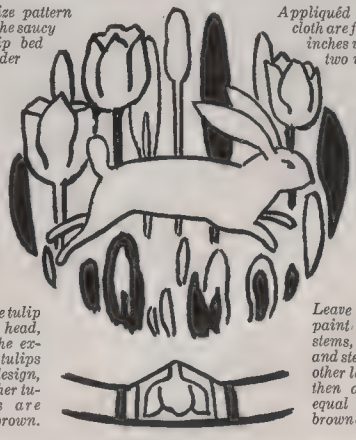
Make a careful copy of the design on tracing paper, and place it exactly in the center of the plate. Fasten this in place with small pieces of adhesive plaster, leaving space enough to slip a piece of impression paper under it. Go over the drawing with an agate tracing point or pointed tool of some kind. This will give you a clear outline of your pattern on the china. This should now be outlined with black paint, as the drawing would otherwise be lost.

There are several good outline mediums to be had, but you are sometimes caught without any, and "miles from a lemon." In that case take out some black paint on a clean piece of glass. Add to this about half as much powdered sugar, and then enough water to grind it well together. It should be thin enough to flow freely from the pen, but not so thin as to be watery and gray in color. In outlining, hold the pen as nearly perpendicular as possible, as in this way a much finer line may be made. This mixture of the sugar and water and paint dries very quickly, and may be worked over at once without in any way disturbing the outline.

For the fellow who likes his extra hot

After tracing the medallions, next gauge the borders and divide the plate, saucer, and base of mustard pot into three sections. Trace and outline the small motifs, and then lay in the color, using the small brush to apply it in a clean, flat, even wash. A bit of cotton on a toothpick may be used to clean off any color which may go over on the background. The tint is painted on, and then padded until it is a soft, even tone, which, for lack of a better term, we will call coffee-and-cream. Test the color before applying it, and if it is too gray add more yellow-brown. A very small margin of white is left around the medallions. With care, the whole thing may be finished in just one firing.

This is the full-size pattern for painting both the saucy rabbit in the tulip bed and the tulip border



Appliquéd bands on lunch cloth are four and a quarter inches wide; on napkins, two inches wide.

The center bud, the tulip just over bunny's head, and the one at the extreme left, and all tulips in the border design, are yellow-red, other tulips and buds are painted yellow-brown.

Leave the rabbit white, paint dark leaves and stems, edges of leaves and stems black, and all other leaves royal green; then apply tinting of equal parts finishing-brown and yellow-brown

White as a statue of flawless marble. Pure as the moonbeams that sparkle upon it. Exquisitely fine in texture. That is Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt. Always flows freely. Entrances the taste with the delicate flavors it arouses. Sanitary package; easily opened cap. Please *ask* for

Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt

Interesting booklet, "One Hundred and One Uses for Salt," on request
DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., SAINT CLAIR, MICHIGAN
Since 1887, Makers of DIAMOND CRYSTAL *"The Salt that's all Salt"*
In sanitary boxes or sacks—for table and cooking use

ORANGE KNOTS

Orange Knots—better than ordinary doughnuts—dainty as cake—one of the many exclusive recipes in "The Whys of Cooking."

Learn to make doughnuts as dainty as cake

DOUGHNUTS need not be tough, tasteless, greasy and indigestible if you mix them properly and fry them the right way in the right kind of fat.

To keep doughnuts from cracking, the dough should be mixed very soft.

To keep the dough from becoming grease-soaked, two things are necessary: The recipe must contain enough egg in proportion to the flour, and the frying fat must impart its heat instantly to the crust. Then egg and fat combine to form a coating that keeps the fat out and the flavor in.

See that the frying kettle contains ample fat so that the heat will not be reduced below proper frying temperature when the cold, raw doughnuts are dropped in. Then the doughnuts will be cooked through. The fat should not smoke at frying heat, because when fat smokes it decomposes and forms an irritating, indigestible substance that is deposited on the food.

So the doughnuts will cook evenly and be fine in texture, turn them frequently after they rise to the top of the fat. They should be drained on soft paper, a process which leaves them as greaseless and dainty as cake, if the right kind of frying fat has been used.

ORANGE KNOTS—*a new kind of doughnut*

3 tablespoonfuls Crisco	4 cupfuls sifted flour
¾ cupful sugar	½ teaspoonful salt
1 egg and 1 yolk, beaten light	1½ teaspoonfuls cream of tartar
grated rind 1 orange	½ teaspoonful soda
¼ teaspoonful mace	½ cupful milk

Cream the Crisco, beat in the sugar, the eggs, orange rind and mace. Sift together the dry ingredients; add the first mixture and the milk and mix to a firm dough. Cut off bits of the dough and roll under the fingers into strips the shape and length of a lead pencil, tie in a knot or shape like an 8 and fry in hot Crisco; drain on soft paper, and dredge with confectioners' sugar.

Experienced cooks say that Crisco is the best fat for doughnuts because its qualities make it easy to carry out the above suggestions for perfect frying. Crisco does not smoke at frying heat, yet it gives up its heat instantly, so that the protecting crust is formed at once on the food being cooked. Crisco cooks away so slowly, and can be used so often that you need not hesitate to put plenty in the frying kettle. Finally, it is a dainty, greaseless, tasteless, digestible vegetable product that is used in the most delicate cakes. It does not give doughnuts that "fatty" flavor which so often spoils their taste.

Try a batch of doughnuts fried in Crisco according to these suggestions, and see how really delicious doughnuts can be.

Your grocer sells Crisco, in dirt-proof, wrapped containers, holding one pound or more, net weight. Use it for frying, for pastry, for cakes.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Which requires the hottest frying fat—doughnuts, croquettes, or French fried potatoes?

Learn the expert, exact way to test the heat of fat for the particular food you want to fry, from "The Whys of Cooking," the exclusive cook book in which Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School, and editor of America's foremost cookery magazine, discloses the simple methods by which professional cooks prevent "bad luck" in cooking. Over 100 pages of rules, original recipes, cooking time tables, tables of weights and measures, and instructions in correct table setting and serving. Bound in blue and gold; illustrated in colors. Each copy costs us 20c wholesale. You can get one copy for personal use, by sending 10c in stamps to Section E-10, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New Apple Friends

Introduced from the Northwest

By PAULINE PARTRIDGE & HESTER CONKLIN

This is little Miss Apple Prune Betty

MANY housewives will welcome suggestions from the famous apple corner of the United States, where the preparation of apples in delicious dishes has developed a character all its own. Apples may be scattered all through the menu, for they combine well with meats and with vegetables, make a desirable addition to a fruit or vegetable salad, and are the basis for many irresistible desserts, as healthful as they are popular.

Apples Stuffed With Sausage

6 apples
¼ lb. sausage meat
¼ cup blanched almonds
Hot water

CORE the apples. Chop the almonds, mix with the sausage and put into centers of apples. Place in a baking dish, surround with hot water, and bake until apples are tender.

Apples on Pork Chops

6 pork chops
¼ teaspoon sage
½ teaspoon salt
3 tart apples
¼ cup brown sugar
3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups hot water
½ cup raisins
1 tablespoon vinegar

SPRINKLE the chops with sage and salt, and brown them in the frying pan. Remove to a shallow baking dish. On each place one half an apple, pared, cored and filled with brown sugar. Into the fat in the frying pan put the flour and salt, and when slightly browned add the water. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, and add vinegar and raisins. Pour over the chops and bake until apples are tender.

Apples With Bacon

6 thin slices bacon
3 tart apples
¾ cup soft crumbs
1 tablespoon brown sugar
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon

CURL a slice of bacon around the inside of each of six ramekins. Pare and chop the apples, mix with the crumbs and put in centers of ramekins. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon that have been mixed. Bake until apples are tender and crumbs are brown.

Peppers Stuffed With Apples

6 green peppers
3 apples
¼ cup chopped boiled ham
¼ cup raisins
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup crumbs
3 tablespoons butter

CUT slices from stem ends of peppers, discard seeds, and cook peppers five minutes in boiling salted water. Pare, core, and finely chop the apples; add ham, raisins, and salt and one-half cup of the crumbs. Fill the peppers, sprinkle with remainder of crumbs, dot butter over the tops, and bake forty-five minutes.

Apple Salad

6 apples
6 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons chopped dates
3 tablespoons chopped walnuts
½ cup shredded cocoanut
Mayonnaise

PARE and core the apples and steam until tender but not broken. Roll the apples in the cocoanut. Chop and mix the walnuts and dates, and add sugar. Fill the centers with the mixture and place in a very hot oven to brown the cocoanut quickly. Chill, and serve with a spoonful of mayonnaise on each.

This is Miss Apple Charlotte Russe

Jellied Apple Salad

1 cup diced apples
¼ cup diced celery
¼ cup chopped figs
2 tablespoons gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
2 red pimientos
Mayonnaise

SOFTEN the gelatin with cold water and dissolve with boiling water, add sugar, salt and lemon, and cool. Cut the pimientos in strips and add, with apples, celery and figs, to the gelatin mixture. Pour into dish and set aside until firm. Serve with mayonnaise.

Fried Apples and Onions

3 tablespoons fat
2 cups sliced onions
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon salt
3 cups chopped apples
2 tablespoons sugar

MELT the fat in the frying pan, add the onions, pepper and salt, and cook ten minutes, stirring often. Add the apples and sugar and fry until tender and brown.

Scalloped Apples With Sweet Potatoes

6 small sweet potatoes
3 tart apples
⅓ cup molasses
¼ cup hot water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons fine crumbs
2 tablespoons brown sugar

BOIL the potatoes ten minutes, peel and cut in thin slices. Pare, core and thinly slice the apples. Arrange in alternate layers in a greased baking dish. Mix the molasses, water and salt and pour over them. Sprinkle top with crumbs and sugar and dot with pieces of the butter. Bake till apples are tender and crumbs are brown.

Apple Prune Betty

2 cups sliced apples
1 cup stewed prunes
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup liquid from stewed prunes
1½ cups crumbs
⅓ cup lemon juice
4 tablespoons butter
¾ cup powdered sugar
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind

ARRANGE apples, prunes and crumbs in layers in a greased baking dish, sprinkling each layer of apples and prunes with sugar and cinnamon that have been mixed. Just before adding the top layer of crumbs pour the liquid and lemon juice over all. Bake until apples are tender, and serve hot with a sauce made as follows: Cream butter gradually, adding sugar which has been sifted. Add lemon rind, pile lightly on a serving dish, and chill.

California Apple Sauce Gingerbread

2¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons ginger
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup raisins
1 cup molasses
½ cup hot unsweetened apple sauce
2 tablespoons boiling water
4 tablespoons melted fat

MIX and sift the flour, salt, ginger and soda, and add the raisins. Mix the molasses, apple sauce and water, and stir into the dry ingredients. Add fat, beat thoroughly and pour into a shallow greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven thirty to forty minutes.

Apple Charlotte Russe

1 sponge cake
¾ cup thick unsweetened apple sauce
¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup sifted powdered sugar
1 cup thick cream, whipped
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup blanched almonds

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

ALVIN

Long-Life Silver Plate Correct for Every Occasion

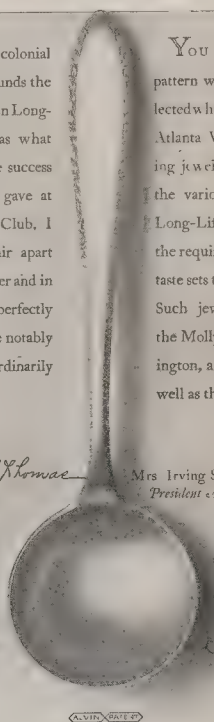
THE ATLANTA WOMAN'S CLUB

A favorite institution of southern social leaders, where Mrs. Irving S. Thomas, President of the Club, gave a dinner for which she personally selected the Lancaster pattern in Alvin Long-Life Silver Plate.

"THE atmosphere of colonial times and customs surrounds the Lancaster pattern in Alvin Long-Life Plate, and this was what contributed most to the success of a dinner I recently gave at the Atlanta Woman's Club. I wished to set this affair apart from the usual club dinner and in this aim I succeeded perfectly by using a silver service notably superior to the ware ordinarily used in most clubs."

Mrs Irving S. Thomas
President Atlanta Woman's Club

YOU can obtain the same pattern which Mrs. Thomas selected when she entertained at the Atlanta Woman's Club. Leading jewelers in your city carry the various patterns in Alvin Long-Life Silver Plate to meet the requirements of those whose taste sets the standard of fashion. Such jewelers will show you the Molly Stark, George Washington, and Victory patterns, as well as the Lancaster pattern.



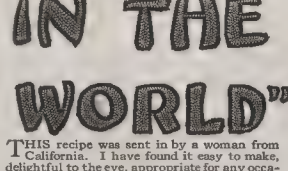
Boullon Spoon *Lancaster Pattern*

ALVIN SILVER COMPANY
20 Maiden Lane, New York
Makers also of Alvin Sterling Silverware

Mrs. Knox's Corner

"I THINK THIS IS The BEST DESSERT IN THE WORLD"

THIS recipe was sent in by a woman from California. I have found it easy to make, delightful to the eye, appropriate for any occasion—and delicious for grown-ups as well as children. Try it and see if you, too, do not think it is the best dessert you ever tasted!



PINEAPPLE BUTTERFLY PARFAIT

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups hot boiled rice 1 cup sugar
1½ cups milk 1 cup cream ¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped nut meats 1 teaspoon vanilla

Soak gelatine in milk ten minutes, dissolve in hot rice. Add sugar and salt, when cool fold in cream, beaten stiff. Add nut meats and flavoring. Turn into wet mold; pack in ice and salt. Cut round slices of canned pineapple across center; decorate mold with these before serving, placing curved edges together to imitate butterfly wings. If possible decorate wings with cut cherries and pour pineapple juice over all. White, maple or brown sugar may be used, the latter preferable. Brown rice is delicious and has more nourishment than white.

A Booklet of the "Best Desserts"

My booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," containing numberless recipes for other best desserts, salads, meat and fish molds, relishes and candies, sent free if you will enclose four cents in stamps for postage, and mention your grocer's name.

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KNOX GELATINE
109 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

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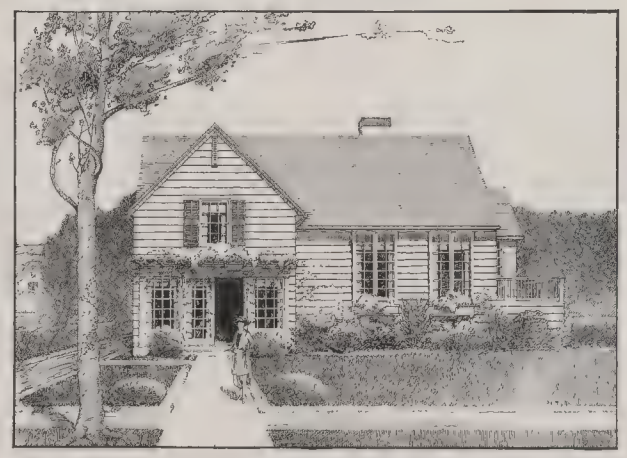
This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife

Something Entirely New *in* Housebuilding

By J. T. TUBBY
Architect



Imagine how charming an entrance to the house this spacious glassed-in porch could be made to be, especially with a vine-covered lattice above it

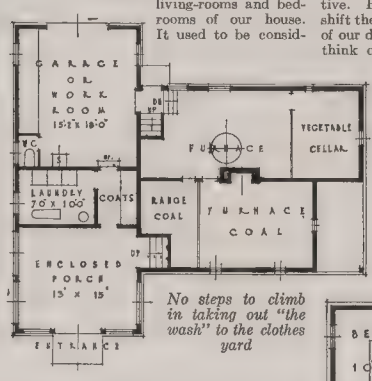
WHEN we look back to the days of the eighties and think of the cost of spruce lumber, the best of it, at twelve dollars a thousand, and contrast that price with the present price of sixty dollars per thousand, we must realize, in some degree, the changes which have been forced upon the design of the home and the character of its construction during the past forty years.

Every one of these changes seems to indicate a desire to get essentials, and to let non-essentials go. Our high ceilings were among the first of these points to be given up. The parlor, library, and reception-room gave way to the living-room with a small entrance hall. Elaborate paneled wainscoting was replaced with simplest Colonial trim. Meanwhile, science has developed more sanitary plumbing designs and arrangements for keeping our houses clean without the use of so much "sheer strength and awkwardness."

In the interest of more convenient living, the bungalow, even though more expensive to build, has competed with the once accepted two- or three-story house.

One of the parts of our houses expensive to build in the two-story house, and even extravagant to build in the bungalow, is the cellar. A study of the usual cellar presents a direct contradiction of purposes. On the one hand, the designer is confronted with a strong desire to keep the house low to the ground for esthetic reasons; on the other, with an equally intense and more practical desire to have a clean, dry, wholesome, airy cellar. Considerations of looks, of drainage, of character of the soil, and the nature of the site throw the decision between these conflicting elements first in one direction and then in the other. But why not separate these unruly units of our plan and let them exist in harmony, side by side?

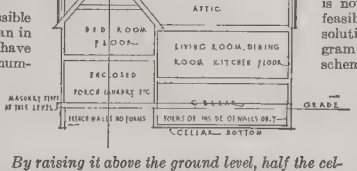
OBVIOUSLY, this cannot be done by failing to excavate, or to provide a full story, for warmth and dryness, under all the living-rooms and bedrooms of our house. It used to be considered possible to leave part of the house unexcavated. Perhaps the author's experience in having almost every client in whose house this scheme was attempted say, two or three years later, that he wished the whole building had had a full story below it, is significant of how people feel about not having a fully heated story below all their living-rooms.



No steps to climb in taking out "the wash" to the clothes yard

This, then, is the first part of our program: a full, heated story under all the living-rooms and bedrooms of our building. We must keep our living-room, dining-room, and kitchen all on the same level, for convenience. For convenience, too, as many of our bedrooms as possible should be on the same level. But these two floors do not necessarily need to be on the same level, as in the bungalow, or above one another, as in the two-story house. In fact, the bedrooms gain in privacy by being at a level slightly above the living-rooms. Furthermore, if the bedrooms are raised higher than in the bungalow, no one can look in the bedroom windows, and one of the serious objections to the bungalow is overcome.

Very many possible combinations of plan in *two* dimensions have been studied. A number of types have developed, fairly well marked. Many are wonderfully attractive. But let us shift the elements of our design and think of the arrangement in terms of mass, and not in terms of a flat plan. Immediately, a number of new possibilities appear. A study of the cross section reveals interesting modifications of the usual design.

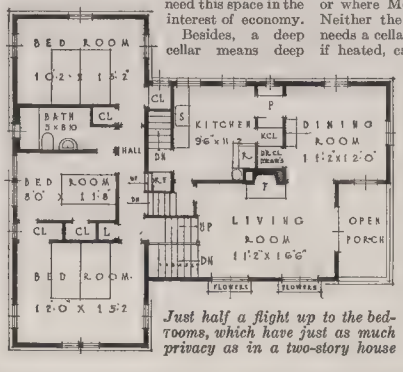


By raising it above the ground level, half the cellar has now become an integral part of the house

FROM this point of view let us study the bungalow: Since twice as many rooms are placed on the first floor of the bungalow as on the first floor of the two-story house, it is clear that half of the cellar, at least, under the bungalow, is wasted. We need this space in the interest of economy.

Besides, a deep cellar means deep drains, thick masonry, much excavation, and, worst of all, an unlighted and often neglected portion of the house. If we could raise half of the bungalow, making the cut vertically, all this cubage now wasted in the cellar would be available for our use.

The accompanying design proves that this is not only possible but feasible. The key to the solution of this new program is a different scheme of planning. Let us glance at the cross section. Here a cellar about three feet deep, the minimum necessary for frost (near New York) exists under the living-room, dining-room, and kitchen. These rooms are all on the same level and all a short flight—to be accurate, seven steps—below the bedrooms; just enough to give privacy to the bedrooms. And, lo, half of our cellar has become useful, since it is now raised above the ground level and can be as well lighted as any room in the house. We must maintain our character of coziness by having the entrance close to the ground. Consequently, an enclosed porch, useful in winter and summer, is clearly indicated at the level of the entrance path. And just back of the entrance, we have plenty of space for a garage, or a place for Father or the boy to work in, or where Mother can start her early plants. Neither the enclosed porch nor the garage needs a cellar below it, and yet each of these, if heated, can form an excellent airy story below the bedrooms.



Just half a flight up to the bedrooms, which have just as much privacy as in a two-story house

THE relation between the usual cellar and the cellar on the new basis is made clear in the isometric drawings (see page 47), showing a comparison of the new scheme with the old. Note how much more masonry the bungalow requires than the scheme suggested. The cellar wall being only two feet eleven inches high, can be cast in concrete in an unbroken form set on the inside of the wall only.

The cellar windows can all be arranged in the frame wall in the upper half of the deep

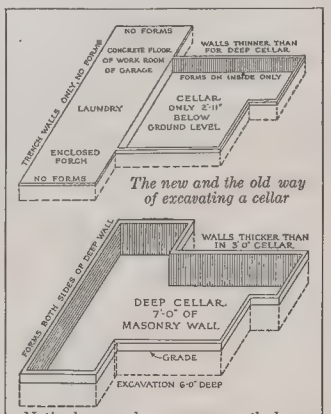
Something Entirely New *in* Housebuilding

part of the cellar. The walls may be thinner than the walls for seven-foot cellars. So much for half the cellar; the other half needs only a trench to the depth of frost, with concrete dumped into the trench, preferably at the time the trench is dug. The frame wall can start one foot above the ground, saving the difference in the cost between frame and masonry for three quarters of the cellar. A skilled mason would be required to build *only the chimney* and to set the finished coat of plastering.

A long discussion with an authority on the physics of the air and ground temperatures confirms the belief that houses of this plan are as readily heated as the usual house with deep cellar. His contention is mainly that a full heated story should exist under all living-rooms.

To prove that there is a very considerable saving in cost in this scheme of planning, a letter from The Quantity Survey Company, Inc., of New York City, whose special business it is to make estimates on buildings, is printed below.

The house illustrated would correspond in its accommodations to the simple two-story house. Note the liberal entrance porch. How pleasant to step out of your car into a coat-room, drop wraps and bundles, and be in your own front hall!


NO FORMS
CONCRETE FLOOR OF WORK ROOM OF GARAGE
WALLS THINNER THAN FOR DEEP CELLAR
FORMS ON INSIDE ONLY
LAUNDRY
CELLAR ONLY 2'-11" BELOW GROUND LEVEL
TRENCH WALLS ONLY NO FORMS
ENCLOSED PORCH
NO FORMS
The new and the old way of excavating a cellar
WALLS THICKER THAN IN 3'0" CELLAR
FORMS BOTH SIDES OF DEEP WALL
DEEP CELLAR 7'-0" OF MASONRY WALL
GRADE
EXCAVATION 6'-0" DEEP
Notice how much more masonry the bungalow cellar requires than the cellar for this new type of house

Of all the places in the house, the worst for a laundry, in summer, is the deep cellar, since moisture is added to the one spot where it will not evaporate. In fact, many houses with deep cellars are damp and insanitary all summer. In the house shown, the laundress can go to the clothes-drying yard without any steps to climb. The laundry is dry, well ventilated and above the ground level. On wash days the laundry work will not interfere with the cooking.

No extended comment is necessary in regard to the living-room floor and bedrooms other than to point out that two bedrooms with cross draft and windows on three sides are not usual, and that a bathroom over a laundry, in case of leak or even condensation on the pipes, is better than one over the ceiling of a living-room.

More Plans: Alternate floor plans for the house here described, as well as plans for two entirely different developments (both exterior and interior) of this interesting new type of house, will be sent upon request. Kindly inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Mr. Tubby will also be glad to answer inquiries for further information.

In writing, address "Housebuilding," care Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

An Authoritative Letter of Approval

Dear Mr. Tubby: We have examined the model of your new type small house and the plans for same. We were very much impressed with several points of excellence which this design seems to possess:

All of the floors requiring protection are properly insulated with air spaces beneath. The arrangement of the garage makes it very convenient to reach and to heat. The privacy secured through the arrangement of bedrooms seems to us to be very desirable, especially as compared with the ordinary bungalow type of house. There is a minimum of lost cubage in the air spaces below the roofs, although ample space is provided for insulation.

The whole design strikes one as very compact and efficient, and we are sure would impress a housekeeper as a place comparatively easy and convenient to do work in.

As regards the relative cost of construction, there is no question in our minds but that your design would be considerably cheaper than a strictly bungalow type of house having equal accommodations, and would be somewhat cheaper than a two-story house of similar accommodation.

We are very glad to have had an opportunity to see this unique design, which seems to be a decided step in advance of old-time construction.

Yours very truly,
The Quantity Survey Co., Inc., New York City.
William G. Smith, Pres.

"At Your Service"

1. **"Good Citizenship Made Easy"**
   A booklet of practical suggestions. Price, 10 cents.
2. **Good Citizenship Leaflets**
   As follows: (a) "How to Register;" (b) "Primaries, and Why They are Important to You;" (c) "How the President is Elected;" (d) "Nominations;" (e) "Law-Making;" (f) "Taxes and Where They Go." Price, 4 cents each.
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5. **"Put a Two-Cent Stamp to Work"**
   A list of institutions in different states which supply help and inspiration to all who are interested in politics and civic betterment.
6. **"The Good Citizenship Bureau: What It Has Done and What It Can Do for You."**
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   This easy text on how cities, towns and counties are governed also contains club programs. Price, 10 cents.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 will be sent on receipt of postage (2 cents for each leaflet).

The Good Citizenship Film, "Women Who Represent Women in Washington," picturing the various committee-women working for the welfare program of legislation now before Congress. Excellent for civic, political, or community clubs. For the privilege of showing this film apply to the Good Citizenship Bureau.

Address Good Citizenship Bureau, Woman's Home Companion, New York City.

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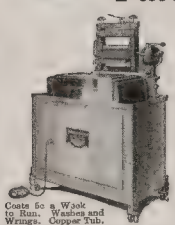
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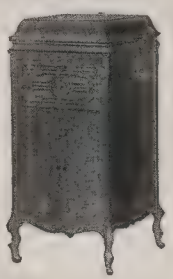
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Symphonic Pianos—Symphonic Player Pianos
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They sent a First Cash Payment with order. Now we offer you either Furnishings for the home or one of these charming musical instruments without that first payment. We agree to do more; to ourselves pay this, saving you its full amount, $3 to $25. And then 1 to 4 years to pay balance if satisfied after a month's test.

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Name .....
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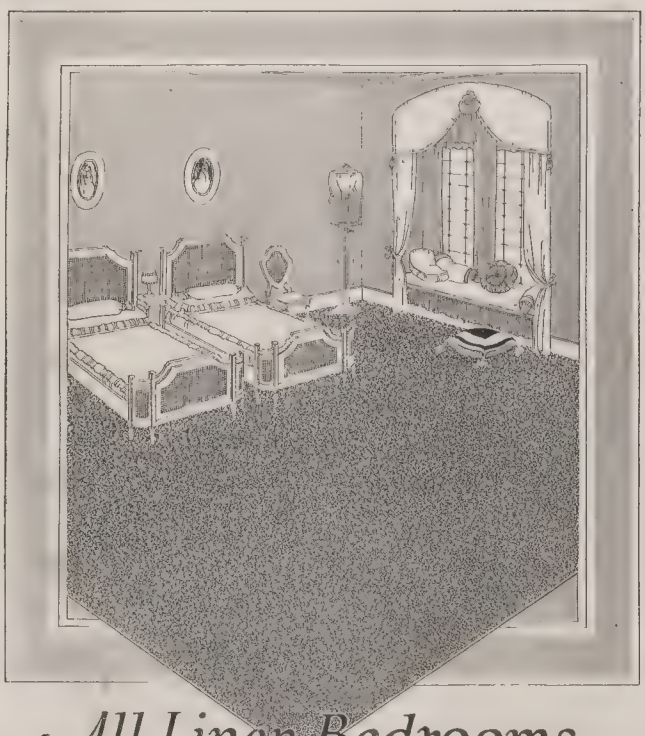
St. or R. D. Address .....



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Practical and good-looking built-in features

Selected and Described by
CHARLES VAUGHN BOYD

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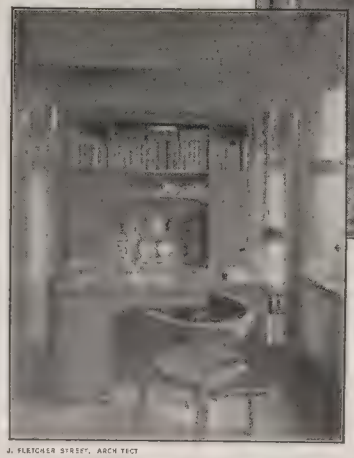
OR A DESK and bookshelves go well together. How often it happens that the conventional desk which has adequate shelf and drawer equipment proves wholly unadaptable to the wall space available for its placement. Therein lies the superiority of the desk which is built in: It is suited alike to the owner's use and to the special space requirements. An unnecessary door opening can be blocked up, and a tall, narrow desk built in the doorway.



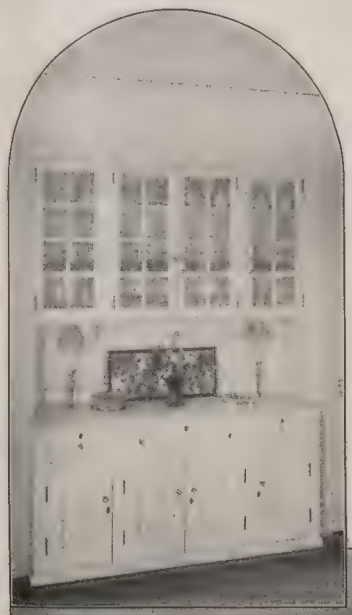
J. FLETCHER STREET, ARCHITECT

AGAIN, in the alcove created by the projection of a fireplace, a desk has a pleasant and advantageous place, where it will encroach but slightly on the floor area of a room. As in all built-in furniture, a desk of this type should conform in finish with the finish of the woodwork in the room itself, and should always follow the simplest of lines in its construction.

E. BROGNARD OHLE, ARCHITECT

And Cupboards

Which can be adapted to any house, old or new



THE dining-room is, of course, the place for cupboards. Between the chimney and the pantry door may often be found a niche for a china closet, while on the other chimney end, there may be room—it doesn't take much—to tuck in a tea-time cupboard. Under a window, too, there's sometimes space enough for small drawers, where doilies and napkins may be stored, and for still more cupboards convenient for holding the electric toaster, and things of that sort.

IN MANY old dining-rooms, the well-balanced placement of the doors provides an ideal location for a built-in sideboard. Occupying the center of a wall, the sideboard here pictured is flanked by doors whose trim forms a frame that imparts architectural continuity. In other words, the sideboard is "tied" quite definitely to the standing woodwork of the room. A sideboard of this kind should be simple in design, its only ornamental features being essentially utilitarian: hardware of brushed brass and knobs of clear white glass.

MARTIN & KIRKPATRICK, ARCHITECTS

JOHN GRAHAM, JR., ARCHITECT

WHERE only a narrow doorway in the conventional six-inch wall connects a dining-room with hall or living-room, double the thickness of the partition, set a wide doorway in the center, with a china closet on either side.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

THE Ambassador PATTERN

THIS is the newest representative of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. It is substantial and dignified, possessing the fine qualities which its name implies. All who love beautiful silverplate will find fresh points of beauty in the graceful lines and attractive decoration of this new pattern. An Ambassador Table Service started now can be completed later, by the addition of other pieces in the same pattern. Every piece has back of it the makers' absolute and unqualified guarantee. Teaspoons, $4.00 for a half dozen.

See the dignified Ambassador Pattern at your dealer's, and write for folder J-48, illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

The Family Plate for Seventy-five Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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Make Rich and Savory Tomato Soup with HEBE

"Use ½ cup of HEBE, ½ cup of water, one level tablespoon flour. Mix flour, HEBE and water and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for two minutes, stirring constantly. Add one can of tomato soup and four tablespoons boiling water. Bring mixture to boil, season and serve."

HEBE Suggestions

Hot breads and muffins

Cakes and desserts

Salad dressings

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Boiled rice or hominy

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YOU can't imagine a more delicious and savory soup—and nutritious, too. But this is only one of the variety of rich and good soups you can make with HEBE. Use most any kind of soup, vegetable, celery, lettuce, spinach or asparagus—and HEBE in proportions to suit.

When you have tried HEBE once, you will recognize instantly its goodness and economy for all kinds of cooking and baking—and endless uses will suggest themselves. HEBE adds nutriment to everything cooked with it because it is a nutritious combination of wholesome foods: pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with cocoanut fat.

Begin using HEBE today. Order several cans from your grocer and write to us for a free copy of the HEBE book of recipes. Address 4202 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

THE HEBE COMPANY
Chicago Seattle

Once a rose evening gown, now a boudoir lamp shade

Are You *the* Tenth Woman

Who capitalizes rags, tags, and velvet gowns?

By MARGARET O. GOLDSMITH

IN CHOOSING between a new wardrobe and new house furnishings, nine women out of ten would vote for the new clothes and let the house continue another year in shabby array. But the tenth woman would vote for both. You can be that tenth woman. Just invest your money in a new wardrobe, and invest some time and ingenuity in refurbishing the house out of your old wardrobe.

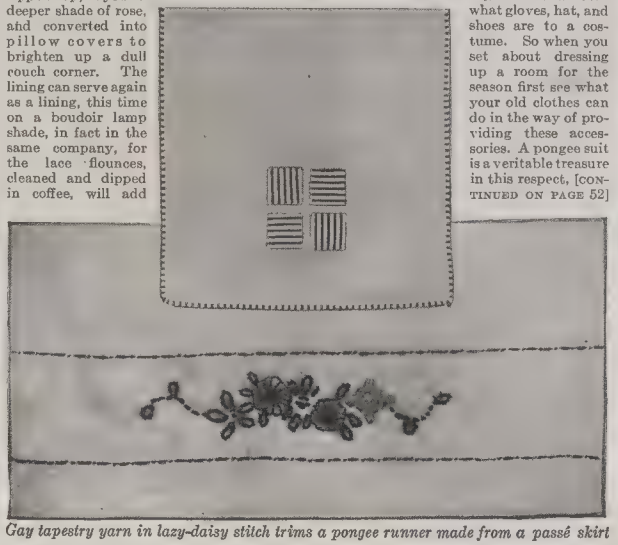
Have you ever scrutinized your old party dresses from this point of view? Those gowns that are passé in style, goods, and all—the kind that would fetch only a quarter from the ragman, yea, the kind that a poor relative would reject with scornful finality? These have possibilities. Take, for instance, a pale rose satin gown with its queer-cut skirt and lace flounces. The satin can be ripped up, dyed a deeper shade of rose, and converted into pillow covers to brighten up a dull couch corner. The lining can serve again as a lining, this time on a boudoir lamp shade, in fact in the same company, for the lace flounces, cleaned and dipped in coffee, will add just the dainty decorative touch needed in the guest-room. The latest thing in lamp trimmings is a band of chenille at the top with a drooping bow. (See illustration above.)

Perhaps, in going over your stock of past finery, you will come upon a printed georgette blouse worn in places. How about using the good part for candelabra shields? Too bright, you say? But you can always soften a violent color by putting it over its complementary color, that is, the color opposite it in a circle of equal segments of the six standard colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and purple. Thus, the complement of purple is yellow, and the complement of a bluish purple would be a reddish yellow. If you do not need to neutralize with a complementary color the outer shade of georgette, it is a good plan to line shields with silk in the dominant tone in the room. (Illustrated, page 52.)

Curtains, covers for pillows, and rugs are to a room what gloves, hat, and shoes are to a costume. So when you set about dressing up a room for the season first see what your old clothes can do in the way of providing these accessories. A pongee suit is a veritable treasure in this respect, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 52]

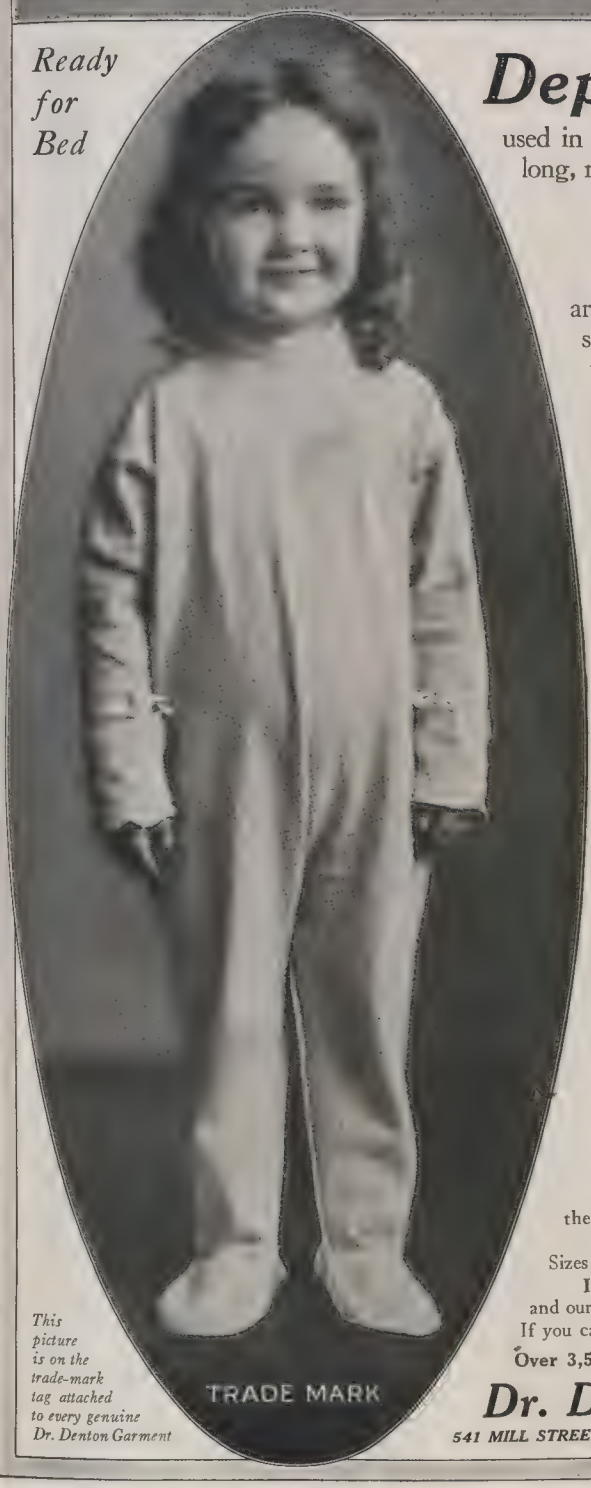
For a bleak wall space was created this hanging of peacock-blue crêpe de chine with golden yellow block-printed nightingales. Chinese coins weight the corners

The linen runner below is trimmed with square motifs of black and white striped percale—all salvaged from house dresses



Gay tapestry yarn in lazy-daisy stitch trims a pongee runner made from a passé skirt

Your Child's Health



Ready for Bed

This picture is on the trade-mark tag attached to every genuine Dr. Denton Garment

Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Dr. Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

Every Mother Should Know

that *bleached* and *unbleached* cotton are as different as black and white.

Bleached cotton is COLD, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin. It is ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter wear.

Unbleached cotton, used in Denton fabric, is WARM. Each fiber is still covered with the natural cotton wax and will *not* absorb water. Perspiration is carried off *on the surface* of the loose-spun fibers and the child's skin is always *dry and warm.*

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded.* Not an ounce of waste or shoddy is used.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. ***The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.***

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape *and elasticity.*

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Dentons are ideal for fresh-air sleeping.

Dentons are well made in every respect: *elastic, outside seams*, collars double thickness, good buttons, strong buttonholes, facings all stayed.

They have a distinctive, mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil.

Each size is amply proportioned.

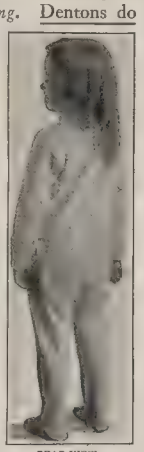
Denton quality is maintained rigidly.

Our prices are always low *in relation to quality* as we are the largest and only exclusive makers of knit sleeping garments.

Sizes 0 to 6 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 7 to 14, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Insist on genuine Dentons. Our name is on neck hanger and our trade-mark is on tag attached to each garment.

If you cannot get Dr. Denton Garments from your dealer, write us.



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Very Latest Styles
Highest Grade of Fine Tailoring
Wonderful Values

All Wool Tricotine

35E70—To convince you how exceptional Bellas Hess values are, we picture above a strictly All-Wool fine quality Tricotine Dress, taken from our new, big Fall Catalog. It is cut on fashionable, long, straight lines and richly embroidered with soft wool in gray that contrasts very effectively with the **navy blue** of the dress. Wool embroidery is attractively used on the long, graduated panels at either side and finishes the new mandarin sleeves and the vestee. A narrow, self sash with tasseled ends gives the desired long waist-line. The small picture shows the back elaborately wool-embroidered to match front. In make, in style and quality, this is really a $25.00 frock. Regular sizes: 32 to 46 bust measure, skirt length 37 inches. Also in misses' sizes, 32 to 38 bust, skirt length, 35 inches.
Special, $14.98
Postage, 15c extra.

5E75 $14.98

Smooth Finish Wool Velour

5E75—Just think of getting an excellent quality, soft, smooth finished, Wool Velour Coat, trimmed with a fur collar, for only $14.98. And it is a fashionably-made coat, styled right up-to-the-minute, and the tailoring is faultless throughout. It is designed on becoming, straight lines and displays two box plaits in back that are held in place with silk stitching. The collar is of Coney fur, which is a medium short-haired, silky, dense and very durable fur, deep brown in color. It may be worn ruffled up, as pictured, or thrown open across shoulders. A narrow, self belt defines the high waist-line. Two big pockets, trimmed with self tabs, buttons and silk stitching. Lined to hips with serviceable satin-finished Venetian, and measures about 46 inches in length. **Sizes:** 32 to 46 bust. Also for misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust. **Colors:** Green, brown or plum. . . . . Price, $14.98
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Gentlemen:—Please send me your FREE Catalog of New York's Latest Styles.
NAME.....
STREET.
TOWN STATE.

Candelabra shields, soft brown in tone

Are You *the* Tenth Woman?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

From purple-flowered georgette over apricot

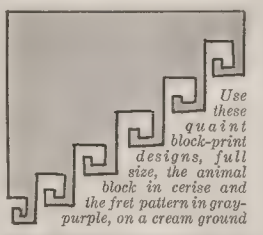
especially if it be full skirted. Sash curtains, pillow covers, and table runners may come from it. Dye it, if necessary, and add a note of color to make it harmonize with the surroundings. Just a narrow fringe of blue or rose may be enough for curtain trimming. In the runner illustrated on page 50 the flowers are colored blue, orange, fawn, and lavender.

In these days of high-priced linen, cultivate an old linen suit, shrunken and wrinkled as it may be. Out of the skirt you can evolve a half-dozen plate doilies and from the coat a half-dozen smaller ones. If the linen happens to be colored — green, gray, tan and the like—combine it with cretonne to reupholster chairs, using the plain fabric as a background for panels of the flowered material. The colored linen makes charming dresser scarfs and chair cushions for bedrooms.

Cast-off velvet gowns may seem quite outside the realm of house furnishings, yet, steamed and cleansed, a blue or brown velvet dress may still render service as the new top for a low stool, or the long cushion on the piano bench, with gold tassels on the corners. From an old skirt panel may be fashioned a long runner for the living-room table. If worn spots need hiding, use a block-print design down the center and across the middle. Block - printed velvet may sound impossible, but the effect is gorgeous. Partially faded silks are cleverly disguised by block-printing a design in oil paints.

It may be, when all is said and done, that your refurnished living-room or hallway still lacks some one large and satisfying spot of color. This is apt to be the case when you have large pieces of furniture in a spacious room and only small pictures on the walls. A very pleasing substitute for a picture is a block-printed wall hanging of crêpe de chine, china silk, rajah or velvet, preferably a soft-finished material. Faded streaks even add interest to the design.

You may, of course, want to dye the silk first if the color is not right for the room. In planning the color scheme, consider whether the design is to stand out in dark values on a light background, or whether it is to gleam in light shades, gold, silver, or the like, from a dark background. At any rate, there should be a distinct contrast of light and dark colors between the design and the background. Those inexperienced in block printing will find it better to keep to a single color on a given block, and get variety in color by the use of different blocks or block arrangements.

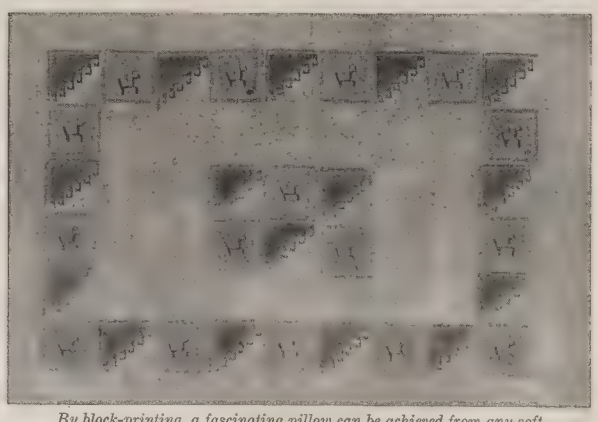


Use these quaint block-print designs, full size, the animal block in cerise and the fret pattern in gray-purple, on a cream ground

To make the block, buy a remnant of plain-colored linoleum, Grade A, and trace on it the outline of some simple design. Glue the square of linoleum with sticky glue to a block of wood the same size and about an inch thick. Take a sharp-pointed penknife or scalpel knife and cut out from the linoleum the lines and spaces that are not to come in contact with the paint. That will leave in relief the part of the design that is to print on the silk. Thus, in the nightingale design (page 50), you cut around the birds and the conventional branches in a clean-cut boundary line, and then pry off the surface of the linoleum surrounding these unscathed parts. Hold the knife slanting away from the part of the design that you do not wish to cut into by mistake, in case the knife slips. Work on a flat board that you will not mind marring. Be sure that the cut-out portions of the pattern are level and well below the surface of the standing parts, but not dug out clear to the canvas backing of the linoleum.

Pad a bread board with six newspapers, and if the fabric you are to print on is thin, add, also, a layer of absorbent material, such as flannel or table felt. Tack tightly and evenly in place the material for the wall hanging (after first trying out the block on scraps of the same material to get onto the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 90)



By block-printing, a fascinating pillow can be achieved from any soft material, all the better if faded

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT Peanut Butter —so rich and smooth and full of flavor. Spread it deep on a slice of bread—delicious! One piece won't be enough—but that's the best part of it; you can eat all you want because Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is *good* for you.

Eat it at meal-time—and to kill that between meal hunger too. Youngsters—oldsters—everyone likes it. Comes in vacuum glass jars to keep it pure and fresh. Three sizes, large, medium and small. Keep a supply on hand. Always ready to serve. Needs no preparation.

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"Foods of Finest Flavor"
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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. — Patented Oct 31 1911

Do You Eat as Heartily as a Young Boy?

When you see a young boy eat as ravenously as a hungry bear, do you feel a tinge of envy—wishing that you, too, had an appetite like that?

Start your meal right and you will eat as heartily as you would like to; start with something hot, flavory, appetite-stimulating, and you will eat enthusiastically. Hot Steero bouillon is just the thing to begin a meal with. It gives a relish to luncheon. Its rich, meaty flavor creates that desire for a good, substantial dinner. Use hot Steero bouillon freely; instead of tiring your taste, it gives you an appetite for the rest of your meal. Used in cooking, Steero bouillon cubes make made-over dishes taste better. Try them in scalloped dishes, meat and vegetable sauces, and in scores of other ways.

Put a Steero bouillon cube into a cup and add boiling water. Hot Steero bouillon is made in less than no time. Anybody can make it.

Put Steero bouillon cubes on your order list today—and insist that you get STEERO bouillon cubes. The trade-mark STEERO is on every cube. Look for it.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero bouillon cubes so that you may learn how good hot Steero bouillon tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book, full of practical and delicious recipes—helpful to every housewife.

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"A Cube Makes a Cup"
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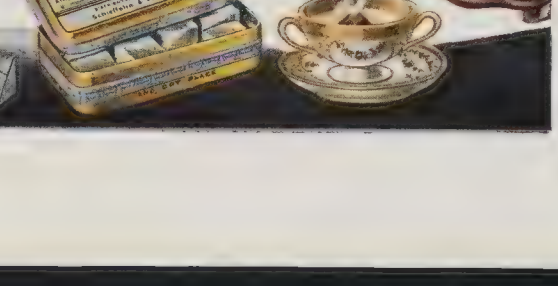
STEERO BOUILLON CUBES—the trade-mark Steero is on every wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents. Large families, clubs, boarding houses and hotels will find the tins of 50 and 100 more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for Steero bouillon cubes.



The Tower Room

By

ANNE BRYAN McCALL

Author of "THE LARGER VISION"

Are You Adaptable?

SO MANY of the problems and difficulties that you girls bring to share with me arise, it seems to me, from a lack of adaptability.

Here is a girl who as a college girl loved the companionship of other girls, and had it in plenty. Then she married and went to live in a town where she knows no one. Moreover, she has now a little child, who takes most of her time; and as her husband's means are slender she is obliged to do most of the housework. "Please don't think, dear Anne McCall," she writes, "that I do not love my husband and baby. I adore them. Yet I'm the loneliest soul you ever knew. Other girls might think this was heaven! a home, a devoted husband, a baby that is the darlingest you ever saw; a garden, a horse even, and a dog and chickens, and plenty of books besides—but there are days when it is unendurable to me, and I think, 'Oh, if only I could see the college, and the teachers, and the girls once more!' What in the world *is* the matter with me! Won't you tell me?"

Inadaptability.

Yes; that is clearly the matter, as it is with hundreds of others who write me.

Here is another girl, who was once wealthy and is now poor:

"It was good of you to write me of the 'other riches'—riches of the spirit. I know it's true; but when you've lived for twenty-two years in one way, it is difficult to be transplanted, as it were, and to an entirely different climate and soil. Most plants die when you do that. Sometimes I feel as though I were half dead, too."

Here is still another who has had the reverse experience. Raised in poverty and the simplest manner of living, this girl has married into a rather wealthy and formal family:

"Most people would think me the most fortunate girl in the world. Well, I'd like them to live in my shoes for a while, and then tell me what they think. I'll bet there were times when Cinderella would have loved to go back to her pots and pans. This life has no heart in it at all. I find myself wanting to shock these people all the time. I can't get on with them. They all seem to me false and insincere, and I'm fearfully unhappy most of the time."

A Magnificent Power

ALL these problems could be solved, or would probably never have arisen, if these girls had had adaptability; if they had known how to bend to changing circumstance instead of remaining rigid. That is the fault and the mistake, it seems to me, of so many lives, their rigidity. They are not flexible, fluent, adaptable.

I marvel sometimes that we can be so dull; that we can fail to learn to be adaptable; for adaptability is a lesson that life tries to teach us, a hundred times a day as though she herself never, never tired of it.

I walked a little way on the street the other day with a blind man. He was making his way about alone, waiting at curbs for happier people to become aware of him and take him across the street; dependent absolutely on the notice and kindness of others. He was a powerful, simple man without much education. I walked for two blocks with him, and finally saw him safely on a street car that was to take him home; and in that little while, it seemed, I know, to onlookers, that I was helping a helpless man! Helpless indeed! I would be proud to have such powers as he had, such magnificent power of adaptability. For, to the seemingly fearful conditions of his life, he had been able to adapt himself so as to develop strength and dignity and peace and joy.

He told me that he had been blind since he was seventeen; but that, nevertheless, he was one of the happiest men alive. Some woman, it seems, had loved him well enough to share his fate with him. He made baskets, she did sewing. In this way they were able to make a living together.

Such magnificent adaptability as that makes our problems seem for the most part little and trifling enough, does it not? Where we sit inert, and complaining, strong spirits adapt themselves and create out of the conditions you and I call unhappy or hopeless, things beautiful and to be remembered.

Practically, every great and noble life has been a life of magnificent adaptation. Look into the lives of great men and women and examine their early years. How little most of these people seem suited in their childhood to their future fate. But follow the history of their lives, and you will see that all of them loved life and were constantly adapting themselves, day by day, to the demands it made upon them, and the opportunities it offered them.

Adaptability and Sympathy

ADAPTABILITY is not a thing that can be attained at once; it is a thing that grows and develops by tending. And the seed of adaptability is, I think, sympathy; and those who are day by day cultivating sympathy, understanding, are, day by day, becoming more adaptable. The great men of the world—who have most adapted themselves to the world's needs and opportunities—are, in nine cases out of ten, "great-hearts" as well. The adaptable girl is the girl with the willing, loving heart; the girl who is ready and eager to see the rights of other people, willing to yield a point generously; eager to adapt herself to the needs of the moment if she can honorably do so.

Begin in a small way. Try adapting yourself a day at a time—to-day. Try to be willing each morning when you get up to adapt yourself to every emergency or opportunity that the day may offer you. Try every day being a little less positive in your opinions. Say over to yourself, whenever you are discontented or opinionated, "Of course, I *may* be wrong about this." Instead of fretting over little matters and losing your temper, try to-day to adapt yourself to that event or person who has irritated you; try to use your difficulties instead of rebelling against them.

To the girl who is adaptable, life offers all her manifold riches, and for her one door never closes that another does not open.

Under our feet each day is gold and treasure, but because we have not sufficiently willing and loving and attentive hearts, we do not hear these things calling to us, we hear only the voice of our own opinions, our own narrowmindedness, our own discontent; and the day goes by dull and profitless. There are immense forces around about us all the while, with which we have only to put ourselves in contact.

The gracious and graceful life, like the gracious and graceful body, is the one that is flexible. Begin to be gracious, generous, willing, yielding in little matters, so that when the need for some larger adaptation comes you will be ready for it; then life, instead of being a series of difficulties and shocks, will become a series of extraordinary opportunities.

The larger matters of adaptation are not always easy, I know that very well; so be sure to let me share them with you when sharing them will make them easier.

Address Anne Bryan McCall, The Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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Write for Booklet No. 28A and name of "Universal" dealer who will give demonstration and explain easy payment plan.

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Write for Booklet No. 28 showing complete "Universal" line.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
New Britain, Conn.

Universalize your Home

Posed by Irene Castle

Photos by Ira L. Hill

Secure in the beauty of the silken fabric—

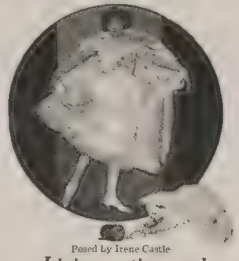
Irene Castle chooses a frock of extreme simplicity

TO wear at semi-formal afternoon functions Irene Castle selected a frock designed by Lucile (Lady Duff Gordon) and distinguished by the beauty of the silk and the simplicity of treatment.

The success of the gown with its unadorned bodice depends upon the superb texture of the Corticelli Satin Crêpe in which it is developed.

From the Spanish influence Lucile borrowed the long silk fringe made of Corticelli Crochet Silk which hangs in double rows from little chiffon aprons at front and back. This influence is seen again in the fringe which falls from the short chiffon sleeves.

If your dealer cannot show you a complete line of Corticelli dress silks, including Satin Crêpe, Canton Crêpe, Charmeuses, Satin Patria, Satin Militaire, Taffetas and Poplins, please write us. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 610 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.



Posed by Irene Castle

Lining satins and taffetas in fascinating Thistleblossom pattern

Tempted by its beauty, Irene Castle chose for the lining of her evening wrap (shown above), the new Haledon printed Corticelli Thistleblossom Taffeta. This Taffeta comes with backgrounds of clear blue, deep purple, dusky brown, and many other rich colors. Your department store can show it to you in all weights.

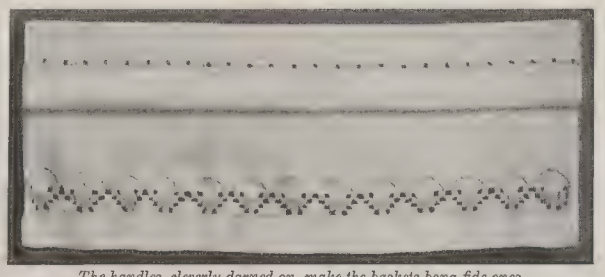
Free booklet of frocks and wraps designed for Irene Castle

Send for copy of free booklet, printed in colors, of Corticelli Silk frocks and wraps made by Lucille for Irene Castle. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 610 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.

No Canadian orders accepted.

CORTICELLI DRESS SILKS

Also makers of Corticelli Spool Silks, Ladies' Silk Hosiery, Yarns and Crochet Cottons



The handles, cleverly darned on, make the baskets bona fide ones in this Swedish weaving border

For Your Best Towels

Decorative edges that are easy to do

SWEDISH weaving is a distinctive way of trimming a towel, and the work in itself is as fascinating as it is simple. Simple cross-stitch patterns may be used for making designs. The towel at the top of the page has a basket design in lavender and white. The hem is turned but not sewed down till work is finished.

AN INCH-WIDE white scallop with a buttonholed leaf and bud worked at the points of the scallops, and a blue line of buttonholing is the decoration of the towel at the left. Work white scalloping first, catching the padding well into the cloth. Work blue row next, then the three-petaled leaf and buds, upper half of which are blue. Cut out the cloth between scallops and blue row.

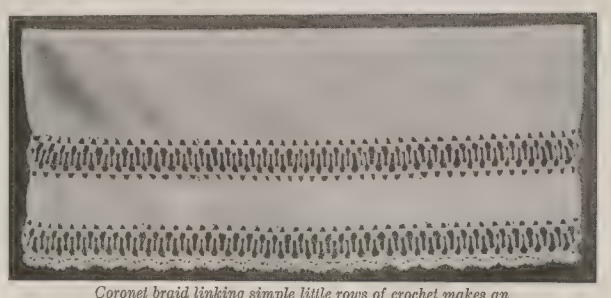
The other end of the towel has only the buttonholed scallops and the blue line of buttonholing.

Designs by MARY M. FRASER, LILLIAN SPENCER, and MRS. F. W. TILLSON

YELLOW, green, and white tulips in Swedish weaving make the border at one end of the blue linen towel above. The pattern is almost an inch wide, and in the hemstitching foundation three threads were taken in each stitch. The other end may have a row of double hemstitching as its only decoration. Each hem is made one and one-fourth inches wide.

DIRECTIONS for making the towel with coronation braid and the two towels with Swedish weaving will be sent on receipt of ten cents. Order CK-172, and address Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

RED and blue embroidery in pointed stitch forms the trimming above the two-inch fringe on the linen towel above.



Coronet braid linking simple little rows of crochet makes an effective finish for a towel

Information about obtaining the candlesticks, comport, and artificial fruit illustrated will be sent on receipt of a stamped envelope

Designed by
EVELYN PARSONS

Centerpieces of table sets are cut eighteen inches square; doilies, eighteen by thirteen inches; napkins, seventeen inches square

THE gay little table set, 2032-A, is of cream-colored linen with a fruit design darned in red, orange, purple, and green outlined in black. The edge is finished with Italian hemstitching.

Equally distinctive is set 2033-A, which has a spray of flowers—pink, purple, orange, green, and blue—cross-stitched outside a line of black. The edges are finished with tiny hems.

HOW TO ORDER: Give full name and address. Remit by check or money order. *Stamps or currency used at sender's risk.* To check drawn on bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Mention which material desired if there is a choice. Address Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Napkins 2030-A and 2031-A

2033-A—Cross-stitch Flower Cluster Set (lower center of page)
Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and six doilies (enough for napkins included) $1.00
Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and four doilies 75 Cents

Color-Fast *and* Inexpensive

In two shades of blue

2030-A—Blue Rose luncheon cloth stamped on unbleached muslin 54 inches square $1.35
Embroidery cotton 60 Cents
Six napkins stamped on unbleached muslin 95 Cents
Cotton for napkins 25 Cents

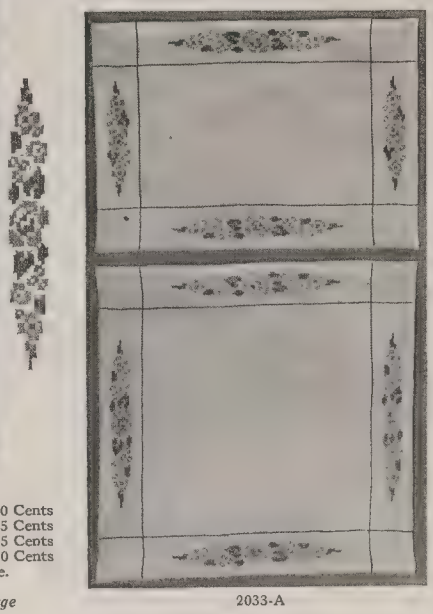
Price List of stamped materials for 2031-A—Blue Rose Set, 2032-A—Fruit Set, and 2033-A—Flower Cluster Set:

Centerpiece and six doilies stamped on cream-colored linen	$2.35
Six napkins stamped on cream-colored linen	1.95
Centerpiece and four doilies stamped on cream linen	1.70
Four napkins stamped on cream-colored linen	1.35
Centerpiece and six doilies stamped on white linene	1.15
Six napkins stamped on white linene	95 Cents
Centerpiece and four doilies stamped on white linene	85 Cents
Four napkins stamped on white linene	65 Cents

Prices given above are for each individual set

2031-A—Blue Rose Cross-stitch Set
Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and six doilies 70 Cents
Cotton for centerpiece and six napkins 25 Cents
Cotton for centerpiece and four doilies 55 Cents
Cotton for centerpiece and four napkins 20 Cents
Five-eighths-inch hems couched are in light blue.

For price of stamped materials see center of page



2033-A

2032-A—Fruit Set:
Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and six doilies (enough for napkins included) 95 Cents
Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and six doilies 75 Cents
With the cotton are sent directions for Italian hemstitching.

For price of stamped materials see center of page

When you cut the cuticle—a microscope would reveal it frayed and raveling, like a rope that has been hacked with a dull knife.

Mary Nash posed for this photographic study of her lovely hand. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better."

The wrong and the right way to manicure

NO matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through to the living skin. Over these tiny cuts nature quickly builds up a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This makes the nail rim more uneven than before. If you should examine it under the microscope you would see that it was frayed and raveling, like a rope that has been hacked with a dull knife.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and makes hangnails, it must be removed somehow. The safe and easy method is to do it without cutting. With Cutex Cuticle Remover you can remove surplus cuticle quickly, harmlessly.

Just how to remove the cuticle

Dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover and work around the nail base. Wash the hands; then when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

This has made manicuring so simple that any woman can now keep her own nails always looking lovely.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes, at 60c, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each of the Cutex products comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemist shops in England.

Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set! Set now only 15c

A sample of the marvelous new polish, that gives an instantaneous shine—lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set, which also contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of everything for six complete manicures—with orange stick and emery board. Send for it today—now only 15 cents—less, actually, than you've been able to get it for before. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or, *if you live in Canada, Dept.* 410, 200 *Mountain Street, Montreal.*

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TO-DAY

Northam Warren,
Dept. 410, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

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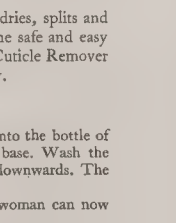

Profitable Patches

A modest talent turned to good account

By BELLE CASE HARRINGTON

I DECLARE, Aunt Maggie, the things you mend look prettier than when they were new," exclaimed an enthusiastic young college girl, as she held up a party dress so cleverly treated that no one would ever guess but that the patch was a part of the original trimming.

"I've surely had experience enough," the older woman replied with a sigh; "I've patched and darned until I'm sometimes almost afraid to go out, for fear my clothes will suddenly fall apart like the One Hoss Shay."

"Why don't you mend things for money? You could make heaps, I'm sure."

"Nobody would want to pay for *patches*."

"Yes, they would; they'd be glad to, if they knew how beautifully you do them. I'm going to appoint myself a committee to solicit work. First you know, you'll be the most popular business woman in town."

This was the beginning of a very successful business which now nets a substantial income, with practically no outlay and no risk.

"Aunt Maggie," who is far too modest to allow her other name to be used, began by charging a small fee for mending the things the college girls brought her. This was, of course, humdrum work. There were runs in silk hose, rents in petticoats, and zigzag tears, such as only vivacious girls have the power to acquire. Occasionally a beautiful gown or a costly bit of lingerie gave opportunity to show her real skill; and it was not long before the girls began to bring choice bits of mending from their friends at home, and these friends, in turn, told others of her remarkable skill.

"Let's send it to Aunt Maggie," became a universal slogan

After a while, the people in her own town began to wake up to the fact that they had a mending genius in their midst, and "Let's send it to Aunt Maggie" became a universal slogan. One of the big stores in town also employed her to do the expert mending which they had formerly sent away.

All this popularity didn't turn Aunt Maggie's head; neither did it make her indifferent to the more ordinary tasks which came to her. Far from it! This quiet little woman, who had known adversity herself, had a half-dozen friends who needed help, and she promptly set them to work. Mrs. Smith got all the stockings to darn, and the added income almost paid her rent. Poor little Mamie Jones, who hadn't been out of her invalid's chair for ten years, was a wizard with her needle, and she got all the fine linens. Another deserving friend, who had once been a tailoress, did all the heavy garments, and a sprightly little French woman with an eye for color combinations did most of the embroidery.

AUNT MAGGIE is an artist in the truest sense, using needles and fabrics and yarns instead of pencils and brushes. Seldom is a patch or darn allowed to show as such, but, when it does, it is done so beautifully that the owner is really proud to display it. In her workroom is kept every shade and every weight of thread and yarn, and when the exact shade or texture cannot be found, threads are drawn from two or three fabrics and blended. In especially fine work human hairs are often used.

During her ten years in this kind of work Aunt Maggie has accumulated a vast assortment of buttons, braids, unusual fabrics, and bits of fine lace and rare embroideries. She frequents remnant sales and after-holiday clearances, when unusual things, not commonly in demand, may be picked up for a trifle. A bit of Chinese embroidery, sold for half a dollar because there is no more like it, may serve capitally as a pocket to cover a rent in a twenty-five dollar skirt. A bit of lace, picked up for a song, may make a beautiful inset in a sheer shirtwaist, and look as if it always belonged there.

A glimpse of Aunt Maggie's "spare room," where the restored articles are spread out, ready to be packed and sent home, is a liberal education, from which many valuable everyday suggestions may be gleaned.

Here is an expensive pair of silk hose; on the first wearing a run traveled almost to the instep. This was carefully drawn together and covered with lines of over-and-over embroidery in self-color, the other stocking being made to correspond.

A fine linen lunch cloth had an ugly tear near one corner; the hole was cut out in the form of a square, and a piece of filet, with the family initial, set in. A tablecloth with an indelible stain near the center had a circle of plain damask set in, exactly in the center, with heavily embroidered scallops around the line of intersection.

THERE were dresses with all sorts of clever devices to conceal necessary patches: A handsome broadcloth suit had a row of moth holes down the front of the skirt. Groups of buttons, covered with broadcloth of a harmonizing tone, concealed the holes and gave a touch of added style to the whole outfit. A crêpe dress was apparently ruined with ink spots on the front. Under Aunt Maggie's deft supervision, each spot was covered with an embroidered dot, the size of the dots being irregular, governed by the size of the spots.

A silk umbrella had a two-inch tear at the place where the strap was fastened on. The torn place was reinforced with a piece of silk, then an embroidered motif was applied, and enough hand work added to give the effect of hand embroidery, done on purpose. Of course the embroidery was in the same color as the umbrella.

The shop caters also to college boys, and when Aunt Maggie can put new life into a last year's overcoat, or "bring back" a discarded sweater, she is happy.

The question of price was at first a difficult thing to settle. A certain price per hour was finally settled upon. Thirty-five cents per hour was the price for common darning, fifty cents for more particular patching, and seventy-five cents and even one dollar an hour for embroidery and some of the fine lace work. Aunt Maggie, of course, employs her helpers by the day or half day, at a rate of two to four dollars per day, and charges at the rate of one dollar per hour for her own time in planning, matching materials, and so on. The minimum price for a single piece of work is fifty cents, unless it is mending, for which a regular charge is made by the week or month.

What about Double-Duty Clothes?

"They're wearable," says GRACE MARGARET GOULD

Things are not always what they seem—as this young man discovers anew, when his fair neighbor discloses the lining of her outwardly demure cape

HAVE you noticed the clever little ways of her—this quick-witted woman of to-day?

Have you ever watched her stretch her household budget? It's magic she plies.

Have you ever observed how cleverly she combines her entertainment and her exercise? It's some combination. There's golf and her charity dances, by way of illustration.

Have you ever seen her at a beauty specialist's? Oh, yes, she goes there, and she takes the rest cure along with her beautifying. Pretty clever that!

And what she doesn't do to old Father Time in the way of making each and every hour do double duty is past reckoning.

You see, it's really double duty she manages to get out of everything.

She's keen, versatile, self-sufficient. She is on the job, while mere man, whom we still like, is thinking about getting there. It's because of these characteristics, and the fact that she likes to get the most out of little, that I thought she would be interested in double-duty clothes. Then, they belong in our Wearable Clothes Campaign, too, and fit in with the economic and social conditions of to-day. Women are buying conservatively, and what they buy they expect much of. In fact, many of the most fashionable models this fall have been designed to give double-service wear.

There is the smart little coat dress, out with new sleeves and collar; the sheer overdress displaying odd and fascinating trimming ideas; our old friend, the chemise dress, straighter than ever before, to say nothing of the apron and tunic frocks, that are so changed in trimming and cut that we lose sight of the fact that they're old acquaintances. Now, all these dresses are mounted on an under slip, and it is this slip that is the foundation of the practical double-duty dresses that I want to tell you about. You make it of satin, straight hanging, with a camisole top and shoulder straps. Fasten it under the left arm and have the width at the bottom a yard and five-eighths. Now let me tell you how to build upon it.

But first, just a word about the two new silhouettes which Paris sponsors and which are creeping into the clothes that I see on the Avenue, in the smart restaurants, and at the theatres. Mme. Jenny, who has such a big following among the real Parisiennes, is keen for it. She launched the loose-and-wide-above and narrow-and-straight-below silhouette. It is she who favors the loose blouse, and who first introduced the big, straight, wide sleeves which have had so much to do with changing the silhouette above the waist. Paquin likes this outline, too.

Paul Poiret and Jeanne Lanvin, other French style-creators who sway the fashions, say, "As to bodice, flat and narrow, *à la* basque; as to skirt, long and full, *à la* crinoline." There you have it. Which French outline will you follow? Perhaps you won't care to adopt either in its entirety; but I rather think that in selecting your new clothes, you'll be influenced by one or the other. And then I can't forget. There's a third choice, too, fashionable in both Paris and New York. It's the more conservative one, and is not new. It's the straight and slim silhouette which we are using, with slight variations in the way of higher collars, longer skirts and an added variation, not so slight, in the way of wider, much-trimmed sleeves.

But back to my double-duty clothes. Of course, you'll want a coat dress. Fashion favors it and the average woman likes it. The model illustrated here, I think, is extremely smart, even if it is the third choice in silhouettes. It's not only chic, but it has the added charm of surprise. It's like many a person that you know. They are one way at home and quite another, oh, so decidedly different, when they're not at home. You see this frock on the Avenue, with its high choker collar and long slim lines, and you say, "How severe it is, with its plain tailored air!" You see it at a restaurant or a matinée and it's quite another gown. Just unbutton the collar, open the coat and, presto! a dressy frock appears. The collar is convertible. It comes down from its perk straightness and lies flat, showing a facing of white broadcloth traced in black ciré ribbon and steel beads. Below the collar are long narrow revers, also lined with the broadcloth, and decorated like the collar. This double-duty coat dress would look quite its smartest in mohawk moussetyne. But, dear me, perhaps you don't know what I'm talking about. Let me make myself plainer. Moussetyne is a lovely light-weight wool velvet, and mohawk is one of the latest copper shades. But perhaps you would like something a bit plainer for the fabric. Then try any of the new twills. They are all equally smart. A gray-blue is a good reliable color, with the lining for collar and revers pigeon-gray crêpe de chine. You might use metallic braid for the decoration and add here and there a touch of jet. Of course you wear the long coat over the black satin foundation slip, and here's just one other fabric suggestion: Why not have it all satin? It would be very smart indeed. You might use one of the new two-surface satins, one with a crêpe back, and let the crêpe side act as the trimming.

There is no lessening of the French craze for the all-black gown.

Now take a look at the other dress shown in the illustration. Here we have filminess and softness. This lovely gown, suitable for restaurant dinner wear, or other informal evening occasions, is built on the same foundation as the plain coat dress. It would be quite fascinating all black, using crêpe, chiffon, or lace for the over-dress. The trimming would be smart in black ciré ribbon and black silk braid. Or, if lace was used, part of the design could be outlined in silver and steel threads. Another idea is to work in a color note for the decoration, for black combined with color is considered distinctly modish. If black crêpe or chiffon is used, a good color to introduce is whirlpool. There I go again. Of course you don't know that that's the new name for a greenish blue. The design could be worked in a narrow galloon or heavy silk floss.

Don't pass by the chemise dress as a back number in planning your double-duty clothes. Accustomed as we are to it, it still is way up toward the front in the autumn style displays. Fringe, by the way, is quite the trimming of the hour, even if no one expected it. It comes variegated, spangled, and a shower of jet. The satin under slip is again brought into use as the foundation of the chemise dress. That is, if there's anything left of it by this time. If you like a chemise model, and want to give it a new look, here is a French idea in the way of trimming: Use fringe, but not in any conventional way. Use it as a side trimming. Let it fall straight down the sides of the frock from the shoulder to below the under slip, and snap it on. Have you ever thought how even a belt may change the look of a dress?

Perhaps of all wraps the cape lends itself most readily to a dual personality. It can be as somber, as unpretentious as you please on one side, say of black duvetyn or navy velvet, but when you throw it back, then let it reveal its gayety. For the lining there are bright printed satins, jacquard pussy willows, and brocaded crêpes de chine.

Such a wrap plays its double-duty part well, to say nothing of the surprises it gives the uninitiated. And have you ever thought how much surprise has to do with the charm of dress? It's the unexpected that gives zest to life. Why not to clothes?

A black satin slip is the surest foundation on which you can build a filmy chiffon frock and also a swagger cloth combination street costume

Six Reasons *for the* Chemise Dress

Which, in spite of new rivals every year keeps right on being popular

Drawings by
HELEN THURLOW

No. 4091—Chemise Dress with Folds at Sides. Sizes 34 to 40 bust. Width of skirt, in size 36, one and five-eighths yards. Pattern, thirty cents. Patterns sent first-class mail.

This pattern may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

It Takes So Little Cloth

THERE are more than six reasons why the chemise dress gets more popular every year. But we don't need to prove it, so six is all we are going to talk about. And our first reason—the one that comes closest to our pocketbooks—is the small amount of material. It would give your great-grandmothers a start, wouldn't it, to know that you were getting a dress out of two yards of material? But you can do it. This chemise dress, No. 4091, takes only two yards of fifty-four-inch broadcloth. The folds and cuffs are satin. They take a yard and a quarter of forty-inch material.

It's Easy to Make

THIS statement holds true of every step, from scissors to final stitch. There are just a few pieces to cut out, and so there are just a few pieces to sew up. The second sketch from the left above, shows you how you can sew in the sleeves and put the cuffs onto the sleeves before the under-arm seams are closed. The neck may also be completely finished while the garment is still flat. A long cry, isn't it, from the days of gores and darts and the well-nigh fatal fitting that clothes used to suffer from?

The chemise dress has made dressmaking possible to almost everybody, instead of to the initiated few who used to claim it as their particular province.

It's Easy to Put On

THE chemise dress is dealing a death-blow to the proverbial saying about women's slowness in getting dressed. You *can't* use much time getting into a chemise dress. Just look at this one. It's over the head with it, snap it at the neck and at the vest, adjust the belt—and there you are. You eliminate entirely the terrible old problem of a friendly joining of waist and skirt. There's no more tying of tape, or snapping an elastic around your waist, and pinning your blouse down in a dozen places. No careful pinning up of your skirt, and adjusting of your belt to hide the pins. No more catastrophies because you *haven't* done all those things. Thanks to the chemise dress!

There is no question about it. The chemise dress is the dress for the business woman—or for any woman who must consider time in her dressing.

No. 4091

It's Adaptable

YOUR chemise dress may be of gingham—just a little house dress. Or it may be of navy blue twill, as in the illustration, with black satin or moire folds on the side, and a dainty little modesty of embroidered batiste—an everyday sort of all-round frock. Make it of duvetyn in a warm Malay brown shade, or of one of the beautiful black jacquard satins or crêpes, add frills of fine lace, and you have an elegant costume (see the small picture second from the right above). The style is suitable for anything from calico to velvet, fine silk brocades or embroidered woolens, and its simple lines are particularly adapted to materials of an elegance that needs no decoration.

It's Easy to Keep in Order

OBVIOUSLY, when there isn't much to a dress there isn't much to get out of order. So the chemise dress wins out here, too. There are no plaits to come out of press, no loose panels and tunics to get rumpled. When it does need cleaning or pressing, you can slip it over the board quite easily, and its straight surface makes the pressing task a light one, as you'll see in the picture above at the right. For a dress that gets hard wear, like an office dress or a school dress, or the homekeeper's "around-the-house" dress, there's much to be said for this very simple type of frock.

It Gives the Youthful Look

AND that's what every woman wants. Straight lines, without that old-fashioned gored look—this is the popular silhouette now, and this is the silhouette that the chemise dress gives you. So, why shouldn't it be popular? It is, of course, capable of many variations—that's why it holds its own so well. And one of the most popular ways to vary it right now is with some kind of trimming effect at the sides. No. 4091, shown here in navy blue twill, is smartly relieved by folds of black satin or moire extending from the lower edge of the skirt to the waist line on each side. The flaring cuffs and the pipings are also of the contrasting material.

"THE FASHIONS" for fall and winter is showing chemise dresses a plenty—plain, and with all sorts of variations. Frocks not only for the youthful but also for those who would like to have the youthful look. If you have not already secured your copy of "The Fashions," you may be interested to send for it and see just what clothes are doing this fall. It's fifteen cents, and it contains a coupon worth ten cents toward any pattern in it. Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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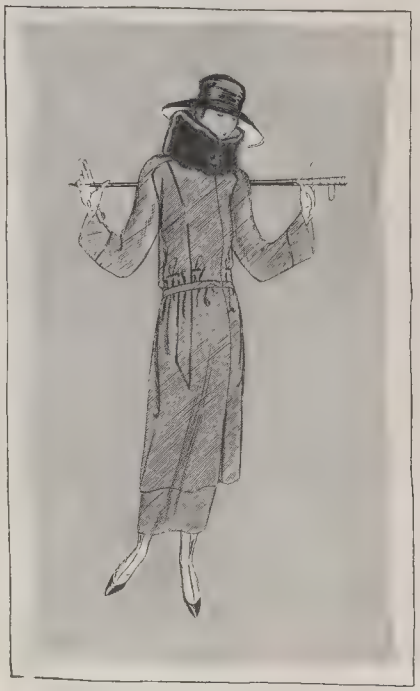
The Clothes They are Wearing *in* Paris

Cabled by our Paris Correspondent
MADAME McKENNA–FRIEND

A soft Rodier woolen joins forces with otter and embroidery in the coat dress above—from Lucien Lelong

Sealskin, Premet contends, is the fur to bring out the full beauty of copper-toned Kashadrap



CHANGES in fashions come almost imperceptibly, and casual eyes have noted few changes in the one-piece dress. But comparing present fashion sketches with early ones, we note a sure advance in variety of design, beauty, and adaptability, which accounts for the uninterrupted reign of this toilette.

Straight, gathered, three-yard skirts are made of four lengths of different-colored transparencies. Each skirt is two inches shorter than the one below, and the edge of the longest skirt is two inches above the ankle bone. This lovely mass of shifting color is topped by a loosely fitted waist of black velvet or moire.

The fashion of white neck and sleeve finish is established. Elbow sleeves are wide-belled over lace undersleeves or fine plaited white mull, and a three-inch frill to match falls over an inch-and-a-half-wide straight neck band, adjusted to leave the neck free in V-shaped front. Deep, flat, round collars of heavy white lace, bordered inch-wide with white linen, have deep turn-back cuffs to match. Most decorative are the sleeves that hang far over the hands and are wide at the hem. They are often of material and color different from the dress. One-sided openings to waists are fastened only at the top and belt line, to allow charming glimpses of gathered soft white lace.

Black toilettes are prominent, but it's black so transfigured with bright linings, and so adorned with white and colored bead embroidery that the effect is positively gay. A new straight dress of black mat crêpe has a waist of softly twisted folds concealing any opening, with a wide twisted belt finished on each side with great rosettes of colored ribbon. Other black toilettes show frilled Marie Antoinette fichus.

A coat dress of tan-colored Kashaduvetyn with small black satin collar has long flaring sleeves turned widely over to show the black satin lining. The coat closes at one side of the neck and at the low waist line, with two ivory buttons, allowing a glimpse of the black satin dress, which hangs three inches below the coat.

Skirts, wide-plaided in startling designs, and plain short coats with belted fronts and loose straight backs, compose smart tailleurs for the slender. The sleeves have flaring plaid cuffs, and wide plaid collars close the high necks.

One reads of longer skirts, but tailleurs continue the length given last month, and the length of other skirts depends on irregular arrangements of drapings, panels, and sash trains.

A new Rodier weave of thick, soft plush will trim winter tailleurs. Until extreme weather, smart women will have the wide collars of their coats and capes trimmed with great flat flowers of black crêpe or voile, massed closely and edged with monkey fringe.

A new short fur under-skirt, to be worn with a moroccan crêpe tunic, is made of New Zealand rabbit fur, dyed dark taupe. The loose wide fur belt is closed with a large buckle of tarnished silver or cut steel. The neck of the tunic has a small fur collar.

Loose, wide girdles of tarnished gold and silver linked with shell and strangely assorted beads, with long tasseled ends, or fastened under great clasps, are rivaling the wide sashes.

Exclusive women are wearing cords of black silk passed through gold slides and sustaining large pendants of colored stone, or small jeweled watches.

MARGARET McKENNA-FRIEND.

August 20th, 1921.

Jenny serves the youthful mode in navy gabardine, black braid of a coarse, knobby weave, and silvery lamb

Redfern mingles georgette, embroidered satin, and velvet, according to his own wrapped design—below

Half-a-Dozen Wearable Ready Mades

Selected by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

No. 1. Hat, $6.00
No. 2. Dress, $24.50

No. 3. Voile Blouse, $2.00

If you cannot find these garments in your local shops, Miss Gould will be glad to buy them for you.

No. 4. Brassière, $2.00
No. 5. Petticoat, $1.65

HOW TO ORDER: Be sure to state size and color. Write your name and address plainly. Remit by bank draft, post-office money order, express money order, or check. If you send currency, be sure the letter is registered. We cannot be responsible for money lost in the mails. Send orders to Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. No garment sent C. O. D., or on approval. Miss Gould does not do general shopping. She purchases only the garments shown on this page. Orders for these garments cannot be filled after November 20th.

ABOUT RETURNED GOODS: Any purchase not satisfactory may be returned, but the goods must be sent back to the shop within three days of their receipt. Always state if garments are for exchange or for refunded money. Do not return to the "Woman's Home Companion." Return direct to the firm that makes the shipment to you, by insured parcel post or prepaid express, and accompanied by the sales slip which the shop sends with each purchase. We cannot be responsible for returned packages lost in transit unless they are sent as directed.

Hat of Panne and Taffeta

No. 1. Here is a hat to suit almost any occasion and almost any woman, informal enough for everyday street wear; good-looking enough for dress-up. It's made of panne velvet, with plaited taffeta giving a tam effect to the crown. The jaunty trimming bow on the right side is of the panne velvet. The hat comes in brown, taupe, navy, or black. Price, $6.00.

Tricotine Dress

No. 2. A charming straight-line frock of tricotine, with inverted plaits giving fullness at the sides. Featuring the newest thing in sleeves—the flare—and a very smart trimming of black grosgrain ribbon put on with fancy black silk chain-stitching. Black or navy. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, $24.50.

White Voile Blouse

No. 3. White voile, drawn work effectively used, and bands and edging of lace in filet pattern combine charmingly in this panel front blouse. It's a blouse that proves "wearable" for just about every type of figure, and a blouse that will give you more than your money's worth of good service. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, $2.00.

No. 6. Georgette Over-blouse, $5.00

Diaphragm Brassière

No. 4. A special brassière designed to control that modern tendency to excess flesh over the diaphragm muscle. It fastens in the back and is provided with a double thickness of material over the diaphragm, in front, and inserts of elastic in the back. The material is heavy white linen-finished cloth, and the top of the brassière is edged with narrow lace. It comes in sizes 38 to 50 bust, and the price is $2.00.

Cotton Taffeta Petticoat

No. 5. A durable and most attractive petticoat of flowered cotton taffeta with high luster finish. Comes with backgrounds of black, Russian green, copenhagen or Belgian (greenish) blue. Lengths, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 inches. Elastic adjustment at waist. In ordering, please give second color choice. Price, $1.65.

Georgette Over-blouse

No. 6. If you want to "dress-up" your winter suit, you'll find most helpful this very decorative tie-back overblouse of georgette with novel trimming of fine cross tucking and Valenciennes lace. Colors, flesh or bisque. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, $5.00.

When Wearable Clothes *are* Hard *to* Find

First: When you are young—and stout
Second: When you are just a bit older

IT'S easy enough nowadays to get wearable clothes, if you're slim and flat and youthful in your figure. Clothes are made that way, because just now that's the figure that everybody is trying to acquire. Misses' departments are patronized by all ages in search of straight lines or bouffant, youthful effects.

But, alas and alack, we aren't all made that way! Some of us are young, but not slim. And some of us are just a bit older and beginning to show it in our figures. We can't wear misses' effects with the nonchalant air that they need. Wearable clothes for us must be just a little different. They must have the fashionable look, but they must get it cleverly by ruses and devices that the uninitiated won't suspect.

Take, for example, the dress for the young woman who is stout, illustrated below as No. 4087. It has the look of the usual navy twill frock that well-dressed women are wearing this fall. But it's designed especially to make its wearer seem more slender—by means of pointed collar, slashed front, one-piece panel effects back and front, and pointed side tunics. So with coat dress No. 4086. Its long graceful lines lend dignity to the figure of the older woman for whom it is planned.

No. 4087

No. 4086

No. 4086 No. 4087

THE dress for the older woman (No. 4086) is here developed in duvetyn in a dull, grayish blue—an extremely becoming shade, by the way, for a woman whose hair is graying. The softness and rare draping possibilities of duvetyn favor the older woman, too, and suit this design particularly well. Braid, in the shade of the material, is the only trimming.

The younger stout woman will find navy blue twill a most satisfactory material for No. 4087. The collar might very well be piped with black moire ribbon or the voguish shiny ciré ribbon. Points of the ribbon may also be used to finish the lower edges of the side tunics. The deep center front slash in the waist reveals a dainty modesty of ecru embroidered batiste, and the fronts of the waist are held by a cord and two fancy buttons.

These patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are now sent by first-class mail.

Older woman's dress, No. 4086. Coat Dress. Sizes, 36 to 44 bust. Width of skirt, size 36, one and five-eighths yards. Pattern, thirty-five cents.

The stout woman's dress is No. 4087. Straight-hanging Dress with Side Tunics. Sizes, 36 to 48 bust. Width of skirt, size 40, one and five-eighths yards. Pattern, thirty-five cents.

Don't put off sending in your order for "The Fashions" for fall and winter. You'll find directions for ordering on page 60.

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Two Silk Questions

—the question of beauty and the question of *wear*. Skinner's answers both.

A soft, rich lustre that comes of the use of strictly pure-dye silk—and a wearing quality that has made Skinner's Silks world-famed for 73 years.

Skinner's
All-Silk Satin
(36 inches wide)

In 90 different shades

Lovely pinks for your lingerie—rich, deep shades for afternoon frocks, gay colors for evening or sports wear.

Ask for Skinner's and always *"Look for the Name in the Selvage."*

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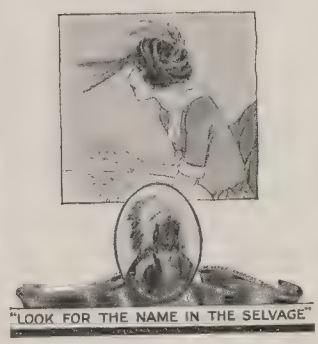
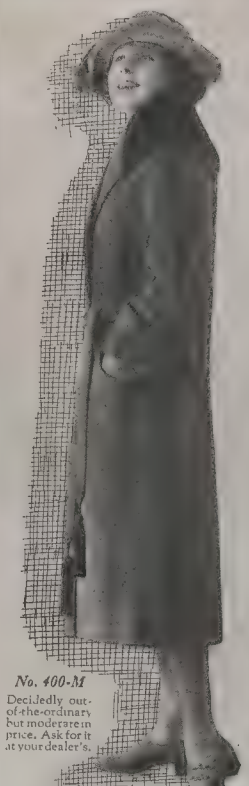


"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

TAILORED FOR
Miss Manhattan
NEW YORK



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Decidedly out-of-the-ordinary but moderate in price. Ask for it at your dealer's.

Miss Manhattan
Coats-Suits-Dresses
Youthful New York Styles

$25 to $75

Fashion flits up Fifth Avenue in many guises but never with more sprightly grace and youthfulness than when she's attired in a Miss Manhattan creation.

My own expert designers, my own workrooms, and my own very special ways of knowing style secrets—all are reasons for the distinctively youthful smartness of the coats, suits, and dresses which I identify by my Miss Manhattan label.

Go to the store with which you trade and ask to see the Miss Manhattan creations. If they do not carry them, write me at once, mentioning the store name, and I will mail you a Miss Manhattan Fashion Book, showing actual photographs of the very newest modes worn on Fifth Avenue. *Sent Gratis.*

496 Seventh Ave.
New York

Miss Manhattan

Smart Hats *for* Small Purses

Where economy is an object try ribbon trimming

By ISABEL DE NYSE CONOVER

(*a*)

(*b*)

HOW would you like to have a cherry-red velvet hat trimmed with black taffeta ribbon, like hat (*a*)? It's a color scheme that's used a lot this year, probably because black suits and black top coats are so fashionable.

It's easy to make a hat of this type, because the crown is finished without stiffening. The top crown is in four sections corded together. (See Figs. 1 and 2.) Join the side crown to the top, as in Fig. 3. Straw braid makes an excellent head band. (See Figs. 4 and 5.) Wire the top of the buckram brim, as in Fig. 6. Where the wire meets, lap it, as in Fig. 7. Stitch the brim facings together. (See Fig. 8.) Turn them right side out, and slip them over the buckram foundation. Tack crown to head band, and then brim to head band. (See Figs. 9 and 10.) Embroider ribbon with running stitch, as in Fig. 12, using either wool or metal thread. Then drape it around crown and tack in the front. Plait ribbon for rosette at even intervals, as in Fig. 11. Bring plaitings together and tack to hat, as illustration (*a*). Embroider a triangle of buckram for motif at lower front, as shown in Fig. 13.

PERHAPS your suit is navy blue and you would prefer a black hat with royal blue cockades. That's one of the pretty ways you can develop hat (*b*). It's made just the same as hat (*a*) except that the brim is not split. In making the cockades, sew a plaiting of grosgrain to a circle of net (Fig. 14), and fill in the center with soutache braid: Fig. 15. Sew through and through the braid, as in Fig. 16.

OR IT may be that an all-brown hat will tempt you if the top coat you are going to wear it with is a mocha-colored velour. Hat (*c*) will make up attractively in all brown: duvetyn for the hat and moire ribbon for the bow. Although there is a difference in the shape of the brim, the hat is made the same as hat (*a*). Wire the bow, as in Fig. 17, and fold it, as in Fig. 18. Gather it to form a short and a long loop, as indicated in Fig. 18. Then wrap two short and long loops, at the point where they are gathered, with a piece of ribbon crushed into soft plaits. With the wiring in the ribbon it is possible to bend it into any shape. It's a good plan to pin the bow to the hat and try the hat on to be sure the bow has just the most becoming tilt.

(*c*)

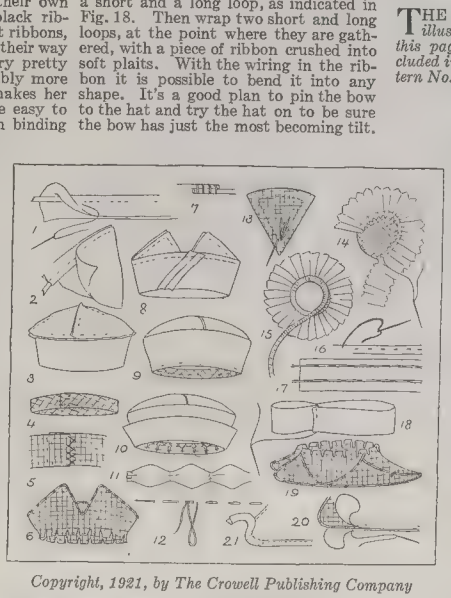
(*d*)

THE *four hats illustrated on this page are included in the pattern No. 4090.*

RIBBONS have come into their own again. Bright ribbons, black ribbons, moire ribbons, velvet ribbons, and striped ribbons have found their way onto the fall hats. It's a very pretty way, too. And, what is probably more interesting to the woman who makes her own hats, ribbon trimmings are easy to copy. A little grosgrain ribbon binding is such a help to finish an edge neatly, besides being the smart thing, too. There are the plaited cockades like hat (*b*) has, and the wired bows that remind one of wings. You can make these in a half-hour. It's not like ostrich trimming or lacquered wings that must be bought ready to put on. Pattern No. 4090 tells just how to make the four ribbon trimmings illustrated. You can't make a mistake in the style when you have a pattern for every piece.

The Pattern

No. 4090—Four Styles of Hats. One size only. Pattern, twenty-five cents. Send your order to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All the "Companion" patterns are now sent by first-class mail.



HAT (*d*) has a brim that is built on the buckram foundation shown in Fig. 19. Sew the facings to the brim, as in Fig. 20, and bind the edge with ribbon. (See Fig. 21). The frill at the side is just accordion-plaited ribbon. Can't you picture it in black with apple-green ribbon, or black with Roman striped ribbon? In fact, in just the right combination for your costume. A description on the pattern envelope tells how to make the lining.

The Fashions

Have you secured your copy of "The Fashions," Miss Gould's style magazine? Remember, the supply is limited. Mail your order with fifteen cents to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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The Custom-Corseted Look

A Study in Corsets which Refuse to Grow Old

BECAUSE a queen named Anne was endowed with a thirteen inch waist, a generation of women wore perforce a thirteen inch corset. Necessarily the abomination was of lignum vitae or the like and there was much scoffing at the unfashionable adage that a "pint may be filled to o'erflowing and still not a gallon contain." The flesh was unwilling but the stays were strong.

Other days, other ways. Modern corsetry is founded upon the correct principles of sanity and healthfulness, individuality and fashion-helpfulness—these and nothing more.

It is not so much that woman is less dependent upon fashions, but that fashions are more independent of the anatomical perversities of the great.

To be comfortably, healthfully, fashionably corseted without the corsetified look—what could be closer to woman's heart desire! For as the corset sets, so the woman is, in aplomb, in poise, in pulchritude.

In all this practical age, there is nothing more practical than the "mechanics" of ease, stylishness and charm of person. Thus the perfect corset must be supremely practical in its construction and in its adaptability to the varient physical types of woman. Because the P. N. Practical Front Corset attains such permanently exquisite results through such eminently practical means it has proved a blessing and a joy to women whose name is legion.

The P. N. Practical Front is the corset that simply can't be put on wrong or laced improperly. The P. N. Practical Front Corset gives the delightful illusion of a fresh fitting every time you don it. It seems to be renewed and *of* the body, not just *on* it.

A Vest of Pliable Elastic

Perhaps the very choicest thing about the P. N. Practical Front Corset is the vest of pliable elastic which clasps, before lacing, so surely and directly at the center of the body, never crooked, always true. Before you start to lace you know that for the day the corset will stay where it belongs and never ride up to spoil your perfect comfort and the suavity of your frock lines.

Having clasped the inner vest, you lace the outer flap, not laboriously through elusive eyelets, but quickly and effortlessly over flat hooks, as you would lace your shoe. Allowing the proper three inch lacing space, the strain is removed from the elastic vest, and the lacing takes it and places it—you know not where. You do know it never bothers you.

It is one thing for a corset to give the just right lines when new, but another and not unimportant thing for it to persevere in its original state of grace. The chief reason why a corset loses its life too young is that so few women unlace and relace it every day. Thus the laces bear perpetually on the same points unrelieved and the result is what might be expected—ameriless strain and inevitable warping of the proper lines. How long would a shoe or glove hold its shape under such treatment? To keep its beauty a corset must be treated as a living thing and get its proper rest and relaxation.

—"the delightful illusion of a fresh fitting every time you don it."

Even if you should be tempted to don your P. N. Practical Front Corset unrelaced from yesterday—there are two excellent reasons why you wouldn't. First, you have to unlace it to take it off, and thus necessarily must relace it to put it on. Second, it is so very easy to unlace and relace over the handy hooks,—shoewise.

New-Fitted Each Day

So when, after clasping the elastic vest, you lace your P. N. Practical Front Corset in the morning, you are corseted anew. You are, physically, a new woman, almost the same, indeed, but nevertheless responsive to and remoulded by changed conditions of vitality, of bath, of temperature or exercise. So why should you not have a rejuvenated corset to conform with your today's self. Eureka! You have the P. N. Practical Front relaced — new-fitted each day, to suit your every need!

Your frocks will wear longer then. They will hold their shape and chic. Every woman knows that this should be true of clothes made to fit. How many stop to reflect how vitally this perfect fit is moulded for better or worse by the corset underneath? The P. N. Practical Front Corset takes the lines of your figure and holds them.

The unlimited adaptability of the P. N. Practical Front Corset to individualities of physique is evident in the well groomed look of the women who wear it. For this is not at all a "corset for a type." It is the corset for a sex. It soars above the perplexities of slenderness or girth, of asymmetries and special needs. For sports or workaday routine, for each phase in the life of a woman of society or more practical bent, there is a P. N. Practical Front Corset which would seem to have been designed expressly for this woman or for that occasion.

It is probably superfluous to add that the P. N. Practical Front Corset sets up a new standard of long wear. Not just a prolonged existence but, by virtue of its unique construction, an enduring service wherein beauty holds its own with time.

It is not possible for words to tell fully what the P. N. Practical Front Corset achieves for women's figures. It radiates the custom-made air, for the reasons mentioned and for other reasons which you will never understand—until you have seen it, studied it and tried it on. Then you will sense the end of your corset worries and graduate into the joy of the correct, comfortable and beautiful in corset anatomy.

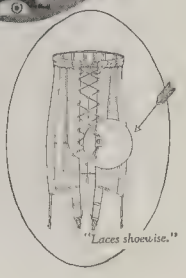
At most good stores or departments where corsets are sold you may select your fitting model in a P. N. Practical Front Corset. The prices are modestly placed at five dollars and upwards to twelve.

—"the joy of the correct, comfortable and beautiful in corset anatomy."

"It radiates the custom-made air."

—"the just right lines."

"Inner elastic Vest."



"Laces shoewise."

P. N. Practical Front

Pat. U.S.A. and Foreign Countries

I. NEWMAN & SONS CORSETS 224 Fourth Ave. New York BOSTON - CHICAGO

THE CHARM *of* MYSTERY

The art authority, Millet, has said that "Technique should hide itself modestly behind the thing to be expressed." The chief danger nowadays lies not so much in our failing to appropriate art's little aids but in being too lavish with them. After all, we live in a very subtle and sophisticated world, and the corset that through one fault or another obtrudes itself upon the observer, defeats its purpose and quite spoils the illusion of desirableness.

The mystery of the modern corset lies in its skillful adaptation to the natural lines of the figure. Its self-effacing artistry enchances a woman's points of beauty, hides her disharmonies and creates the impression of a gracefully poised body, faultlessly proportioned by nature. So Gossard technique hides itself discreetly behind the beauty it expresses.

Individual solution of the problem of corsetry is the only method that promises success. Study yourself and be mindful that violent contrast between waist and hips and bust, not only makes becoming dress impossible, but violates that charm of mystery that proper corsetry enhances.

And this alluring mystery of beauty is for every woman, for Gossard artistry has made a study of every figure need from the little lady of slightest figure to the matron of full proportions. You will be delighted with the self-effacing Gossards that seem to have been created for you alone.

Because of the naturalness of its healthful support, your Gossard is relieved of all undue strain and so will wear far beyond the life of the average corset. Its original grace and shapeliness will remain unchanged to the last day you put it on. In the economy of this superior wearing service alone, these original front lacing corsets are worth their cost.

The H. W. Gossard Co.
Chicago New York London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires

GOSSARD Front Lacing CORSETS

are to be found at those stores distinguished by a corset department that offers a real service. When you buy a Gossard, you buy a SERVICE: a style service, a comfort service and a wearing service that must be unquestionably satisfactory to you.

Gossard Corsets are fairly priced within the reach of every woman; and their superior quality which for years has been consistently maintained above imitation, assures the economical buyer a thrifty and lasting pride in ownership.

Suspenders Come Back

To give variety to the sleeveless dress

MISS GOULD, who has an especially warm place in her heart for young girls' clothes, votes the suspender dress most wearable. It's nice, she says, for wool jersey, twill, serge, checked velour, or homespun weaves.

For the round-collared, and flapperish under-blouse, there's crêpe de chine, habutai, pongee, dimity, handkerchief linen, or voile. And the nice thing about the costume is that the young girl can easily make it herself.

IN "The Fashions" you'll find special pages planned for Miss Gould's young friends—the girls "who are growing up." Dresses, like this one, that are correct for school. Blouses with the real "sub-deb" look. Frocks for dress-up and parties. If you are one of these "growing-up girls," you'll know as soon as you see these clothes that they are just right. For they have the look that distinguishes the really smart apparel for the younger set.

No. 4085—Suspender Dress. Sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt, in size 16, one and one-half yards. Pattern, twenty cents.

No. 4078—Blouse with Frill or Flat Collar. Sizes, 14 to 20 years. Pattern, twenty cents.

Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent out from this office by first-class mail. We have no pattern agents.

If you haven't your copy of the fall and winter issue of "The Fashions," the "Woman's Home Companion" pattern book, you can get it by writing to Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The price is fifteen cents, and the book contains a coupon worth ten cents toward purchasing any "Woman's Home Companion" pattern in it. In order to be perfectly sure of getting a copy, it is wise to send in your order as soon as possible.

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ANY PLACE— ANYWHERE

MINGLED in the ultra gathering at tea hour, on the Bois of the famed fashion centre of the world—or on The Avenue of the great metropolis—or, perhaps, strolling along Main Street, Somewhere you'll see women wearing Betty Wales Dresses. You'll know them by that indefinable, intangible something that distinguishes perfect grooming and by the illusive charm and gracious dignity with which the dress fits the personality of the wearer.

A Betty Wales label in a dress means so much! It's the unconditional guarantee of the makers that the style is correct, the fabric of the finer quality and that the workmanship is unfailingly perfect. If you are Betty Wales gowned you know that you're well-groomed.

Betty Wales writes a delightfully chatty little diary that gossips about all the new fads—it's called "Reflections" and we'll send you one if you want it.

Betty Wales Dresses are sold by only one dealer in a vicinity.

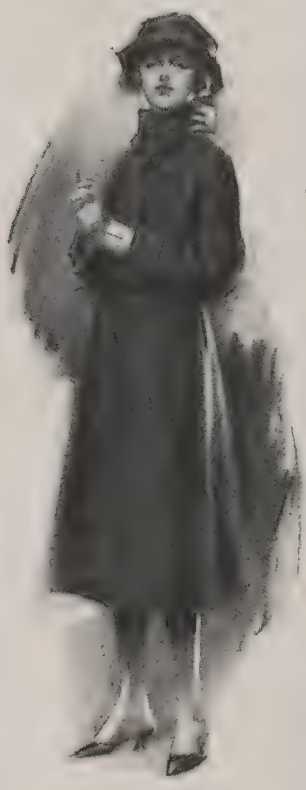
Betty Wales Dresses
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Betty Wales Dressmakers

Dept. 202 **New York City**

"Are they wearing it?"
or—
"Is it becoming?"

"THAT WELL-DRESSED LOOK"



Not so long ago the selection of our coats and suits depended upon the answer to the first question.

If "they" were wearing frilly styles, we of the fuller figures accepted them with resignation. Clinging princess styles were unprotestingly and unbecomingly worn by tall, slender women as well.

But today we refuse to follow blindly the whims and caprices of fashion designers. We demand something of our wardrobe. Our suits and coats must become us individually and we expect more than one season's "well-dressed look" from them.

And to this change in woman's attitude toward dress is due the widespread popularity of Wooltex Tailor-mades and Wooltex Knockabouts. The styles are advanced but never extreme—the fabrics the best of serges, tricotines, Marvellas and the like, while the tailoring is expert and conscientious.

The signature of the Wooltex tailors in the collar of a coat or suit is one's assurance of "that enduring well-dressed look."

You are entitled to the fall "Tailored Woman" fashion magazine from your Wooltex merchant. If you do not know who sells Wooltex, write us, or, in the metropolitan centres, phone "Tel-U-Where."

Wooltex

Tailor-mades *and* Knockabouts

Insist upon the above Wooltex signature as your guide to "that enduring well-dressed look." Wooltex Tailor-mades, $48.00, $55.00, $65.00, $85.00. Wooltex Knockabouts, $25.00, $38.00, $45.00

THE H. BLACK COMPANY *Cleveland and New York*

The No-Button Dress

Another good frock that ties on

No. 4088

THIS is the story of the No-Button Dress. It hangs straight from neck to hem, with slight fullness at the waist line in back. The fronts have sash ends attached, that tie in the back. The right front crosses over the left, the left sash end slipping through a slash in the right front. Soft plaits at the under-arms give the dress a graceful "set." There's a perky bow at the back, jaunty pockets, and deep collar and cuffs for good measure. It's a winning little morning dress, quickly put on and possessing a distinct air of originality—the sort of dress that really graces the early breakfast table.

No. 4088 — No-Button Dress. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust. Width of skirt in size 36, with fronts lapped, one and five-eighths yards. Pattern, thirty cents.

IN THESE days of decorous black and navy blue street clothes, isn't it a joy to be able to indulge our love of color in our house dresses! Rose calico would brighten the dullest morning, if you made it up in the No-Button Dress, with wide collar and cuffs of white piqué edged with rickrack braid. Or, if your spirit reacts happily to yellow, try buttercup-yellow chambray, with checked yellow and white gingham for trimming. Or maybe your fair hair looks well with lavender. A checked lavender gingham ought to be charmingly satisfying then.

This pattern may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent first-class mail. Read about "The Fashions" on page 60.

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New Sleeves Flare

But otherwise coats are straight

No. 4084

SURELY, in this season of straight lines, no one can blame the coat for parting with its wrappy look. And that's just what has happened. If you'll look at the two views of No. 4084, you'll readily see that it's become more of a real coat and less of a wrap.

But it's just as easy to make as the wrap of last season. You'll be convinced of this when you notice that the mandarin sleeves, in kimono style, are cut in one with the body of the coat. You might not suspect this from the illustration. But that's because of the ciré braid put on to simulate the drop-shoulder effect.

And there's braid, too, at the low waist line—four rows of it matching in color the material of the coat. The original model was made of tortoise-shell brown Mous-syne—a lovely soft wool velvet—with collar and cuffs of caracul fur. But perhaps you'd like your coat of velour in one of the light brown shades—Malay or Zanzibar brown. Or you might prefer a bolivia weave, Evora, for instance. For the young girl, deep wine red would be very attractive, with collar and cuffs of gray lamb.

Sketch below shows how to tape the edge of the fur. And this is just one of the many sketches, on the pattern envelope, that show every step in the making of the coat.

No. 4084—Coat in Long-Waisted Style. Sizes, 34 to 40 bust. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Patterns are now sent by first-class mail.

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For All Women Who Want to Keep Young

The parallel shown between the corseted figure and the famous Louvre statue, "Amalthea," by Pierre Julien, shows how College Girl Corsets develop the figure in right posture and right lines. Wearing them is like taking constant wholesome exercise for health and figure improvement.

The New Law of Corseting

See the priceless benefits it brings within a month. Send coupon for "The Scientific Law of Corseting," a most important book you should read

Try the College Girl corset for your figure and see the benefits it brings within a month. See the hollows fill in, the too prominent parts become normal. Note your greater comfort, better health and added grace and style.

These priceless benefits for all women are results of the new law of corseting developed through our 38 years' experience.

According to the law the influence of College Girl corsets on your figure parallels that of the natural "lines of control" which give shape to the human form. These "lines of control" are the spine, the lines of the supporting pelvic basin, and the thighs. As the rooms and the surface of a building are related to its beams and foundations so the organs and the entire surface of the body are related to these "lines of control."

College Girl corset construction parallels the influence of these lines exactly. The entire corset exercises a gentle guiding influence to train the figure into right posture and comfortably develop and mould it along right lines. Famous authorities state that wearing these scientific corsets is like making a daily habit of upbuilding, healthful exercise. They bring many equal benefits.

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Every type of figure has the correct model made for it either in back or front lace styles in College Girl corsets. The model for you needs no "breaking in." The proper model will fit immediately as if specially made for you.

Every woman can now be correctly, scientifically corseted. Everyone should understand all that the new law means to her. Send the coupon for your copy of "The Scientific Law of Corseting."

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For All Women Who Want to Keep Young

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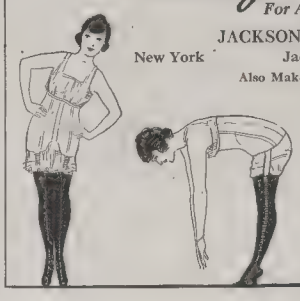

Dept. 15, Jackson Corset Co.
200 Cortland Street
Jackson, Michigan

Please send me at once "The Scientific Law of Corseting."

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BRIGHT LIGHTS
DIRECT GLANCES

Would Your Skin Stand This Test?

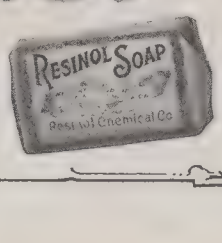
Or do you have to depend on shadowy effects to make you attractive? If you do, there is something wrong with your skin.

Stop now and examine it carefully. Is it gray or sallow? Then it needs stimulation. Is it red and rough? It needs a soap that will soothe and soften it. Blotches usually indicate that the pores are clogged and need careful, systematic cleansing with a pure soap that *will cleanse* each pore and not merely remove the surface dust.

Resinol Soap treats all these conditions gently and effectively. Its regular use makes it as easy to have a naturally beautiful skin as to cover up a poor one with cosmetics.

Buy a cake from your toilet goods dealer or write us first for a free sample.
Dept. 2-J, RESINOL, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap



Cut *in* One Piece

Another of Miss Conover's sewing lessons

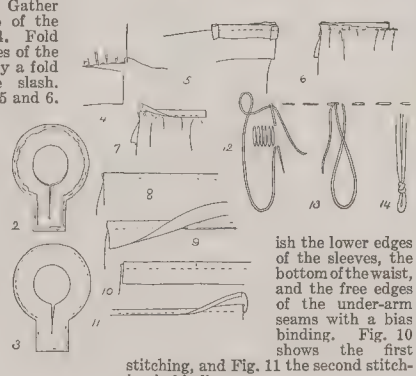
THIS month it's a blouse that is cut in one piece. However, don't jump to the conclusion that it is a shapeless slipover. It has a belt, as most of the fall blouses have, and there is becoming fullness above, accomplished by means of a slash. It's surprising what a little slash will do. The diagram, Fig. 1, below, will give you some idea of how small an amount of material the blouse takes and how easy it is to cut. There isn't a mass of complicated pieces to straighten out and puzzle over. And there are just ten steps to putting it together, shown in the ten figures on this page.

Perhaps you would like it in Elizabeth crêpe, the new crêpe that is just a little heavier than georgette. Waists of this type are being made, too, of crêpe de chine, and even net. If you are making it to go with your fall suit, select a shade that matches your suit—that is the smart thing to do. The wool embroidery is usually in some contrast, as cream color and jade on navy blue.

No. 4089

In making the waist, first finish the neck edge so it won't stretch. Turn, press, and baste the outer edge of the facing. Lay the facing on the wrong side of the blouse. Mark the position of the slash. Stitch either side of the mark, starting the stitchings a seam's width from the mark at the top, and running them together at a point just below the mark. (See Fig. 2.) Stitch around the neck, cut along the mark, and turn the facing onto the right side of the blouse. Stitch it in place, as shown in Fig. 3.

Finish the slashes next. Gather the material at the top of the slash, as shown in Fig. 4. Fold the waist so the raw edges of the slash are even. Then lay a fold of material along the slash. Stitch as shown in Figs. 5 and 6. Turn under the raw edges of the fold and stitch a second time. (See Fig. 7.) Then join the under-arm and sleeve seams, starting at the slash and leaving the edges of the belt part quite free. French seams give the neatest finish. To make a French seam, stitch as in Fig. 8, turn the garment wrong side out and stitch a second time, as in Fig. 9. Finish the lower edges of the sleeves, the bottom of the waist, and the free edges of the under-arm seams with a bias binding. Fig. 10 shows the first stitching, and Fig. 11 the second stitching in binding.



Now you are ready to do the embroidery. Running stitch, as shown in Fig. 13, is used for the design, except for the solid blocks at the neck. These are worked in over-and-over stitch. (See Fig. 12.) In making the fringe, fasten the wool yarn on the wrong side of the goods, bring the needle out on the right side of the goods, and insert it near where it came out, leaving a long loop. Knot the loop, as shown in Fig. 14. A single snap at the neck will hold the slash. Also fasten the vents at the under-arm with snaps.

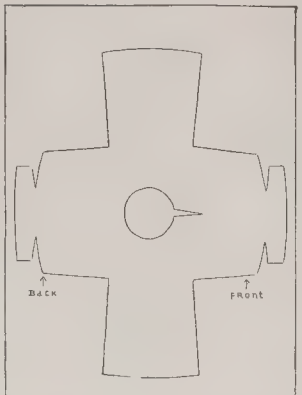


Fig. 1

No. 4089—One-piece Blouse (including Transfer Pattern for Embroidery). 34 to 40 bust. Pattern, thirty-five cents.

Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

"The Fashions," the "Companion's" style book, costs only five cents when you buy a pattern. You will find directions for ordering on page 60.

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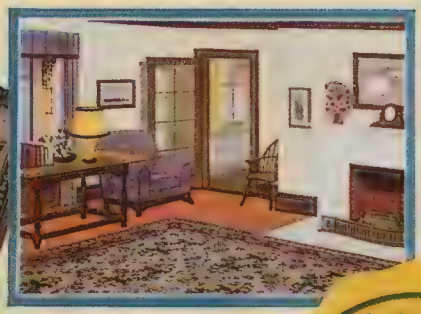
Who wouldn't be proud of this blue and tan design with its quaint and fascinating motif? It's Congoleum pattern No. 396.

And this beautiful pattern copied from an old Chinese rug will add an artistic touch to any floor. It's Congoleum pattern No. 512.

Gorgeously realistic is this precious pattern copied from the best of Persian art. It's Congoleum pattern No. 388.

Cool and really American is this charming conventional design which so many women adore. It's Congoleum pattern No. 508.



The rug shown above is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 388. In the 9 x 12 foot size the price is only $19.00.

The rug in the kitchen is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 508. In the 6 x 9 foot size the price is only $9.75.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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Here we can offer only the merest glimpse of a few of the beautiful new Congoleum Rug patterns. For to fully appreciate their artistry of design and coloring you must go to your dealer and see the rugs themselves.

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There you will find designs to grace any room in the house—colors that will blend harmoniously with any scheme of decoration. And all in floor-coverings that possess that delightful practicality so dear to the heart of the American housewife.

So Easily Cleaned

The rare beauty of Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs is more than "skin deep." Remarkably durable, the bright colors are fade-proof; the smooth, waterproof surface will not absorb grease. Just a light going-over with a damp mop keeps the surface sanitary—clean as a new pin.

Nor is it any trouble to lay Congoleum—it lies flat on the floor without fastening of any kind.

This beauty, which you would expect only in expensive woven rugs, and this durability are obtainable at prices that are amazingly low.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

1½ x 3 feet	$ .60	3 x 4½ feet	$1.80
3 x 3 feet	1.20	3 x 6 feet	2.40

The rugs illustrated are made only in the sizes below. However, the smaller rugs can be had in colors to harmonize with them.

6 x 9 feet	$9.75	9 x 10½ feet	$16.60
7½ x 9 feet	11.85	9 x 12 feet	19.00

Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," an interesting illustrated booklet showing all the beautiful patterns in full color, will be sent free upon request to our nearest office. Don't fail to get a copy.

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM Art-Rugs

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A DELICATE AND WHOLESOME VEGETABLE AND NUTRITIVE PRODUCT
FOR SALADS AND COOKING
The Southern Cotton Oil Co.
New York Savannah New Orleans
PURE
DELICIOUS
VEGETABLE
FAT

The Companion's Picture Section *for* October

Neysa McMein
designs a
Wearable Dress
Especially for
The COMPANION

YOU know the Neysa McMein girls, don't you? The very American, very good-looking cover girls, that give the news-stands such a familiar look nowadays. But do you know that Neysa McMein is not only an artist but also a designer of clothes? That she plans most of the costumes that her cover girls wear? And that she is very keen about clothes that are not only fashionable but also artistic and wearable? This is her idea of a wearable street frock for the American girl—designed especially for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

CRÊPE satin, straight lines and the new, boat-shaped neck and wide sleeves—these are the four points to jot down in your mind about this dress. The color is mostly gray; that is, the crêpe satin part is gray. But the sleeves are wide-banded with black Kasha cloth, braided almost solidly in black; or perhaps you'd like white braid. It's very smart. Braid also trims the lower edge and front of the skirt, and outlines the large, buttoned-over tab. For vivid contrast, Miss McMein edges the bottom of the skirt and the sleeves with lines of flame and jade ribbon. High gray suede Russian boots and a debonairly flaring black hat complete the costume.

DRAWN BY J SIMONT

GOWN FROM BOUE SŒURS

When Chantilly Meets Venetian

THIS afternoon gown is unmistakably French, in its daring mingling of black chiffon and Chantilly, with exquisitely embroidered écru batiste and Venetian lace. Typically a Boue Sœurs creation, too, for this house—French in the midst of New York—is famous for beautiful lingerie and fine embroideries and laces.

DRAWN BY CHARLES SHELDON

COSTUME FROM FARQUHARSON & WHEELOCK

"Something Old and Something New"

OVER its satin foundation the little net gown falls slim and straight to its deep pointed hem. And every bit of it, from neck to hem, is embroidered with pearls after the pattern of the rare old lace that makes the sleeves and, widely banded with satin, forms the stately train. A bandeau of lace and orange blossoms holds the filmy clouds of tulle.

The big hat is making a strong bid for favor

But the little hat still stands its ground, too

If your frock and hat are not black this year, they are more than apt to be black and white

Hats that Top the Winter Mode

DESIGNED BY PEGGY HOYT
DRAWN BY CHARLES SHELDON

THERE'S much to be said—and being said—about the big hat. And as if to add her approval to that graceful, shadowy, and most flattering form of headgear, Peggy Hoyt elects, you see, to show two big hats to one small one.

Another thing that you will probably notice is that they are all black, or, next cousin to black, black and white. For though one would scarcely say that every smart hat is black, or that every black hat is smart, it's easy to see that many hats are both.

Hatter's plush, broad black grosgrain ribbon, a jet buckle, and fringe of jet and cut-steel beads—all these go to make the hat at the upper left. It's large and curiously irregular as to shape, broadened at each side, and decidedly pointed at the right.

There's a suggestion of the Russian in the small black turban above that's topped with faille and studded as to brim with shiny black beads in graduated sizes. A black lace veil drapes from it with excellent effect.

At the left, a wide-brimmed shape of black hatter's plush is trimmed with black and white double-faced satin ribbon, that encircles the edge of the brim with clusters of tiny organ plaits, and ties at the back in a graceful bow.

Ready-Mades When You're Growing Up

Selected by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

If you cannot find these articles in your local shops, Miss Gould will gladly buy them for you

HOW TO ORDER: Be sure to state size and color. Write your name and address plainly. Remit by bank draft, post-office money order, express money order, or check. If you send currency, be sure the letter is registered. We cannot be responsible for money lost in the mails. Send orders to Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. No article sent C. O. D., or on approval. Miss Gould does not do general shopping, but she will gladly purchase for you the articles shown on this page. Orders for these articles cannot be filled after November 20th.

ABOUT RETURNED GOODS: Any purchase not satisfactory may be returned; but the goods must be sent back to the shop within three days of their receipt. Always state if articles are for exchange or refunded money. Do not return to the "Woman's Home Companion." Return direct to the firm that makes the shipment to you, by insured parcel post or prepaid express, and accompanied by the sales slip which the shop sends with each purchase. We cannot be responsible for returned packages lost in transit unless they are sent as directed.

No. 1. Envelope Chemise, $1.95.

No. 2

No. 3

No. 4

No. 5

No. 11

No. 1. Any girl will be delighted with this dainty lace-trimmed pink crêpe de chine envelope chemise. It comes in sizes 36 to 46 bust. Price, $1.95.

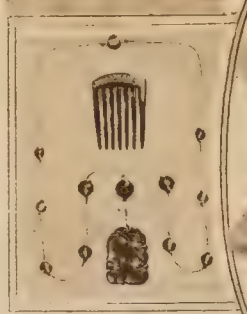
No. 2. This jaunty little soft rolling-brim hat of black Lyons velvet is gayly piped with duvetyn in bright red, burnt orange, Belgian (greenish) blue, green or pheasant (a coppery tone). It also comes with white pipings. Price, only $3.50.

No. 3. The popular shape in collar and cuffs of white eyelet embroidery—to finish your little serge dress or your sweater. Price, $1.50.

Nos. 4 and 5. A scarf and tam like these imported ones of soft brushed wool, will add a pleasant touch of color and a note of smartness to your fall suit or dress. You can get them in rose, jade, mauve, or light tan. Price of scarf, $4.75. Of tam, $3.25.

No. 6. Tuck comb for bobbed hair or coiffure that imitates it. Of imitation tortoise-shell with imitation sapphires, topaz, emeralds, or rubies. Price, $1.25 with $.07 tax, total, $1.32.

No. 7. The new cord necklace with cut beads and carved pendant effects in amethyst, jade, sapphire, opalescent, rose or black, on contrasting cords. $1.00.



Nos. 6, 7

No. 8. This little wool jersey over-blouse with its demure linen collar and cuffs has taken its place in girls' hearts. It's charming with a plaited striped or plaid skirt or a suit. Colors, navy, henna, beige or Belgian (greenish) blue. Sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Price, $3.95.

No. 8. Over-blouse. $3.95.

No. 11. Dainty directoire bandeau for the slim figure. 32 to 40 bust. Price, $1.50.

Nos. 9, 10

No. 9. You wear this little sterling silver bracelet for the luck there's supposed to be in the cute animal charms. Price, $2.75.

No. 10. Just to dangle on your finger—this smart little silver-plated coin holder. Price, $2.50.

Now It's "The Perfect 32!"

How these popular movie stars stay so slim

THESE two stars prefer outdoor exercise. Agnes Ayres, whom you've seen in the De Mille films, would just hate to get old, fat and stiff. So she rows whenever she can escape the studios. Next door is pretty Lois Wilson, skiing somewhere in the big Northwest. She says, "If you can't ski, skate." For the boyish figure, now all the rage, follow the example of these popular stars. If you can't be in the movies, you can still be slender.

ELSIE FERGUSON keeps her perfect figure by fencing every day. Fencing is the most elegant form of exercise, and Elsie is Paramount's most elegant star.

LILA LEE trains down with basket ball. When she finishes she may look all mussed up; but she will have lost an ounce or more.

Three Musketeers – *and a* Fourth

PORTHOS, Athos, and Aramis, the Three Musketeers, and the peerless D'Artagnan are renewing their youth on the silver screen. Feats after his own heart is Douglas Fairbanks called upon to do and dare. The five hats are trophies of five victories in a morning skirmish.

D'ARTAGNAN, the fire-eating, the reckless and brave, sighed for new worlds to conquer, and found—the movies! So now again he woos Constance in the palace corridors, and again defies the guard at the Cardinal's gate.

HERE they are—all the gallant company, with the Three Musketeers raising their swords in salute, and the debonair D'Artagnan looking content with the way it all turns out. Do you recognize old friends? Scheming Father Joseph; the Queen, with jewels restored; Milady, enigmatic and alluring; Richelieu in his Cardinal's robes; and Rochefort, the villain of the plot.

Trees

By JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROS.

THE framework of a tree is more interesting, usually, than its leaf mass, and should be considered when deciding its location.

COURTESY OF COUNTRY LIFE

M. E. HEWITT STUDIOS

THE famous elms of New England were simply native trees brought from the woods and set out, some beside the doorsteps, some along the roadways, often in company with maples (left). With its uprising, fountain lines, and its open, airy top, the elm is the ideal form for use near a building (see photograph at top of page and in lower right-hand corner), especially where there is fairly moist soil.

ON another page will be found an inspiring article on shade trees by Grace Tabor.

IN arranging trees with reference to a dwelling, the aim should be to furnish shade on all the ground around it.

THERE is no more decorative tree than the sycamore or buttonwood. It is, moreover, a most rapid grower and often attains great breadth and heighth when given a chance to grow in the open, as shown in the photograph above.

For October appetites, Premium Ham aplenty!

When autumn whets the appetite for truly satisfying food, good housekeepers naturally serve their Premium Ham on larger and larger platters.

Cooking in quantity is the thrifty way of cooking; and buying Premium Ham whole is the thrifty way of buying.

Have the butcher cut off the butt end for baking, and a good slice or two for frying or broiling. Boil the rest.

Cover the boiling portion of a Premium Ham with cold water, add 1 tablespoon mixed spice, bring to a boil and simmer gently until tender—about one-half hour to the pound. Remove the skin and serve.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Swift's Premium Ham

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

MODART CORSETS

Always Front Laced

WHEN YOUR APPEARANCE IS ADMIRED

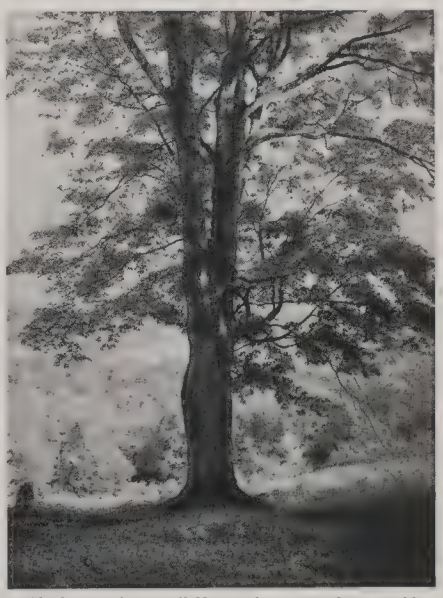
A COMPLIMENT is paid to your figure — to the good judgment with which your corset has been chosen — to the skill with which it has been fitted.

Modart Corsets are the masterpieces of the most highly paid corset designer in the world. Appropriately his ideas are carried out only in materials of guaranteed excellence. Because of this, Modart Corsets give a longer term of service and continue to hold their correct design and shape until worn out.

Expert advice on the selection of the proper model for your individual figure, and instruction on its correct adjustment, add the final touch to your satisfaction.

Of this, too, you are always certain when you buy a Modart, for Modart Corsets are sold only by the better stores, and each corset is individually fitted by an expert after careful study of your figure requirements.

MODART CORSET COMPANY
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN



Maple sugar is as available as rain water to the man with a sugar maple on his lawn

Shade *and* Shade Trees

And their relation to your house and grounds

By GRACE TABOR
Editor of the COMPANION'S *Garden Department*

IT IS of course in midsummer that the need for shade is keenly realized; but this is the time to consider the autumn aspect of trees generally, which is of importance to the garden—as well as the time to plant for shade when another summer comes. It is all very well to select and plant trees for protection from the sun, but it is not enough; it is possible to do so much more, that loss of the opportunity through failure to recognize it is a great pity.

An ornamental tree, on a small place especially, should be considered in relation to the house or other buildings. All too often trees are so placed that the house is almost, if not wholly, obscured, and the observer given a sense of its being shut in—stuffy, indeed. The dense-headed tree, for example, while affording deep shade, is too compact, usually, to be agreeable as a specimen tree very near a building.

On the other hand, such a tree as the elm, with its uprising fountain lines, and its open, airy top (see picture section) is the ideal form for use near a building, since it overtops and shelters it without shutting it in in the least. Obviously, however, if a shade tree is desired to shut out any especially undesirable view or element, the dense form will be required rather than the open one.

THUS it appears that not only the position of a tree but its form, its leafage, and its branching habit, are important. So are its resistance to disease and insects—for one does not want to be forever spraying a shade tree—as well as its suitability to the place and soil, its degree of growth annually, and, finally, its domestic suitability, by which I mean its general tidiness. Some very beautiful trees scatter at one season or another blossoms or seeds to an annoying degree if near a house; which is nothing at all against them when at a distance.

The famous elms of New England represent the first efforts of the settlers to ornament their door yards, and are worthy monuments to that spirit which makes the best of available materials. For they were simply native trees, brought from the woods and set out, some beside the door steps, some along the roadways (see picture section), which proves the elm's willingness to grow and the ease of handling it—for not many kinds of trees are sufficiently adaptable to submit to transplanting from the wild without previous preparation and careful handling.

It is possible to do this with the American elm because it has many fibrous roots near the surface of the ground, by which we assume at once that it is a tree requiring a fairly moist soil; otherwise, a clay soil or rather heavy loam. As it is most abundant on river-bottom lands and near streams on low rich hills, the facts bear out our inference. The use of the elm, therefore, should not be considered on dry, light soils.

THE English elm (*ulmus campestris*) is similar in requirements to the common American elm (*ulmus Americana*); but its foliage remains green several weeks longer in the autumn, and hence it is preferred by many. Less attractive in autumn than almost any other tree, however, the elm is actually desirable as an old and lofty tree bending above and framing a house; but it is not a tree that I can enthusiastically recommend for the barren place needing trees desperately—unless large specimens are moved in by experts in tree transplanting.

It would be difficult to declare any one tree the finest in America; and of course, considering the length and breadth of the land, one kind of tree would hardly serve for the entire continent when there are several that are so good. But certainly there is no more splendid tree than the sycamore or buttonwood (see picture section)—which I must qualify immediately by saying that the native species is the victim, usually, of a fungous disease that makes it drop its leaves. The Oriental form of this species, however, is not susceptible to the disease;

Prettier Teeth

To millions of all races

This is to offer a ten-day test, of a tooth paste whose results will surprise and delight you.

To millions of people, half the world over, it is bringing prettier teeth. It is bringing cleaner, safer teeth. And leading dentists everywhere are advising its adoption.

Make this free test. Learn what this new method means to you and yours. Watch how your teeth change in a week.

Film dims the teeth

That viscous film you feel on teeth is the coat that clouds their luster. And most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. So countless teeth brushed daily are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many internal diseases.

Must be removed

Dental science has long sought a daily film combatant. Without it, the tooth brush is sadly inadequate. The best-brushed teeth, if film remains, discolor and decay.

Now two methods have been found to effectively fight film. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. In Europe and America, leading dentists now advise them.

For daily use they are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. This tooth paste complies with all modern requirements. To people all around you it is bringing results never obtained before.

What Pepsodent does

Pepsodent combats the film wherever it appears. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling and may form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use brings five effects, all of them important. Together they mean a new dental era. You will realize that fact in a week.

The quick results will delight you

The results are both quick and apparent. You can feel them in cleaner teeth, see them in whiter teeth.

To children they are as important as to adults. Young teeth are markedly subject to these film attacks.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Compare the new way with the old. Let the clear results decide you. This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 685

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 24, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Greet Them

With these extra-flavory oats

Serve the oat dish at its best.

This is the supreme food—almost the ideal food. As a body-builder, as a vim-food it holds a premier place.

Give it that fragrance and flavor which Nature confers on fine oats.

Make it with Quaker Oats always.

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

All the small grains are discarded—the puny, unripe and insipid.

Thus millions of oat lovers, all the world over, have been won to this luscious flavor.

Countless people send overseas to get it.

You have only to specify Quaker Oats to get it at any store.

For the family's sake, don't forget.

Quaker Oats

We get but ten pounds from a bushel

62 dishes for 30 cents

The large package of Quaker Oats will serve 62 liberal dishes. The cost is but 30 cents. It contains 6,221 calories of nutriment, of which one-sixth is protein. It supplies 16 needed elements. This is the cream of the oats—the choicest part of the greatest food that grows.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Shade *and* Shade Trees

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

and though it is not as majestic a tree, it is still exceptionally fine. And, what is especially desirable, it is, of all trees, perhaps, the most rapid grower.

The native buttonwood (*platanus occidentalis*) reaches a great height and a great spread of branches as well, trees one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five feet in height being not unusual, with trunks ten feet across. The Oriental species (*platanus orientalis*) does not reach more than a hundred feet in height, but the spread of the branches is very great. In fairly moist land, similar to that which will suit the elm, I regard the Oriental sycamore as the first choice. The fact that it will endure smoky atmosphere better than most trees is a further argument in its favor for city or town planting.

The trees above all others for dry and somewhat arid situations are, perhaps, the oaks—not all of them, but several species. The scarlet oak (*quercus coccinea*) grows well and rapidly on the most sandy, dry, and wind-swept soils of Long Island—which is about as stiff a test as a tree could be subjected to; and the white oak (*quercus alba*), which is conceded to be the monarch of all, also thrives in the same region. This is not to say that these trees grow as rapidly as the plane (sycamore) tree, on soil which suits it; but it is a mistaken idea that the oak grows so slowly that it is not desirable as a garden tree. The fact that it holds its rich red-brown leaves practically all winter is greatly in its favor, too, for a winter landscape is warmed to an amazing degree by a cluster of these trees. (See picture section.)

The pin oak (*quercus palustris*) is another beautiful and distinct species, more symmetrical in growth than the wide-spreading white oak, and more delicate in leaf and branch both. It has a downward sweep of branch that distinguishes it, and makes it a delightful natural retreat for a seat, when it has reached fair size. Its color in autumn is particularly vivid, although the scarlet oak is perhaps the most brilliant of all. Leaves of the white oak are not so showy, but have great depth and richness of autumn color.

OF COURSE we must consider the maples; but in doing so I feel impelled to raise objections at once, since one species is greatly planted for the quick growth that leads us to sacrifice the future for the present oftener than not. The Norway maple, the one in question, has a round and spreading dense head. This very density is against it as a tree for use near buildings; and the fact that it is selected ten times to one of practically every other tree is another reason for not planting it. Why more of the splendid sugar maples are not planted I cannot imagine—especially as here is a tree that does well on practically every soil, is beautiful at all seasons of the year, and yields one of the greatest delicacies in the world. (See illustration, page 83.)

This sugar or rock maple (*acer saccharum*) is one of the finest of our native trees, growing to be more than a hundred feet high and carrying a neat foliage which turns to gorgeous reds and orange shades in autumn. Its general silhouette is oblong rather than round; that is, it maintains practically the same width of head its entire height, and it is sufficiently open to be airy, yet dense enough to afford perfect shade. It was the choice of the late John Burroughs whenever selection of a species fell to him; and on all counts we ought, I presume, to place the sugar maple at the top of the list of American trees. Certainly no other tree is at one and the same time as generally adaptable, as beautiful, and as invariably serviceable, provided it is given an opportunity.

Do not confuse this hard maple with the frequently seen soft maple (*acer saccharinum*). This is a good-looking tree, large and lofty and somewhat similar to an elm in appearance of outline. But it is actually not a safe tree to plant, since its wood is so weak that almost every wind brings down branches, and a high wind will work real havoc with a large tree. It is rapid-growing, which is one reason why it is so much used.

THE linden, of which our American species is called basswood, outdoes all other trees, I am inclined to believe, in usefulness; and its beauty is so superlative that one does not wonder at the place it occupies in classic tradition. No other tree, unless perhaps the locust, affords such wondrous bee pasture. Its flowers are distilled by perfume makers, its leaves are used both fresh and dry as cattle fodder, its fagots make the best charcoal, its seed balls are full of an oil the equal of olive oil for table use and for cooking, the bark of the young trees makes the Russian peasants' shoes, as well as ropes, mats and fish nets, and no wood is better for fine wood carving or for furnishing great sheets for veneer.

All of which is interesting, but does not add to its claims as a tree for use in the garden. My own chief delight in it is its delicious fragrance during the bloom; but this is not to say that its shade and its general thriftiness are not worth while. It does sometimes get pretty unkempt as summer advances, for objectionable insects are as attracted to it as are the bees; but usually the European species (*tilia europea*) is throughout the year a delightful, clean, and beautiful tree. There are several varieties. The best, perhaps, is *tilia cordata*, or small-leaved linden. The silver-leaved (*tilia tomentosa*) is good, however, and sure to keep in fine condition all through the summer.

No other tree combines in form and habit of leafage all the requisites of a door-yard tree as does the beech

Of all trees the beech — to my way of thinking, at any rate — is the most beautiful. It has one feature that will always prevent its becoming too commonly planted (allowing that there could possibly be too many beeches, which I do not!): this is its root formation, which consists of an enormously elongated tap root. Trees of this sort never transplant readily, for the reason that the tap root is almost sure to be broken in the operation, and they do not survive this loss. But beech trees grown in a good nursery, where they are frequently transplanted from infancy to overcome the tap-root tendency and induce in its place a mass of roots nearer the surface, will transplant as well as any other tree. No other tree has bark of such exquisite satin smoothness as the silvery gray bark of the beech; and no other tree combines in form and habit of leafage all the requisites of a door-yard tree so completely as does the beech, both the American (*fagus americana*) and the European species, (*fagus sylvatica*). The latter is the parent of all the copper and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

Kleinert Shield

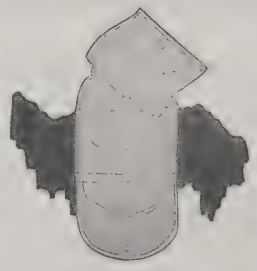
THE BEST KLEINERT The Gem

A Page of Protection

A UNIVERSAL CIRCULATION

The Kleinert Rubber Company
725 Broadway, New York, N.Y

ESTABLISHED 41 YEARS AGO



New Grayline Now Doing Service

Handy little waterproof tourist cases are these with cunning pockets to hold all your toilet necessities. They're covered in a soft French gray—real travel color—that defies spots and soil to dim its freshness.

Tuck in your wet sponges, tooth brush, etc., and shut your bag with perfect confidence—the name *Kleinert's* is your assurance that every Grayline is dependably waterproof.

H. R. H. Jiffy

His Majesty's Mother reports that no article in his wardrobe is more appreciated than his Kleinert's Jiffy Baby Pants.

It's on and off in a jiffy with no scratchy pins, no bothersome buttons, no tapes to bind. Waist and knees are prettily shirred over an inside band designed to lie flat and smooth.

Jiffys are made in three sizes so that even the most bouncing young Hercules can find one to suit, and every real Jiffy bears the name *Kleinert.*

Buster Brown Helps Sturdy Youngsters

John and Jane can climb trees, race, and wrestle without restraint in these stretchy Buster Brown Garters. They're made of good live rubber—placed properly *below* the buckle teeth so they will wear twice as long.

Gem Makes New Record

Present Close-Woven Cover Fabric Surpasses Even Pre-War Standard

The two features which have made Kleinert's Gem Dress Shield famous for nearly half a century are its rubber lining—impervious to any known acid—and its double cover of fabric which completely absorbs moisture.

We couldn't improve on the pure gum rubber lining.

But a return to more normal conditions has enabled us to produce a cover fabric, closer woven, stronger, and whiter than ever before. Moreover, it is superior in absorbent and laundering qualities even to the high grade materials used in the Gem before the war.

Shields for every gown are now regarded as indispensable by the really smart woman and of course she suits the shape and style of the shield to the garment.

There is a Regular shape—ample in proportions—for use in cloth dresses and tailored waists; and the small Crescent which fits so inconspicuously into sheer gowns and blouses. For evening wear, you will want the cleverly cut Opera shape, and if you chance to be a bit stout, there is the Highpoint Gem specially designed to meet your needs.

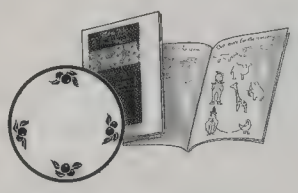
Every Kleinert Shield is as easily washed as a handkerchief.

Helps Prevent Wrinkles

Kleinert's Sanitary Dress Protector will keep your skirt from wrinkling when you travel or sit at your desk all day. It is easily adjusted, washable, and affords adequate protection on all occasions.

New Way to Please Husbands!

He expects you to wear pretty clothes—of course—*but* he also likes good dinners and a tidy house, doesn't he? *Kleinert's Household Apron* will keep your prettiest frock perfectly safe beneath its ample waterproof folds, even while you clean vegetables or wash dishes.



Gift Suggestions Send Four Cents for Your Copy

All sorts of fascinating things can be made from our old household standby—Kleinert's Rubber Sheeting.

Editors of the leading women's magazines planned them, Kleinert's Book of Gift Suggestions pictures and describes them so that anyone can make them—*easily.*

If you are looking for something really new—and inexpensive as well—send four cents in stamps for your copy. Kleinert's Rubber Sheeting is on sale at good stores everywhere. Look for the name on the selvage!

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.
719 Broadway Dept. C New York

Buy Knowingly—Buy Kleinert's

The world is returning at last to a state of sanity when people want quality for whatever price they pay. Shoddy merchandise must go, whether it sells for five cents or five dollars.

This house has always stood for absolute quality. For forty years we have been putting out the best merchandise we knew how to make. Today our standards are higher than ever before. Any articles shown on this page, or any other articles marked *Kleinert,* are guaranteed to give the service you have a right to expect. It is a good maxim to "buy knowingly—buy Kleinert's." You will never be disappointed if you follow it.

If your dealer is out of any of these items, he can get them from his jobber.

IT is not too much to expect that your ankles will seem daintier and more graceful when you wear BURSON Hose. For these stockings are fashioned to follow every natural curve of the leg, fitting tightly and smoothly at the ankles. BURSON stockings have no seams for wind-whipped skirts to twist and pull into awkward, crooked lines. BURSON'S are very comfortable, and they wear a long time.

BURSON
Fashioned Hose

SILK · COTTON · LISLE
MERCERIZED

For Motoring School Business *or* Sport

Knitted things are much in vogue

Designed by
HELEN MARVIN

THE smart little close motor hat, with its becoming rolling brim, matches the trimming of the motor coat.

THE modern girl will love this snuff-colored chemise dress in chiffon knitting of fine Shetland yarn with rust-colored trimmings. It's called the Margery dress and it can be made in sizes four to sixteen.

THE noteworthy feature of this Raritan golf sweater in sand color is a grosgrain ribbon binding.

MOTOR late and long, and yet you'll stay as warm as toast in this knitted motor wrap with its scarf for smartness and its capacious pockets for convenience. Notice how its wide sleeves will let you slip it on over a suit. The color is pecan, brightened with bands of rose henna.

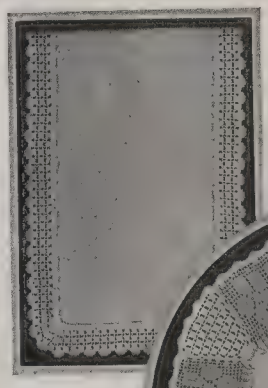
COMPLETE illustrated directions for making each of these garments will be sent for ten cents each, or all three for twenty-five. Order CK-173, Raritan sweater, motor coat, and the Margery school dress. Address, Knitting Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Six-inch-wide giant filet borders this between-meals cloth, measuring thirty by nineteen and a half inches inside of hem

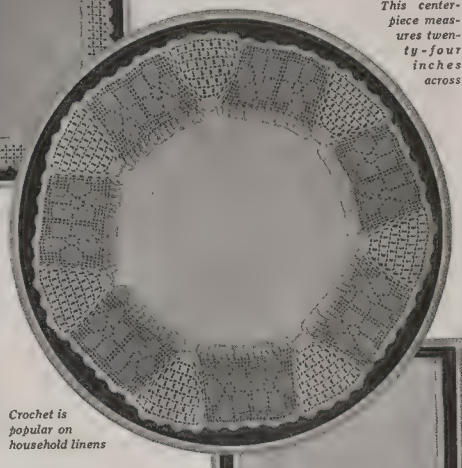
Giant Filet Crochet

And other new designs

By HELEN MARVIN



THE center of the round tablepiece below is of heavy ecru canvas, and the wide border is made up of alternate filet medallions and triangular crocheted sections, all finished with a narrow scalloped edge. The filet medallions can be made in old-blue, the intervening sections ecru to match the center, or the whole centerpiece can be carried out in tones of tan. The crocheted border is five inches wide.



This centerpiece measures twenty-four inches across

HEAVY crocheted lace in ecru makes an effective trimming for a sideboard doily or scarf of linen in the same shade, sixteen inches wide. How stunning it would be with a copper samovar and orange hand-dipped candles!

Crochet is popular on household linens

THE table runner at the right is of ecru linen hemstitched all around, with a strip of filet crochet in a decorative flower pattern on each end. The fringe is made by tying six threads twelve inches long in each hole along the bottom edge of the filet.

WORKING patterns for the filet crochet in the round centerpiece, the table runner with fringe, and the oblong centerpiece, together with directions to accompany them, and directions for the sideboard doily lace and the triangular sections of the centerpiece can be obtained for ten cents in stamps. Order CK-169 and address Knitting and Crochet Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

MAKE the table runner above of a length to fit your table. The width is eighteen inches.

The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How to Keep it Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important.

After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in afterlife, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

No use getting excited— the floor is Valsparred

ORDINARY varnish would have been ruined. But, luckily, the floor was Valsparred.

Soaked for hours with puddles of hot water, it emerged absolutely undamaged—never a dull streak, never a splotch of white. For Valspar is absolutely waterproof.

There are any number of places throughout the house that need just such a varnish—a varnish that is accident-proof, that will not mar or turn white under any conditions.

Fruit acids, greases and oils, hot, soapy water have no effect upon Valspar.

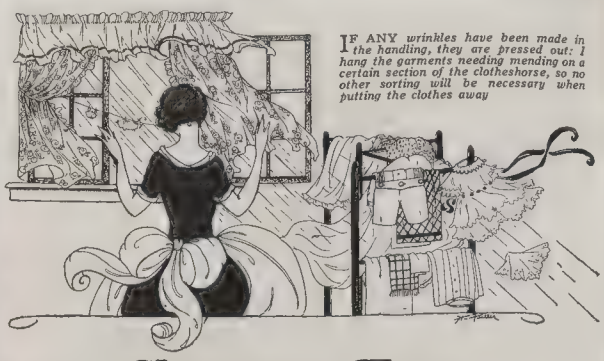
No matter what it is, from the drain board in the kitchen to the front door — *anything that's worth varnishing is worth Valsparring.*

Easy to apply and dries hard over night.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY
Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832
New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam
W. P. FULLER & Co., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York
Special Offer
For your dealer's name and 15c in stamps we will send you a 35c sample can of Valspar or Valspar Varnish Stain—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out coupon.
Dealer's Name.....
Your Name.....
Your Address.....
W. H. C.—10-21



IF ANY wrinkles have been made in the handling, they are pressed out: I hang the garments needing mending on a certain section of the clotheshorse, so no other sorting will be necessary when putting the clothes away

Sleeves First

And other ironing should-be's

By NELL B. NICHOLS

MAKING ironing easier is largely a matter of planning the housework to fit the laundering schedule. I like to tackle the task early in the morning, immediately after the breakfast dishes are washed, and stick to it until the clothes basket is empty. What a relief to get the starched garments out of the way first! How helpful to have no unnecessary interruptions!

Food preparations should be simple, with no effort spent in baking. The one-dish meal is admirably suited to ironing day—it has no worthy competitors. If the food is placed in the fireless cooker or in a casserole, it cooks while the housekeeper irons.

A New Wrinkle for Avoiding Wrinkles

AVOIDING wrinkles is one method of reducing the toil of ironing. Once you acquire the habit of folding the clothes neatly in the basket, when taking them from the line, instead of piling them in a haphazard way, you do not break it.

After a garment is sprinkled with sufficient water to dampen it evenly, it is pulled in shape, turned right side out, if necessary, and rolled tightly. These rolls are placed in the clothes basket and covered with a clean cloth to prevent the outer portions from drying.

Unless sultry weather makes the danger of mildew great, I find it economical of time and strength to dampen the clothes in the evening and let them stand overnight before ironing. This also gives the moisture an opportunity to become distributed evenly. In many cases good results are obtained by sprinkling the clothes one-half hour before ironing, provided warm water is used.

Just how you sprinkle the water is a matter of little importance; the main thing is to apply it evenly over the entire surface. I have a small whisk broom, which I dip in the water and shake above the clothes, dampening them in this way; many women use bottles with perforated lids while others have large tin flour or salt cans for this purpose.

Linens iron most beautifully when they are very damp, consequently more water is sprinkled on them than on cottons. Flannels are not dampened, as a rule, since they may be ironed with best results when dry. I seldom allow wools and silks, except pongee, to dry completely before ironing, for the wrinkles which dry in wool are extremely difficult to remove, and sprinkling is likely to spot silks. *Pongee should be ironed when dry.*

The colored clothes that fade, I do not dampen any length of time before ironing. If it is possible to take them from the line before they are completely dry and iron them at once, this is the best treatment. When there is not an opportunity to give them attention on wash day, I let them dry, and then about twenty minutes before time for ironing I roll them in a cloth which has been dampened thoroughly in lukewarm water.

When ironing, *the worker should be as comfortable as possible.* There is no logical reason why she should not be seated on a high stool.

The ironing board is also of great importance in making the work less difficult. First of all, it should have a firm foundation and not wobble under the pressure of the iron. *It should also be the proper height for the person ironing.* If too low, it causes a strain on the muscles of the back, resulting in unnecessary fatigue and backache; if too high, the muscles of the shoulders and arms are overtaxed. The height of the ironing board depends on the height of the worker and the length of her arms. Persons from five feet and six inches to five feet and seven inches tall usually require an ironing surface from thirty-one to thirty-two inches from the floor. Ordinarily, the adjustable ironing board is the best purchase, since it can be made to fit most women's needs.

At least two thicknesses are essential for covering the ironing board, and more may give better results, depending on the weight of the materials. I have two layers of an old cotton blanket directly over my board, and then on top of these is one thickness of sheeting. When new materials are purchased for this purpose, three layers of outing flannel or two of silence cloth, table padding, may be substituted for the blanket, and a strip of unbleached muslin, hemmed at both ends and fastened on with tapes, or a draw string, may take the place of the sheeting.

As to Your Irons

SLEEVE boards may or may not be used; I consider mine a paying investment, not that it irons sleeves any better, but it saves time and labor. It is useful not only in ironing sleeves, but also for lace and embroidery, edgings, ruffles and baby clothes.

Many kinds of irons may be used. Those which heat themselves by electricity, gasolene, gas, alcohol, or kerosene save labor, since steps to the stove for a hot iron are avoided. Moreover, they make the work more comfortable in warm weather, because they do not heat the room or the hand.

The ironing board should not wobble

In the care of these irons, the precautions to heed are simple. Perhaps the main thing with the electric iron is not to let it become overheated. It is a matter of wisdom to disconnect it from the current frequently while ironing. I had considerable worry, not knowing when the current was off or on, until I purchased a two-

Sleeves First

way plug and attached the iron in one connection, a small bulb in the other. Now a glance at the bulb shows whether the current is on. The best position for the iron connection is over the board, directly in the center.

Irons heated by alcohol, kerosene, gasolene, or gas may be used with safety, if you use ordinary care in handling them; and this is largely a matter of avoiding drafts that may blow the flame.

Flatirons are inexpensive and, if kept free from rust, are satisfactory. Of course they make ironing more tiresome, because they must be carried between the ironing board and the stove. These irons may be purchased in different weights; those weighing six pounds are best for general purposes; a somewhat heavier one, perhaps an eight-pound iron, is better for pressing purposes, while the four-pound one is just right for delicate fabrics and baby clothes. Fluting irons are helpful in hurrying over the ruffles, and for pin tucks on sheer materials, the doll iron is not to be overlooked.

All irons should be kept clean. If starch sticks, it can be scraped off with a dull knife; it can, to a certain extent, be prevented from sticking by rubbing the heated iron occasionally over a small bag of paraffin or wax. I have a small piece of fine sandpaper tacked to one end of my ironing board, over which I pass the iron quite frequently, to keep it smooth. When irons become rusty, they may be rubbed with vaseline or lard.

I have a small whisk broom, which I dip in water and shake over the clothes

Tricks of the Trade

IF THE clothes are to have finish, the kind that repels soil, *the iron used on them should be hot.* When it is not warm enough, yellow rust stains are formed. These may be removed by washing the stained places in clear water, but the garment should be partly dried before being reironed. Too cool irons also cause starch to stick. When the iron is too hot, of course it scorches the fabric. Slight scorches on cotton and linen are taken out by dampening the stain in water and placing outdoors in the sun and wind. If this treatment fails, white linens and cottons may be dipped in a solution of hydrogen peroxide to which a few drops of household ammonia have been added. When the stain is gone, the garment is rinsed through several waters.

Scorched wool and silk are ruined, for the animal fibers are destroyed by intense heat. It is the best policy to use only a moderately warm iron for these fabrics.

Perhaps the best way to iron is to take long and rapid strokes with a hot iron—at least to iron as large a surface as possible with every stroke. Other things which give good results are ironing with the thread of the goods and on the right side, except when there are figures which you wish to bring out by exerting pressure on the wrong side. I also find that colored clothing is not so likely to be too glossy to look well if it can be ironed on the wrong side.

Embroideries are always ironed on the wrong side over a padding — I have two small pads of Turkish toweling for this purpose which save the wear on towels that are never near when needed. Laces are also ironed on the wrong side over a thin padding, such as a few layers of outing flannel.

Nothing makes ironing day more tedious than to find portions of the garment just ironed crumpled before being hung on the clotheshorse.

For pin tucks the doll iron is not to be overlooked

Perhaps the fabric was not ironed dry. Or maybe it was not sprinkled damp enough. Both of these things give clothes a rough-dry appearance. I always have a small basin of water and a fine-grained sponge near the ironing board, which I use when clothes are not quite damp enough, or to remove small spots of soil. Ironing the portions in the proper order is also essential for best results. The general rule is to iron the parts which hang off the board first.

With a woman's shirtwaist or a man's shirt, the order is: cuffs, collar band, sleeves, yoke, back, and front. The sleeves of the thin blouse have first attention, then the back, front, and collar.

Hems of sheets and pillow cases are the important parts, so far as the ironer is concerned. Lace and embroidery trimmings always are ironed first. The order of ironing a nightdress is: trimming, sleeves, yoke, and body.

Ruffled organdie dresses sometimes cause worry. Iron the waist in this order: ruffles, sleeves, back, and front, then the ruffles, hem, and body of the skirt.

The beautiful gloss of linen is obtained by ironing on both sides, on the wrong one until partly dry and on the right one until dry and highly polished.

Black sateen is ironed on the wrong side, just as are silk and wool. If you wish to iron silk and wool on the right side, place a piece of dampened cheesecloth between the iron and the material. Flannel is ironed on the wrong side if it is dampened, but the preferable way is to moisten a piece of cheesecloth and place over the dry flannel, ironing until the cloth is dry.

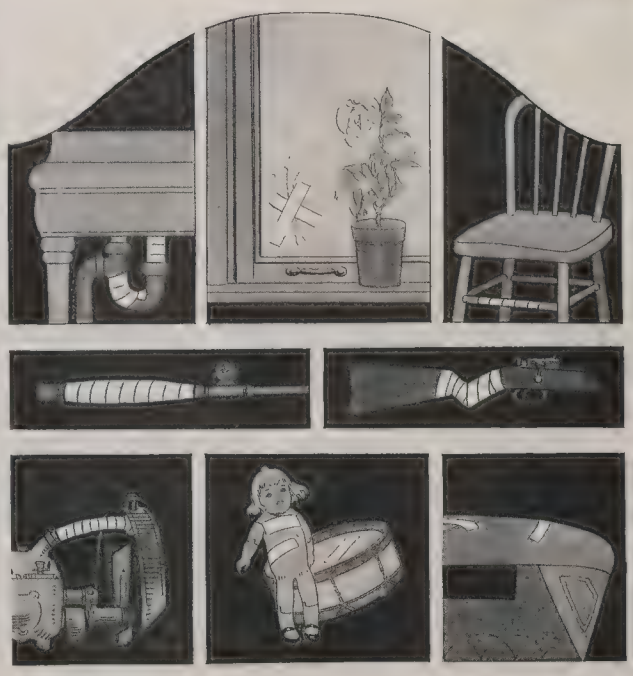
For a Big Family

FLAT pieces can be folded evenly, if in making the last fold the upper part is pulled back one-fourth inch, allowing for the thickness of material. Not quite this much is allowed in folding smaller pieces. All clothes are folded with the thread of the goods.

I often iron the clothes without making any folds, then I fold and press gently with a warm iron.

In large families, ironing machines make the laundry work easier. Some of these machines are turned by hand, others by power. One type has cold wooden rollers, the pressure of which removes wrinkles, but does not sterilize the clothes or leave the finish given by heated irons or rollers.

Most of the ironing machines have heated rollers, that is, one roller is padded and revolves against a heated plate. Flat pieces, plain dresses aprons, and underwear may be ironed in these machines.



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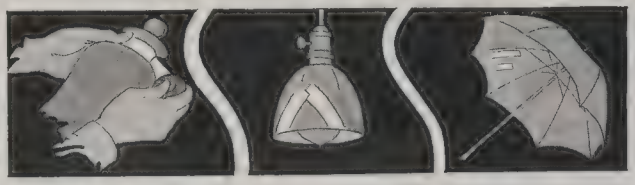

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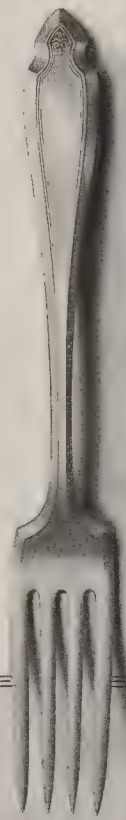

WM. A. ROGERS, Ltd., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
New York Chicago San Francisco Toronto

Cardinal Pattern

Refreshments *for* Thirty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

also cut in small pieces. Turn into six individual molds that have been rubbed over with salad oil. Let stand until firm, remove from molds and serve with mayonnaise dressing combined with an equal amount of whipped cream. Increase recipe as desired.

Cream Wafers

Mix and sift one and one-half cups pastry flour and one teaspoon salt. Add, gradually, heavy cream to make a dough, the quantity required being a scant one-half cup. Roll as thin as possible, prick with a fork, shape with a small round or fancy cutter, and bake until delicately browned. Spread with cream cheese, moistened with French dressing and mixed with chopped nuts. This should make four dozen wafers.

Chicken Mousse

6 cups cold cooked chicken or veal
3 tablespoons gelatin
1½ cups chicken stock
3 cups heavy cream

Force chicken twice through meat grinder, rub through a sieve and pound in mortar. Add gelatin soaked in chicken stock, and season with salt, celery salt, pepper, lemon juice and onion juice to taste. Fold in heavy cream beaten stiff. Chill, cut in blocks and serve on lettuce leaves, garnished with mayonnaise dressing. This should serve fifty people. Ham mousse may be made in the same way, but seasoned with three teaspoons mixed mustard and few grains cayenne.

Rolled Celery Sandwiches

Wrap a fresh loaf of bread in a cloth wrung out of hot water and then in a dry towel. Cut in very thin slices, spread with chopped celery mixed with mayonnaise dressing, roll up each sandwich, and insert a celery spray in each end. Cover with a dry and then a damp towel and keep in a cool place until serving time.

Horseradish Sandwiches

Remove crusts from loaves of graham and white bread, cut in slices one-third inch thick. Put between slices horseradish butter, alternating the graham and the white bread, using three slices. Wrap in cheesecloth, place under a light weight in a cold place, let stand until serving time, then cut in slices crosswise.

Horseradish Butter

Rub to a creamy consistency six tablespoons butter, add gradually one teaspoon lemon juice, four tablespoons grated horseradish and a few grains salt.

Grapefruit Frappé

1 gallon water
2½ qts. sugar
Rind 2 oranges
Rind 2 lemons
2⅔ qts. grapefruit juice
2⅔ cups orange juice
¾ cup lemon juice

Put water, sugar and the cutting from the yellow part of the rind into saucepan. Bring to boiling point, and let boil three minutes. Strain, cool, and add remaining ingredients. Freeze to a mush and serve in punch glasses. This should serve sixty.

Cornflake Fancies

2 egg whites
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups cornflakes
½ cup cocoanut

Beat egg whites until stiff, and add gradually sugar and salt. Fold in cornflakes and cocoanut. Drop mixture from tip of teaspoon in rough heaps on a greased tin sheet and bake in a moderate oven until delicately browned. This recipe should make about two dozen.

Orange Mousse

1 cup sugar
Grated rind 1 orange
½ cup water
½ tablespoon gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
¾ cup orange juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 cups heavy cream
¼ cup candied cherries

Put sugar, orange rind and water into saucepan and boil one minute. Add gelatin soaked in cold water; when dissolved add orange juice and lemon juice. Place on ice; when it begins to thicken fold in heavy cream beaten stiff, and candied cherries cut in pieces. Turn into a mold, cover, pack in ice and salt and leave three hours. Cut in ten slices for serving.

Club Menus

MENU I
Butterscotch or Orange Biscuits
Chocolate with Whipped Cream
Mint Turkish Paste

MENU II
Tea, with Assorted Fruit Tablets, or with Candied Rose Petals, Violets or Mint Leaves in Each Cup
Katy's Toasted Raisin Bread

MENU III
Eclairs filled with Egg and Sardine Salad
Chocolate Indians Grapefruit Punch

MENU IV
Cocoa Ice Cream
Cake with Orange Frosting
Caramel Pecan Balls

MENU V
Chicken and Clam Bouillon
Jellied Fruit Salad
Cream Wafers with Cheese Filling

MENU FOR TWENTY-FIVE
Chicken Mousse on Lettuce with Mayonnaise
Rolled Celery Sandwiches
Horseradish Sandwiches Grapefruit Frappé
Oatmeal or Cornflake Macaroons

MENU VII
Creamed Chicken in Timbale Cases
Olives Salted Nuts
Tartare Sandwiches
Orange Mousse Wafers Coffee

MENU VIII
Rolled Celery Sandwiches
Horseradish Sandwiches Little Cakes
Tea or Coffee

Are You the Tenth Woman?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

knack of putting the right amount of paint on the block to make a good print). It is well to stretch a string across the material to serve as a guiding line in stamping the design. Mix oil paint with very little turpentine, for it must be thick, but be sure you have enough of the desired shade mixed at the start. It is hard to match the color later. Pat the paint onto the raised surface of the design with a homemade patter, which consists of a tight flattened wad of absorbent cotton encased in light-weight oiled silk and a thickness of fine muslin cloth. The muslin cloth is thrown away after one hanging is done, but the rest of the patter is still good, after the oiled silk is washed off with turpentine.

When the block is thus charged, as they say, with paint—and you want to be sure that no part of it is neglected—bring it face down onto the silk with some force, but do not move the block once it comes in contact with the silk. If the design prints indistinctly at first, as it usually does, try making the paint thicker, or thinner, see whether the block needs more or less paint in it when charging it, and be sure that the paint is evenly distributed. Also, use more pressure in printing the block. A certain transparency in the design as printed, and the inevitable variation in the amount of color deposited with each print of the block gives the hanging the craft quality. So do not strive for mechanical perfection.

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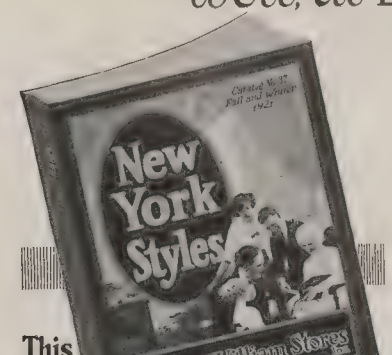

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The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

all pink." But her eyes went past her mother to the little sheaf of envelopes that lay on her dressing table.

"Listen, Charley. Ben Gartz is coming to dinner to-night." Charley's eyebrows went up ever so slightly. She said nothing. "Charley, Ben Gartz could do a great deal for your father—and for all of us—if he wanted to."

"Doesn't he want to?"

"Well, after all, why should he? It isn't as if we were related—or as if he were one of the family."

"Lottie, you mean?" She knew what her mother meant. And yet she wanted to give her a chance—a chance to save herself from this final infamy.

"N-n-no." Her voice had the rising inflection. "I don't think he cares about Lottie any more."

"Then that snatches him definitely out of the family clutches, doesn't it? Unless Aunt Charlotte—"

"Don't be funny, Charley. He's a man to be respected. He's good-looking; not old; more than well-to-do—rich, really."

Charley's eyes were cold and hard. And they were no longer mother and daughter, but two women, battle-locked. "M-m-m. . . A little old and fat, though, don't you think, for most purposes? And just a wee bit common? H'm?"

"Common! Well, when it comes to being common, my dear child, I don't think there was anything fastidious about the choice you made last June. After all, Delicatessen Dick isn't exactly—"

"Just a minute, Mother. I want to get this thing straight. I'm to marry your chubby little friend in order to save the family fortunes—is that it?"

"N-no, I don't mean just that. I merely—"

"What do you mean, then? I want to hear you say it."

"You could do a really big thing for your father. You must have seen how old he's grown in the last six months. I don't see how you can stand by and not want to help. He had a chance. Ben Gartz practically offered to take him into the business. But you were deliberately rude to him. No man with any pride—"

Charley began to laugh then, not prettily. "Oh, Mother, you quaint old thing!" Belle stiffened. "I don't want to insult you, don't you know, but I can't make a thing out of what you've said except that if I marry this chubby little ridiculous old sport he'll take Dad into the business, and we'll all live happily ever after, and I'll be just like the noble heroine who sells herself to the rich old banker to pay the mortgage. Oh, Mother!" She was laughing again; and then, suddenly, she was crying, her face distorted. She was crying terribly.

"Sh-sh-sh! Your father'll hear you. There's nothing to make a scene about."

"No scene!" said Charley, through her tears. "If you can't cry when your mother dies, when can you cry!"

She turned away from her then. Belle Kemp looked a little frightened. But at the door she said what she still had to say. "He's coming here to dinner to-night."

Charley, lifting heavy arms to take off her hat, seemed not to hear. She looked at herself in the mirror a moment—stared at the tear-stained, red-eyed girl. At what she saw she began to sob again, weakly. Then she shook herself angrily and pushed her hair back from her forehead with a hand that was closed into a fist. She went into the living-room, stood before her father, reading there.

"Dad!"

He looked up from his paper, stiffened. "Why, Charley, what's—" Charley almost never cried. He was as disturbed as if this had been a man standing there before him, red-eyed and shaken.

"Listen, Dad. You know that thing Ben Gartz spoke to you about a little while ago? The business. Taking you into it, I mean?"

"That? Yes. What of it?"

"He hasn't said anything lately, has he?"

"Well, he—he—wasn't sure, you know. I thought at the time it was a little wild. Ben's good-hearted, but he's a gabby boy. Doesn't mean quite all he says."

"He meant it all right, Dad. But you see he—he'd like to have me marry him first."

He stared, half willing to laugh if she gave him any encouragement. But she did not. His newspaper came down with a crash, then, as his fingers crushed it and threw it to the floor. "Gartz! You marry Ben Gartz!" She was crying again, helplessly. His two hands gripped her shoulders. "Why, the damned old l—" he stopped himself, shaking a little.

"That's it," said Charley, and she was smiling as she sobbed. "That's the word. . . I knew I could count on you, Dad. I knew."

His arms were about her. Her face was pressed against the good rough cloth of his coat. "Sh-sh-sh, Charley. Don't let your mother hear you. We mustn't let her know. She'd be wild. He's coming here to dinner, the oily old fox. Gosh, Charley, are you sure you—"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"We won't say anything to Mother, will we?"

"No, Dad."

"She'd be sick, that's what. Sick. We'll fix him and his business, all right."

"Yes. Talk about Jesse. Talk about Jesse a lot. And make it plain. About Jesse. Then see what he has to say about his business."

The doorbell sounded. Charley was out of his arms and off to her room. Belle came swiftly down the hall and darted into her bedroom for a hasty dab at her flushed face with the powder pad. Henry opened the door. Ben's voice boomed. Henry's answered with hollow geniality.

"Come in, come in! Here, let me have that. Belle'll be here in a minute."

Belle was there, becomingly flushed, cordial. Ben was pressing her hand. "It was mighty nice of you, let me tell you, to call me—"

She was panic-stricken, but Henry had not heard, apparently. He had interrupted with a foolish remark of his own:

"It's probably the last time in this place anyway, Ben. We're giving up this flat, you know. End of the month."

"How's that?"

"Can't afford it."

Ben pursed his lips, drummed with his fingers on the arm of the deep, comfortable chair. "Well, now, perhaps—"

Charley came in, smiling a watery smile and palpably red-eyed. Her father caught her and hugged the slender shoulder with a paternal and yet quizzical gesture. "Nobody's supposed to notice that Charley's been crying a little. She didn't get a letter from her boy in France, and she doesn't feel happy about it." She looked up at him gratefully. He patted her shoulder, turned pridefully to Ben. "Charley and her poet are going to be married, you know, when this war's over—if it ever is over. Look at her blush! I guess these new-fangled girls have got some old-fashioned ways left, after all, eh, Chas?"

"Yes, Dad."

THEY were in the midst of packing and moving when the news came of Jesse Dick's death. She had no formal warning. No official envelope prepared her. And yet she received it with a dreadful calm, as though she had expected it, and had braced herself for it. She and her father were at breakfast, surrounded by wooden packing boxes and burlap rolls. Charley, in peril of missing the eight thirty-five I. C. train, contented herself with the morning's news second-hand. Henry Kemp had the paper.

"What's the daily *schrecklichkeit*, Dad?"

He had not answered. Suddenly the weight of his silence struck her. She looked up as though he had spoken her name. The open newspaper shielded his face. Something in the way he held it. . . . You do not hold a paper thus when you are reading. "Dad!" The paper came down, slowly. She saw his face.

"Dead?"

"Yes."

He stood up. She came around to him. She wanted to see it on paper, printed.

That morning she actually caught the eight thirty-five, as usual. She sold little imports all that morning, went out at the lunch hour and never returned to Shield's. Outwardly, she practiced the stoicism of her kind. She cried herself to sleep night after night, indeed; beat on her pillow with an impotent fist; sat up feverish and wakeful, to rage at life. But she was up next morning, as usual, pale and determined.

There was a curious scene with Great-aunt Charlotte. At news of Jesse Dick's death she had summoned Charley; had insisted that she must see her; had been so mysteriously emphatic that Charley had almost rebelled, anticipating a garrulous hour of senile sympathy and decayed advice. Still, she went, ascended the stairs to Aunt Charlotte's room (she came downstairs more and more rarely now), and at Aunt Charlotte's first words, "I knew he'd never come back, Charley," would have fled incontinently, if something in the grim earnestness of the black-browed old countenance had not held her. There was no soft sentimentality in Great-aunt Charlotte's word or look. Rather, she seemed eager, vitalized, as though she had an important message to convey. Charley did groan a little inwardly, when Aunt Charlotte brought out the yellow old photograph of the girl in the full-skirted, wasp-waisted riding habit, with the plume and the rose. And she said, vaguely, "Oh, yes," as she took it in her hand, and wished that she had not come. And then, "Why, Aunt Charlotte! You lovely thing! You never showed me this picture before! You're the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]

The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

family beauty. Your face is—the look—it sort of glows—"

"Just for a little while. Jesse Dick brought that look to it."

"How do you mean, Jesse Dick?"

And quietly, masterfully, with the repression of more than fifty years swept away before the urgence of this other Charlotte's need, she told her own brief, stark story. "I was eighteen, Charley, when the Civil War began. That's the picture of me, taken at the time—"

Charley listened. Sometimes her eyes dwelt on the withered old countenance before her; sometimes she looked down, mistily, at the glowing face of the girl in the picure. But her attention never wandered. For the first time she was hearing the story of the first Jesse Dick. For the first time Great-aunt Charlotte was telling it. She was telling it, curiously enough, with the detachment of an outsider—without reproach, without regret, without bitterness. When she had finished she sat back, and glanced about the bedroom, the neat, shabby, rather close-smelling bedroom of an old, old woman, and then she opened her hands on her knees, palms out, as though in exposition. "And this is I," said the open palms and dim old eyes. "This is I, Charlotte Thrift."

As though in answer—in defense of her—Charley leaned forward impetuously and pressed her fresh young cheek against the sallow, withered one. "You've been wonderful, Aunt Charlotte. You have! What would Grandma Payson have done without you! Or Lottie, or Mother, for that matter."

But Great-aunt Charlotte shook her head. She seemed to be waiting for something. And then Charley said, "I'll be all right. I'm the kind that goes on. You know. I'm too curious about life to want to miss any of it. I'll keep on trying things and people, and I'll probably find the combination. Not the perfect combination, like Jesse. You don't, twice. But I suppose I'll marry—sometime."

"That's it. Don't you give in. You're twenty. Don't you give in. I was scared, when you left your work—"

"Oh, that. I couldn't stay. . . . I don't know. . . . Restless."

"That's all right," said Aunt Charlotte, satisfied. "Restless is all right. Restless is better than resigned."

They made a book of Jesse Dick's poems and brought it out in the autumn, just before the Armistice. A slim book of poems. There had been so few of them.

CHARLEY was away when Lottie came home in February following that historic, hysteric November. Charley was in Cincinnati, Ohio, dancing with the Krisiloff Russian ballet. They were playing Cincinnati all that week, and their future bookings included Columbus, Cleveland, Toledo, Akron. Charley wrote that they would be back in Chicago for two weeks at the end of March, showing one week at the Palace and one at the Majestic.

"And what's all this," she wrote Lottie, "about your having brought back a French war orphan? There never was such a gal for orphans. Though I must say you did pretty well with Jeannette. Mother wrote me about her wedding. But this orphan sounds so young. And a girl, too. I'm disappointed. While you were about it, it seems to me you might have picked a gentleman orphan. We certainly need some men in our family. Send me a picture, won't you? Are you really going to adopt her? That would be nice, but mad. Did Grandmother raise an awful row? I'm sorry she's feeling no better. Mother wrote you have a trained nurse now. . . ."

Lottie's homecoming had been a subdued affair. She had slipped back into the family life of the old house on Prairie Avenue as if those months of horror and exaltation and hardship had never been. But there was a difference: Lottie was the head of the household now.

Mrs. Carrie Payson lay up-stairs in the second-floor front bedroom, a strangely flat outline beneath the covers of the great walnut bed. The thing they called rheumatism had leaped and struck deep with claws and fangs, following a series of disturbing events.

Mrs. Payson had looked upon the Kemps' removal from the Hyde Park apartment to the small Fifty-third Street flat as a family disgrace. She tried vainly to shake Henry's determination not to take advantage of the roominess of the Prairie Avenue house. Henry had remained firm. He had a position as manager of the china and glass department in a big wholesale house whose specialty was the complete equipment of hotels, restaurants, and country clubs. His salary was less than one fourth of what his income had been in the old days. He said it would have to do. Then Charley had horrified them all by discarding the black uniform of a Shield's employee for the chiffon and fleshings of the Krisiloff Ballet. Belle, and even Henry, opposed it, from the first moment of surprise and disapproval, but Mrs. Carrie Payson fought it like a tigress. They had all thought she would return to Shield's. But she had announced calmly her decision never to return. "Go back? Why should I go back there? The thought makes me ill."

Her father and mother had received this with amazement. "But, Charley, you were promoted just last week. You said you liked it. Let me tell you, three thousand a year isn't to be sneezed at by a kid of twenty. In another five—"

"Yes, I know. In another five I'll be earning five thousand. I'll be twenty-five then. And in another five I'll be earning ten, and I'll be thirty. And in another five and another five and another five! . . . And then I'll color my hair a beautiful raspberry shade, too, just like Healy, and wear imported black charmeuse, and maybe my pearls will be real and my manicure grand and glittering, and while I sha'n't call the stock-girls girlie, I'll have that hard finish. You get it in business—if you're in for business."

"Well, what *were* you in it for?"

"For Jesse, I suppose. You see, I've got to have color, and motion, and life. And beauty. You don't find them at Shield's. But before Jesse . . . went . . . I knew I could hit it off beautifully down there, and that he'd furnish me with enough of the other thing. One of us had to buckle down, and I was the one. I wanted to be. We were both going to be married and free at the same time. The little house in Hubbard Woods was there to come to, every day or once a week. It was going to be every day for me. But a man like Jesse can't write—couldn't write—his kind of stuff without feeling free to come and go. So there I was going to be. And I'd have my job, and some babies in between. . . . Well, there's nothing in it for me, now. Plodding away. It's ridiculous. What for! Oh, it's interesting enough. It's all right if . . . I want a change. Dancing! Krisiloff's going out with his company. He's got forty-two solid weeks booked. I'm going with them. He's going to let me do the Gypsy Beggar dance alone."

Charley joined the Krisiloffs in August. She hated the stuffy hotels and the uninviting food, but loved exploring the towns. Audiences in medium-sized Middle-West towns were rather startled by the fury and fire which she flung into the Gypsy Beggar dance. Her costume of satin breeches and chiffon shirt was an ingenious imitation of a street beggar's picturesque rags and tatters. As she finished her dance, and flung herself on her knees, holding out her tambourine for alms, the audiences would stare at her uncomfortably, shifting in their seats, so haggard and piteous and feverish was her appeal. But always there was a crash of applause, sharp and spontaneous.

Jeannette was married to her Nebraska sailor at Christmas, and left for the West with him. The wedding was held in the Prairie Avenue house. It turned out to be rather a grim affair, in spite of Jeannette's high spirits, and her Bohemian relatives and the post-war reaction, and the very good supper provided by Mrs. Payson. For Belle and Henry thought of Charley; and Mrs. Payson thought of Lottie; and Aunt Charlotte thought of both, and of the girl of sixty years ago. And Jeannette said bluntly, "You look as if it was a funeral instead of a wedding." She herself was a little terrified at the thought of this great unknown prairie land to which she was going, with her smart fur coat and her tricotine dress and her silk stockings and gray kid shoes. As well she might be.

After it was over an unnatural quiet settled down upon the house. The two old women told each other that it was a blessed relief after the flurry and fuss of the wedding; but looked at each other rather fearfully during the long evenings, and awaited Lottie's return with such passionate eagerness as neither would have admitted to the other. They expected her to pop in, somehow, the day after the Armistice.

In December she wrote that it would be January. The letter was postmarked Paris. In January she set the date of her homecoming for February, and it was that letter which contained the astounding news of the impending French orphan.

Winnie Steppler had returned from France in December. To her Mrs. Payson appealed for information. "Did you know anything about this crazy notion of Lottie's? Did she say anything to you when you were together there?"

"Yes, indeed. I saw her."

"Saw who?"

"The baby. The French baby. She's awfully cute. Fair. . . . No, they're not all dark, you know. . . . Well, now, Mrs. Payson, I wouldn't say that. It's a nice, humane thing to do, I think. All those poor

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

New Breakfasts

Try these Puffed Grain delights

These bubble grains, flimsy and flavory, offer many food enjoyments. Try them all.

Puffed Rice is a food confection. It tastes like toasted nuts. And its fairy-like texture adapts it as a blend with fruit.

Mix it in the morning fruit dish. Learn how much it adds.

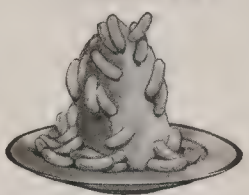
Try melted butter on it sometime, instead of cream and sugar. Thousands like it best in that way. Or add your cream and sugar to the buttered Rice, and you will have the finest cereal dainty ever served.

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Let them eat like peanuts.

Puffed Grains are whole grains made easy to digest. Every food cell is exploded. Thus every element is made available as food.

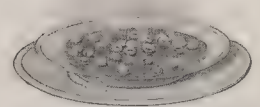
If you want children to eat more whole grains, this is the way to entice them.

Dinners

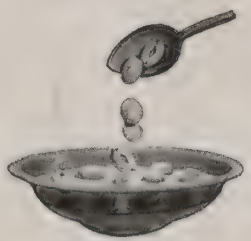


Garnish ice cream with Puffed Rice. The grains are like fragile nut meats. They seem to melt into the cream, adding an almond flavor.

Use either Puffed Grain as flaky toasted wafers for your soups.



Suppers



Puffed Wheat in milk forms the ideal dish for supper or at bedtime. The grains are airy, flaky, toasted. The flavor is delightful. With every food cell blasted, every granule feeds. Digestion is made easy and complete.

Make whole wheat tempting. It is rich in needed minerals.

Puffed Wheat

Whole grains puffed to 8 times normal size

Puffed Rice

Rice steam-exploded, puffed to bubbles

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

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Water Resistant on Furniture and Floors

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"61" Floor Varnish is so balanced that it possesses the maximum *combined* degree of *wear*-resistance *and* water-resistance.

On furniture or floors the "61" colors stain and varnish in one operation, without streaks or laps.

Send for color card and panel finished with "61" Floor Varnish. Try the hammer test on the panel.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 77 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 19 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

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Remember To Ask For Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods

To get the genuine—be sure that the name "KIRSCH" is on the box

The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

little things left fatherless. Lots of Americans are bringing home."

"But where'd she get it? Where did she find it? How did she happen—"

Winnie Steppler explained: "Well, you know, after St. Mihiel, when the Germans were retreating and our boys were advancing, the Germans took prisoner all the young French men and women—all they could lay hands on. Regular slavery. They took parents from their children, and all. This baby was found in a little town called Thiaucourt, all alone, in a kind of cellar. They took care of her, and sent her back to the American Relief."

"But the father and mother? They may be alive, looking for her."

"The father was killed. That's proved. The mother died—"

It was at this point that the accumulation of family eccentricities proved too much for Mrs. Payson. The "faint feeling" mushroomed into a full-sized faint, from which they thought she would never recover.

Followed another attack. The doctor said that a third would probably prove the last. So she stayed in bed now, rebellious still, and indomitable. One could not but admire the will that burned still so bright in the charred ruin of the body.

So it was a subdued homecoming that Lottie met. When she stepped off the train at the Twelfth Street station with the unmistakable bundle in her arms, Belle and Henry kissed her across the bundle and said, almost simultaneously, "Mother's been quite sick, Lottie. You can't keep her at the house, you know."

"Mother sick? How sick?"

They told her. And again, "You see, there can't be a baby in the house."

"Oh, yes," said Lottie, not in argument, but almost amusedly, as though it were too ridiculous to argue. "Don't you want to see her?"

"Yes," said Belle, nervously. And "W-what's its name?" asked Henry.

"I think Claire would be nice, don't you?" Lottie turned back the flap of the downy coverlet, and Claire blinked up at them rosily and caught this unguarded opportunity to shoot a wanton fist in the air.

Belle gave a gasp. "Why, Lottie, she's so little! She's just a tiny baby! Almost new. You must be crazy! Mother's too sick to have—"

Lottie replaced the flap and captured the waving fist expertly, tucking it back into warmth. "She's not little. She's really large for her age. . . . Those are all my bags, Henry, and things. There's a frightful lot of them. And here's my trunk check. Perhaps you'd better tend to them. Here, I'll take this, and that. Give them to the boy. Perhaps Belle and I had better go ahead in a taxi while you straighten out the mess."

She was calm, alert, smiling. Henry thought she looked handsome, and told her so. "War certainly agrees with you, Lottie. Gosh, you look great! Doesn't she, Belle? Darned pretty, if you ask me, Lot."

Belle, eying Lottie's clear fine skin, and the vital line of her shoulders and back and a certain set of the head, and a look that was at once peaceful and triumphant, nodded in agreement, vaguely puzzled. "I thought you'd be a wreck. . . . What do you think of Charley? . . . And here you come, complicating things still more. How did you happen to do such a crazy thing, Lottie?"

"I'll tell you all about it on the way home." Later, in the taxi, the heaving bundle fitting graciously into the hollow of her arm: "Well, you know, after St. Mihiel, when the Germans were retreating and our boys were advancing, the Germans took with them in their retreat all the young men and young women they could lay their hands on. Prisoners, you know. They meant to use them for work. Well, often, parents were taken from their children. Babies were left alone. When our men got to Thiaucourt—that's a little town of about three hundred—in September, it was a deserted, ruined heap of stone. They were right up on the retreat. And there, in what had been a kitchen, without any roof to it, was a baby. They sent her back, of course, to us."

"Yes, but, Lottie, perhaps the—"

"No. The father was killed in the war. They traced the mother. She died in November. I adopted her legally—"

"You didn't!"

"But I did."

"Claire—what?"

Lottie looked down at the bundle; squeezed it with a gentle pressure. "Claire Payson, I suppose, now."

THE Girls all came to see the baby. They exclaimed and cooed and sh'd and oh'd. "Of course it's wonderful, and all. But it is a big responsibility, Lottie. How in the world did you happen—"

"Well, you know, after St. Mihiel, when the Germans were retreating and our boys were advancing. . . ."

She was asked to lecture before some of the women's clubs, but declined. Against the doctor's orders and the nurse's advice and maneuverings, Mrs. Payson had insisted on seeing the baby immediately on Lottie's entering the house.

Lottie had scarcely divested herself of hat and wraps when she entered her mother's bedroom, the child in her arms. Mrs. Payson's eyes were on the door—had been from the moment she heard the flurry of homecoming down-stairs. As Lottie stood in the doorway a moment the sick woman's eyes dilated. She made as though to sit up. The nurse took the child from Lottie as she bent over to kiss her mother. Then, suddenly, she dropped to her knees at the side of the bed. "Oh, Mama, it's so good to be home." She took one of the flaccid hands in her own firm, vital grasp.

"H'm. . . . Well, that's some good come of your leaving, anyway. You look handsome, Lottie. How've you got your hair done?

"Just as I always had it, Mama."

"Your face looks fuller, somehow. Let's see the young one."

The nurse turned and leaned over the bed. But at this final test of her good-nature, Claire, travel-worn, bewildered, hungry, failed them. She opened wide her mouth, lurched in muscular rebellion, and emitted a series of ear-piercing screams against the world; against this strange person in white who held her; against that which stared at her from the bed.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Payson. "Take it away. I knew it. Don't you think for one minute I'm going to have any foreign baby screaming around this house, sick as I am. Not for a minute! I hope you're satisfied, Lottie. Running an orphan asylum in this house. Well, I've still got something to say."

But, strangely enough, she had little to say, after that. She showed small interest in the newcomer, and they kept the baby out of the sick-room. The little world of her bedside interested the sick woman more. She fancied them all in league against her. She would call Lottie to her bedside and send the nurse out of the room on some pretext or other that deceived no one.

"Lottie, come here. Listen. That woman has got to go. Why, she won't let me get up! I'm perfectly well."

"But perhaps you haven't quite got your strength, Mama. You know it takes time."

"Time! I've been three mortal months in this bed. You're like all the rest of them. Glad if I died. Well, I'm not going to please you just yet. You'll see me up to-morrow, early."

They had heard this threat so regularly and so often that they scarcely heeded it now; or, if they did, only to say, soothingly, "We'll see how you feel by to-morrow, shall we?"

So that when finally, she made good her threat, the nurse came in early one morning from where she slept in the alcove just off the big front bedroom to find her half-lying, half-sitting in the big chair by the window. She must have dragged herself up to the chair by an almost superhuman effort of will. So they found her. A born ruler defying them all to the last.

Charley came home for the funeral. She was not to rejoin the Krisiloff company until its arrival in Chicago for the two-weeks engagement there. "If ever," said Henry Kemp, privately, to Lottie. "I don't think she's so crazy about this trouping any more. You ought to have heard her talking about the fresh eggs at breakfast this morning. I asked her what she'd been eating on the road and she said, 'Vintage oofs'."

Aunt Charlotte mourned her sister sincerely, seemed even to miss her tart-tongue goading. No one to find fault with her clothes, her habits, her ideas, her conversation. Lottie humored her outrageously. The household found itself buying as Mrs. Payson had bought, thinking as she had thought, regulating its hours as they had been regulated for her needs. Her personality was too powerful to fade so soon after the corporeal being had gone.

There was much talk of selling the old house; but it never seemed to amount to more than talk.

Charley came daily, often twice daily, to see the baby. She was fascinated by her, made herself Claire's slave, insisted on trundling her up and down Prairie Avenue in the smart English pram, though Lottie said she much preferred to have her sleep or take her airing in the back garden, undisturbed. Charley and Aunt Charlotte opposed this. Charley said, "Oh, but look how ducky she is in that bonnet! Everybody stops to look at her, and then I brag. Yesterday I told a woman she was mine. I expected her to say, 'And you so young!' but she didn't."

Aunt Charlotte said, "This new fad of

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never talking to babies and never picking 'em up! It makes idiots of them. How can you ever expect them to learn anything? Lie there like little wooden images. Or else break their hearts crying, when all they want is a little petting. . . . Her want her ol' auntie to p'ay wis her, yes, her does, doesn't her?" to the baby.

One of the big bedrooms on the second floor had been cleared and refurnished as a nursery. Here, almost nightly at six o'clock, you found Lottie, Charley, and Aunt Charlotte.

This evening the talk centered on the child, as always. Trivial talk, and yet vital:

"She's growing so I'll have to let her hems down again. And some new stockings. The heels of those she has come under the middle of her foot."

"Look at her, Lotta! She's half asleep. There, now she's awake again and pulling like mad. Swoons off and shows the whites of her eyes and then remembers and goes at it again. Now she's—I never saw such a snoozy old thing. Sleeps something chronic, all day and all night. What good are you, anyway, h'm?"

Aunt Charlotte grew reminiscent. "Time you and Belle were babies you wore long dresses—great, long, trailing bunchy things, and yards and yards of petticoats, flannel and white. It used to take the girl hours to do 'em up. Nowadays seems the less they put on 'em the healthier they are."

Charley was seated cross-legged on the floor, her back against a fat old arm-chair. "How about the babies in France, Lotta? I suppose they're still bundling them up over there. What did Claire have on when they found her, h'm?"

Lotta rose to take the empty bottle away, gently. Claire's eyes were again showing two white slits.

Aunt Charlotte in the window chair, leaned forward. Her tremulous forefinger made circles, round and round, on her black-silk knee. "Yes, Lotta. Now what did she have on, poor little forlorn lamb."

"Why—I don't remember, Aunt Charlotte." She tucked the coverlet in at the sides of the crib, firmly. Claire was sound asleep now, her two fists held high above her head, as a healthy baby sleeps. Lottie stood a moment looking down at the child. The old, old virgin in the chair by the window and the young girl seated cross-legged on the floor watched her intently. Suddenly the quiet peaceful air of the nursery was electric. The child made a little clucking sound with tongue and lips, in her sleep. Charley sat forward, her eyes on Lottie.

"Lotta, do you remember my five—my five—" She broke off with a half-sob. Then she threw up her head. "I'll have them yet."

It was then Aunt Charlotte put into brave words the thought that was in the minds of the three women. "Don't you want to tell us about him, Lottie? Don't you?"

For one instant terror leaped into Lottie's eyes as they went from Aunt Charlotte's face to Charley's. But at what they saw there the terror faded, and in its place came relief—infinite relief.

"Yes."

Lottie looked at them intently. "I felt you both knew." Aunt Charlotte nodded. But Charley shook her head, slightly.

"Not until just now, Lotta. . . . Something in your face as you stood there looking down at her."

"I've wanted to tell you for a long time."

Lottie came away from the crib, sat down in a low chair near Aunt Charlotte. Charley scuttled crabwise over to her across the floor and settled there against her, her arm flung across Lottie's knee. The old Prairie Avenue house was quiet, quiet. You could hear the child's regular breathing. Lottie's voice was low, so that the baby's sleep might not be disturbed, yet clear, that Aunt Charlotte might hear. They could have gone down-stairs, or to another chamber, but they did not. The three women sat in the dim room.

"We met—I met him—in Paris, the very first week. He had gone over there in the beginning as a correspondent. Then he had come all the way back to America, and had enlisted, for service. He hated it, as every intelligent man did. But he had to do it, he said. We—liked each other right away. I'd never met a man like that before. I didn't know there were any. Oh, I suppose I did know; but they had never come within my range. He had only a second-lieutenancy. There was nothing of the commander about him. He always said so. He used to say he had never learned to 'snap into it' properly. You know what I mean? He was thirty-seven. Winnie Steppler introduced us. She had known him in his Chicago cub-reporter days. He went to New York, later. Well, that first week, when I was waiting to be sent out, he and Winnie and I—she met me in Paris, you know, when I came—went everywhere together and it was glorious. I can't tell you. Paris was being shelled, but it refused to be terrorized. The streets, and the parks, and the restaurants were packed. You've no idea what it was, going about with him. He was like a boy about things—simple things, I mean—a print in a window, or a sauce in a restaurant, or a sunset on the Bois. We used to laugh at nothing, foolish, wonderful, private jokes, like those families have, that are funny to no one outside the family. The only other person I'd ever known like that was a boy at school when I went to Armour. I haven't seen him since I was eighteen, and he's an important person now. But he had that same quality. They call it a sense of humor, I suppose, but it's more than that. It's the most delightful thing in the world, and if you have it you don't need anything else. . . . Four months later he was wounded. Not badly. He was in the hospital for six weeks. In that time I didn't see him. Then he went back into it, but he wasn't fit. We used to write, regularly. I don't know how I can make you understand how things were—things—"

Charley looked up at her. "I know what you mean. The—the state of mind that people got into over there—nice people—nice girls. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes. Do you know?"

"Well, I can imagine—"

"No, you can't. The world was rocking, and we over there were getting the full swing of it. It seemed that all the things we had considered so vital and fundamental didn't matter any more. Life didn't count. A city to-day was a brick-heap to-morrow. Night and day were all mixed up. Terror and work. Exhaustion and hysteria. A lot of us were girls—women, I mean—who had never known freedom. Not license—freedom. Ordinary freedom of will, or intellect, or action. Men, too, who had had their noses to the grindstone for years. You know there's a lot more to war than just killing, and winning battles, and patching people up. It does something to you—something chemical and transforming—after you've been in it. The reaction isn't always noble. I'm just trying to explain what I mean. There were a lot of things going around—especially among the older and more severe-looking of us girls. It's queer. He got three days' leave, Winnie Steppler was in Paris at the time. I was to try for leave—I'd have gone A. W. O. L. if I hadn't got it—and we three were to meet there. Winnie had a little two-room flat across the river. She'd been there for almost a year, you know. She made it her headquarters. The concierge knew me. When I got there, Robert was waiting for me. Winnie had left a note. She had been called to Italy by her paper. I was to use her apartment. We stayed there together. I'm not excusing it. There is no excuse. They were the happiest three days of my life—and always will be. . . . There are two kinds of men, you know, who make the best soldiers. The butcher-boy type with no nerves and no imagination. And the fine, high-strung type that fears battle and hates war, and who whips himself into courage and heroism because he's afraid he'll be afraid. . . . How he hated to go back . . . though he never said so. . . . He was killed ten days later. . . . I went to Switzerland for a while, when . . . Winnie was with me. . . . She was wonderful. I think I should have died without her. . . . I wanted to at first. . . but not now. Not now."

Stillness again. You heard only the child's breathing, gentle, rhythmical.

Aunt Charlotte's wavering, tremulous forefinger traced circles round and round on her knee—round and round. The heavy black brows were drawn into a frown. She looked an age-old seeress sitting there, in her black. "Well." She got up, slowly, and come over to the crib. She stood there a moment. "It's a brave lie, Lottie. You stick to it, for her. A topsy-turvy world she's come into. Perhaps she'll be the one to work out what we haven't done—we Thrift girls. She's got a job ahead of her. A job."

Lottie leaned forward in the darkness. "I'll never stand in her way. She's going to be free. I know. I'll never hamper her. Not in word, or look, or thought. You'll see."

"You probably will, Lottie. You're human. But I won't be here to see. Not I. And I'm not sorry. I've hardly been away from the spot where I was born; but I've seen the world. I've seen the world. . . . Well . . ."

She went toward the door with her slow firm step, putting each foot down flat; along the hall she went, her black silk skirts making a soft susurrus. Lottie rose, opened a window to the sharp spring air. Then, together, she and Charley tiptoed out, stopping a moment, hand in hand, at the crib. The nursery-room was quiet except for the breathing of the child.

[THE END]

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Their Own Lives

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

for a free hand, untrammeled by any of Mother's old-fashioned suggestions, in entertaining her guests. Now that she had it, she found her teas and dinners lacked some subtle flavor of hospitality she had never appreciated before. Mother and Father were often there, to be sure, courteous, impeccable hosts, but there was a difference, intangible, yet abysmal. No longer could they be depended upon to listen with absorbed interest to youthful triumphs and peccadillos; no longer was Mother the unfailing support of all wallflowers and diffident guests. Mother, indeed—if such a thing were possible—at times seemed almost *bored* by her children's friends.

"Something queer's certainly gotten into them," Murray admitted gloomily. "And after I've been cracking up to Hen all winter what a wonderful home life we've got."

"I did that, too, with the girls," Jean choked. "I just know that's the reason Katherine Hilliard went home this morning. Mother positively neglected that girl. I don't mean she wasn't polite to her—but so indifferent and—oh, I don't know—as if she was just being nice to her because she had to. You'd think the mere fact that she's one of my best friends would be enough to make one's parents take a decent interest in her. I'm sure I'd feel that way about *their* friends—" Jean stopped suddenly before one or two rather uncomfortable memories. "Anyway, it ought to be easy for anyone to be interested in a perfectly marvelous girl like Katherine," she amended her argument hastily. "But Father and Mother don't even seem very interested in *us* any more. Why, Father—you could never have made me believe—" At the awful thought of Father's treason, Jean cast recklessly to the winds the cherished young ladyhood she had labored so hard to obtain. "I want Father and Mother to treat me the way they did when I was *young*," she wailed. "If this is being grown up, I *hate* it. Oh, Murray, I feel just exactly like an orphan."

It was Henry Ransom's amphitheatre brain that, later that same evening, shed light upon the mystery. The four young people for once were spending the evening at home; Father and Mother, as usual, were out.

"Look here," he began hesitatingly; "I hope you won't think I'm butting in—of course it's none of my business, but—don't you think you'd better call a kind of halt for your father and mother? I'm afraid this game's wearing on 'em too much. Your father looks worn out, and I don't believe your mother can stand that pace much longer."

"Just what do you mean?" Jean flamed, her eyes blazing. She and Murray might mourn in secret their parents' frailties, but that an outsider should dare— "Are you presuming to criticize my father and mother for going out so much?"

"*Criticizing* them!" Henry Ransom stared back at her blankly. "When I think they're the finest, most splendid— Great Jumping Jupiter, you don't mean to say you haven't seen they've been putting up on you the pluckiest, gamest sort of a game these last two weeks?" he demanded, almost as wrathful as Jean herself. "Why, I'd only known 'em four days, and I knew they couldn't change like that in dead earnest. I thought of course you understood; but when you didn't speak about it, I didn't like to—thought you considered it a private little joke among yourselves. Don't you see they've just been giving you a taste of that live-your-own-life bunk you handed out to 'em that first week?" he explained to the petrified Hendersons. "I think they're just great!"

"I think *you're* great," Jean lifted a wet, starry-eyed face from Murray's shoulder to inform him; she had just saved herself by a hair's breadth from burying it on Henry Ransom's. "I think you're the very kindest, most *understanding* person I've ever met. I could just die of shame to think I've had to have you explain my own mother and father to me; but I'm so happy they *are* explained I could shriek the roof off with joy." She hugged Sally ecstatically, and held out her hand to the boy she had daily upbraided Murray for bringing home. "Please don't go to New York next Saturday," she begged him with the charm she had permitted him until then merely to watch wistfully from afar. "You've got to stay now to enjoy Mother and Father when they aren't masquerading."

"How'll we make 'em unmask?" asked Murray, and was seized forthwith with so violent an inspiration that he fell off his chair in convulsions of mirth.

"Thank heaven the three weeks are almost over," Mother at that moment was saying dispiritedly to Father. "Now, if I can just have the courage to tell Jean I've decided to get a new gown myself instead of giving her that riding outfit she's set her heart upon. Oh, Father, hasn't it been hideous?"

"It's been a hell of a time, all right enough," Father admitted, driven to profanity. "But we've got to see it through, now we've started it."

They found the children, for a wonder, in bed when they arrived home at a fairly respectable hour.

"Good night, dears," Jean called out to them sweetly. "So glad you stayed good and late. I do think it just about half spoils an evening—don't you?—to feel you have to get home at any certain time."

"Hope you had a ripsnorter of a ride home, Father," Murray boomed from the other side of the hall. "That's the only way to enjoy a car, isn't it?—get the fun out of going even if one does get an occasional screw loose."

There was a traitorous chuckle from Father, instantly sternly suppressed. Barricaded in their own room, Father and Mother, trying their best not to laugh, were gazing at each other uncertainly.

"Those quotations seem to have a familiar ring—though scarcely exact," remarked Father with his old twinkle. "That's decidedly one on us, Mother. They're training us now."

More than "one on them" was to follow, Mother discovered the next day, with the arrival of a sweetly solicitous daughter and a breakfast tray at the bedside, where Mother, with a dozen items clamoring for attention, had been rigidly chaining herself for an hour.

"I thought I'd bring up your breakfast, Mother dear," Jean beamed. "I do think it does one so much good when one's been out late, don't you? I know it always makes *me* feel so much brighter and more rested the whole day."

Mother, whose views on this subject were not only painfully but notoriously to the contrary, regarded this daughterly attention with a certain amount of suspicion. Suspicion deepened to certainty when at noon she unguardedly put again her head into the trap.

"Would you wear this hat to that luncheon?" she had innocently asked Jean.

"I believe I'd rather not say, dearest," Jean answered with beautiful, if startling meekness. "I do think there's nothing harder—do you?—than when you're all ready to go out and perhaps flatter yourself you look rather nice to have someone go and tell you to change your hat, or that that dress isn't 'appropriate.' No matter what I thought of that hat, Mother dear, I'd never spoil your pleasure that way."

Down-stairs Murray was cordially congratulating Father on his mournful decision to drive to the office every morning.

"Glad you've come around at last to my way of thinking," he assured Father, who had walked down-town for twenty years. "As if it wasn't a long sight better to exercise one's mind and wits than mere *legs!* Go to it with the car, I say. It'll do you a lot of good."

"They're on to us," Father confided to Mother, with the first hearty laugh he had given in two weeks. "Clever little rascals—getting in a dig a minute! We'd better haul down our colors gracefully, before they have a chance to rub anything else in on us."

So it was that the dazzling plans of the counter-conspirators, mapped out with shrieks of mirth in the window seat, died prematurely when their authors, fighting hard to keep sober faces, marched that evening into the dining-room. Father and Mother were blandly eating soup at a uniquely decorated table; from its center waved a large flag of truce; over Mother hung a gaudy placard:

OUR OWN LIVES ARE BEGINNING TO PALL UPON US. HOW ABOUT YOURS?

Father was decorated with:

ANYONE'S LIFE BUT MY OWN IS ALL I ASK.

There was a moment's startled silence, then a shout of delighted laughter. And then, for no reason at all, Jean and her mother were in each other's arms, while Sally hugged them both from behind, and two stalwart young fellows, maintaining sternly the nonchalance necessary to the occasion, gripped Father's hand with mysterious warmth.

It was the merriest dinner imaginable.

"I still insist the theory is all right," Jean stoutly maintained. "But, naturally, it would be perfectly idiotic to apply it in a family like ours—when you've got the most wonderful mother and father in the world."

"You bet!" said Henry Ransom.

Three Men *and a* Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

"You *are* wet," said a stewardess in the passage.

Sam raced for his stateroom. He bolted in and sank on the lounge. In the lower berth Eustace Hignett was lying with closed eyes. He opened them languidly—then stared.

"Hullo!" he said. "I say! You're wet."

Sam removed his clinging garments and hurried into a new suit. He was in no mood for conversation, and Eustace Hignett's frank curiosity jarred upon him. Happily, at this point a sudden shivering of the floor and a creaking of woodwork proclaimed the fact that the vessel was under way again, and his cousin, turning pea green, rolled over on his side with a hollow moan. Sam finished buttoning his waistcoat and went out.

He was passing the Inquiry Bureau on the C-Deck, striding along with bent head and scowling brow, when a sudden exclamation caused him to look up, and the scowl was wiped from his brow as with a sponge. For there stood the girl he had met on the dock. With her was a superfluous young man who looked like a parrot.

"Oh, *how* are you?" asked the girl breathlessly

"Splendid, thanks," said Sam.

"Didn't you get very wet?"

"I did get a little damp."

There was a pause.

"Oh!" said the girl, "may I—Mr.——?"

"Marlowe."

"Mr. Marlowe. Mr. Bream Mortimer."

"Nearly got left behind," said Bream Mortimer.

"Yes, nearly."

"No joke getting left behind."

"No."

"Have to take the next boat. Lose a lot of time," said Mr. Mortimer, driving home his point.

The girl had listened to these intellectual exchanges with impatience. She now spoke again.

"Oh, Bream!"

"Hello?"

"Do be a dear and run down to the saloon and see if it's all right about our places for luncheon."

"It is all right. The table steward said so."

"Yes, but go and make certain."

"All right."

He hopped away, and the girl turned to Sam with shining eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Marlowe, you oughtn't to have done it! Really, you oughtn't! You might have been drowned! But I never saw anything so wonderful. It was like the stories of knights who used to jump into lions' dens after gloves!"

"Yes?" said Sam, a little vaguely.

"But you shouldn't have bothered, really! It's all right now. I'd quite forgotten that Mr. Mortimer was to be on board. He has given me all the money I shall need. You see, it was this way: I had to sail on this boat in rather a hurry. Father's head clerk was to have gone to the bank and got some money and met me on board and given it to me, but the silly old man was late, and when he got to the dock they had just pulled in the gangplank. So he tried to throw the money to me in a handkerchief, and it fell into the water. But you shouldn't have dived in after it."

"Oh, well!" said Sam, straightening his tie, with a quiet, brave smile. He had never expected to feel grateful to that obese bounder who had shoved him off the rail, but now he would have liked to seek him out and offer him his bank roll.

"You really are the bravest man I ever met!"

"Oh, no!"

"It *is* all right," said Mr. Mortimer, reappearing suddenly. "I saw a couple of stewards, and they both said it was all right. So it's all right."

"Splendid," said the girl. "Oh, Bream! Do be an angel, and run along to my stateroom and see if Pinky-Boodles is quite comfortable. He may be feeling lonely. Chirrup to him a little. Run along!"

Mr. Mortimer ran along. He had the air of one who feels that he needs only a peaked cap and a uniform two sizes too small for him to be a properly equipped messenger boy.

"And, as Bream was saying," resumed the girl, "you might have been left behind."

"That," said Sam, edging a step closer "was the thought that tortured me, the thought that a friendship so delightfully begun—"

"But it hadn't begun. We have never spoken to each other before now."

"Have you forgotten? On the dock?"

Sudden enlightenment came into her eyes.

"Oh, you are the man poor Pinky-Boodles bit!"

"I shall always remember that it was Pinky who first brought us together. Would you care for a stroll on deck?"

"Not just now, thanks. I must be getting back to my room to finish unpacking. After luncheon, perhaps."

"I will be there. By the way, you know my name, but—"

"Oh, mine?" She smiled brightly. "It's funny that a person's name is the last thing one thinks of asking. Mine is Bennett."

"Bennett!"

"Wilhelmina Bennett. My friends," she said softly as she turned away, "call me Billie!"

FOR some moments Sam remained where he was, staring after the girl as she flitted down the passage. He felt dizzy. Listening to Eustace Hignett's story of his blighted romance, Sam had formed an unflattering opinion of this Wilhelmina Bennett, who had broken off her engagement simply because on the day of the marriage his cousin had been short of the necessary wedding garment. He had, indeed, thought a little smugly how different his goddess of the red hair was from the object of Eustace Hignett's affections. And now they had proved to be one and the same. It was disturbing.

After all . . . poor old Eustace . . . quite a good fellow, no doubt in many ways . . . but, coming down to brass tacks, what was there about Eustace that gave him any license to monopolize the affections of a wonderful girl? Where, in a word, did Eustace Hignett get off? He made a tremendous grievance of the fact that she had broken off the engagement; but what right had he to go about the place expecting her to be engaged to him? Eustace Hignett, no doubt, looked upon the poor girl as utterly heartless. Marlowe regarded her behavior as thoroughly sensible. She had made a mistake, and, realizing this at the eleventh hour, she had had the force of character to correct it. He was sorry for poor old Eustace, but he really could not permit the suggestion that Wilhelmina Bennett—her friends called her Billie—had not behaved in a perfectly splendid way throughout.

A consuming desire came over him to talk about the girl to someone. Obviously indicated as the party of the second part was Eustace Hignett. If Eustace was still capable of speech—and after all the boat was hardly rolling at all—he would enjoy a further chat about his ruined life.

The exhibit was lying on his back staring at the roof of the berth. By lying absolutely still and forcing himself to think of purely inland scenes and objects, he had contrived to reduce the green in his complexion to a mere tinge. But it would be paltering with the truth to say that he felt debonair. He received Sam with a wan austerity.

"Sit down!" he said. "Don't stand there swaying like that. I can't bear it."

"Why, we aren't out of the harbor yet. Surely, you aren't going to be seasick already."

"I can issue no positive guarantee. Perhaps if I can keep my mind off it. . . . I have had good results for the last ten minutes by thinking steadily of the Sahara. There," said Eustace Hignett with enthusiasm, "is a place for you! That is something like a spot! Miles and miles of sand, and not a drop of water anywhere!"

Sam sat down on the lounge.

"You're quite right. The great thing is to concentrate your mind on other topics. Why not, for instance, tell me some more about your unfortunate affair with that girl—Billie Bennett, I think you said her name was."

"Wilhelmina Bennett. Where on earth did you get the idea that her name was Billie?"

"I had a notion that girls called Wilhelmina were sometimes Billie to their friends."

"I never call her anything but Wilhelmina. But I really cannot talk about it. The recollection tortures me."

"That's just what you want. It's the counter-irritation principle. Persevere, and you'll soon forget that you're on board ship at all."

"There's something in that," admitted Eustace reflectively. "It's very good of you to be so sympathetic and interested."

"My dear fellow . . . anything that I can do. . . . Where did you meet her first, for instance?"

"At a dinner—" Eustace Hignett broke off abruptly. He had a good memory, and he had just recollected the fish they had served at that dinner—a flabby and exhausted-looking fish, half sunk beneath the surface of a thick white sauce.

"And what struck you most forcibly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

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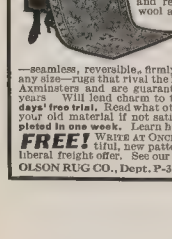

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Three Men *and a* Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

about her at first? Her lovely hair, I suppose?"

"How did you know she had lovely hair?"

"My dear chap, I naturally assumed that any girl with whom you fell in love would have nice hair."

"Well, you are perfectly right, as it happens. Her hair was remarkably beautiful. It was red."

"Like autumn leaves with the sun on them!" said Marlowe ecstatically.

"What an extraordinary thing! That is an absolutely exact description. Her eyes were a deep blue. . . ."

"Or, rather, green."

"What do you know about the color of her eyes?" demanded Eustace heatedly. "Am I telling you about her, or are you telling me?"

"My dear old man, don't get excited. Don't you see I am trying to construct this girl in my imagination, to visualize her? I don't pretend to doubt your special knowledge; but, after all, green eyes generally do go with red hair, and there are all shades of green. There is the bright green. There is the bright green of meadow grass, the dull green of the uncut emerald, the faint yellowish green of your face at the present moment."

"Don't talk about the color of my face! Now you've gone and reminded me, just when I was beginning to forget."

"Awfully sorry! Stupid of me! Get your mind off it again—quick! This Miss Bennett now, what did she like talking about?"

"Well, for one thing she was very fond of poetry. It was that which first drew us together."

"Poetry!" Sam's heart sank a little. He had read a certain amount of poetry at school, and once he had won a prize of three shillings and sixpence for the last line of a limerick in a competition in a weekly paper; but he was self-critic enough to know that poetry was not his long suit. Still, there was a library on board ship, and no doubt it would be possible to borrow the works of some standard poet and bone them up from time to time.

"Any special poet?"

"Well, she seemed to like my stuff. You never read my sonnet-sequence on Spring, did you?"

"No. What other poets did she like besides you?"

"Tennyson principally," said Eustace Hignett, with a reminiscent quiver in his voice. "The hours we have spent together reading the 'Idylls of the King'!"

"The which of what?" inquired Sam, taking a pencil from his pocket and shooting out a cuff.

"The 'Idylls of the King.' My good man, I know you have a soul which would be considered inadequate by a common earthworm, but you have surely heard of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'?"

"Oh, *those!* Why, my dear old chap: Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King!' Well, I should say! Have I heard of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King?' Well, really! I suppose you haven't a copy with you on board by any chance?"

"There is a copy in my kit-bag. The very one we used to read together. Take it and keep it, or throw it overboard. I don't want to see it again."

Sam prospected among the shirts, collars, and trousers in the bag and presently came upon a morocco-bound volume. He laid it beside him on the lounge.

"Little by little, bit by bit," he said, "I am beginning to form a sort of picture of this girl, this—what was her name again? Bennett—this Miss Bennett. You have a wonderful knack of description. You make her seem so real and vivid. Tell me some more about her. She wasn't keen on golf, by any chance, I suppose?"

"I believe she did play. The subject came up once, and she seemed rather enthusiastic. Then, of course, there was always the matter of that dog of hers. She had a dog, you know, a snappy brute of a Pekinese. If there was ever any shadow of disagreement between us, it had to do with that dog."

"I see!" said Sam. He shot his cuff once more and wrote on it: "Dog—conciliate." "Yes, of course, that must have wounded her."

"Well, I hate dogs," said Eustace Hignett querulously. "I remember Wilhelmina once getting quite annoyed with me because I refused to step in and separate a couple of the brutes, absolute strangers to me, that were fighting in the street. I reminded her that we were all fighters nowadays, that life itself was in a sense a fight; but she wouldn't be reasonable about it. She said that Sir Galahad would have done it like a shot."

Sam rose. His heart was light. He had never, of course, supposed that the girl was anything but perfect; but it was nice to find his high opinion of her corroborated by one who had no reason to exhibit her in a favorable light. He understood her point of view and sympathized with it. An idealist, how could she trust herself to Eustace Hignett? How could she be content with a craven, who, instead of scouring the world in the quest for deeds of derring do, had fallen down so lamentably on his first assignment? The man a girl like Wilhelmina Bennett required for a husband was somebody entirely different.

Swelled almost to bursting point with these reflections, he went on deck to join the ante-luncheon promenade. He saw Billie almost at once. She had put on one of these nice sacky sports coats which so enhance feminine charms, and was striding along the deck with the breeze playing in her vivid hair, like the female equivalent of a Viking. Beside her walked young Mr. Bream Mortimer.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Marlowe!"

"Oh, *there* you are," said Bream Mortimer, with a slightly different inflection.

"I thought I'd like a breath of fresh air before lunch," said Sam.

"Oh, Bream!" said the girl. "Do be a darling and take this great heavy coat of mine down to my stateroom, will you? I had no idea it was so warm."

"All right," said Bream moodily.

He trotted along. There are moments when a man feels that all he needs in order to be a delivery wagon is a horse and a driver.

"He had better chirrup to the dog while he's there, don't you think?" suggested Sam. He felt that a resolute man with legs as long as Bream's might well deposit a cloak on a berth and be back under the half-minute.

"Oh, yes! Bream! While you're down there just chirrup a little more to poor Pinky. He does appreciate it so!"

Bream disappeared. It is not always easy to interpret emotion from a glance at a man's back; but Bream's back looked like that of a man to whom the thought has occurred that, given a couple of fiddles and a piano, he would have made a good hired orchestra.

"How is your dear little dog, by the way?" inquired Sam solicitously, as he fell into step by her side.

"Much better now, thanks. I've made friends with a girl on board, did you ever hear her name—Jane Hubbard; she's a rather well-known big-game hunter, and she fixed up some sort of a mixture for Pinky which did him a world of good. It's very nice of you to speak so affectionately of poor Pinky, when he bit you."

"Animal spirits!" said Sam tolerantly. "Pure animal spirits! I like to see them. But, of course, I love all dogs. I only wish they didn't fight so much. I'm always stopping dog fights."

"I do admire a man who knows what to do at a dog fight. I'm afraid I'm rather helpless myself. There never seems anything to catch hold of." She looked down. "Have you been reading? What is the book?"

"It's a volume of Tennyson."

"Are you fond of Tennyson?"

"I worship him," said Sam reverently. "Those—" he glanced at his cuff—"those 'Idylls of the King'! I do not like to think what an ocean voyage would be if I had not my Tennyson with me."

"We must read him together. He is my favorite poet!"

"We will! There is something about Tennyson. . . ."

"Yes, isn't there! I've felt that myself so often!"

"Some poets are whales at epics and all that sort of thing, while others call it a day when they've written something that runs to a couple of verses; but where Tennyson had the bulge was that his long game was just as good as his short. He was great off the tee, and a marvel with his chip-shots."

"That sounds as though you played golf."

"When I am not reading Tennyson, you can generally find me out on the links. Do you play?"

"I love it. How extraordinary that we should have so much in common. We really ought to be great friends."

He was pausing to select the best of three replies when the luncheon bugle sounded.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "I must rush. But we shall see one another again up here afterward?"

"We will," said Sam.

"We'll sit and read Tennyson."

"Fine! Er—you and I and Mortimer?"

"Oh, no, Bream is going to sit down below and look after poor Pinky."

"Does he—does he know he is?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]

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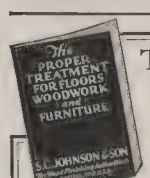

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Three Men *and a* Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

"Not yet," said Billie. "I'm going to tell him at lunch."

IT WAS the fourth morning of the voyage. Of course, when this story is done in the movies they won't be satisfied with a bald statement like that; they will have a Spoken Title or a Cut-Back Sub-Caption, or whatever they call the thing in the low dens where motion-picture scenario-lizards do their dark work, which will run:

AND SO, CALM AND GOLDEN, THE DAYS WENT BY, EACH FRAUGHT WITH HOPE AND YOUTH AND SWEETNESS, LINKING TWO YOUNG HEARTS IN SILKEN FETTERS FORGED BY THE LAUGHING LOVE-GOD

and the males in the audience will shift their chewing gum to the other cheek and take a firmer grip of their companions' hands, and the man at the piano will play, 'Everybody wants a key to my cellar,' or something equally appropriate. But I prefer the plain, frank statement that it was the fourth day of the voyage. That is my story, and I mean to stick to it.

Samuel Marlowe muffled in a bathrobe, came back to the stateroom from his tub. His manner had the offensive jauntiness of the man who has had a cold bath when he might just as easily have had a hot one. He felt strong and happy and exuberant.

It was not merely the spiritual pride induced by a cold bath that was uplifting this young man. The fact was that, as he towelled his glowing back, he had suddenly come to the decision that this very day he would propose to Wilhelmina Bennett. Yes, he would put his fortune to the test, to win or lose it all. True, he had known her for four days only; but what of that?

Nothing in the way of modern progress is more remarkable than the manner in which the attitude of your lover has changed concerning proposals of marriage. The courtship of the modern young man can hardly be called a courtship at all. His methods are those of Sir W. S. Gilbert's Alphonso.

Alphonso, who for cool assurance all creation licks,
He up and said to Emily, who has cheek enough for six:
"Miss Emily, I love you. Will you marry? Say the word!"
And Emily said: "Certainly, Alphonso, like a bird!"

Sam Marlowe was a warm supporter of the Alphonso method.

Sam let down the trick basin which hung beneath the mirror, and, collecting his shaving materials, began to lather his face.

"I am the Bandolero!" sang Sam blithely through the soap, "I am, I am the Bandolero! Yes, yes, I am the Bandolero!"

The untidy heap of bedclothes in the lower berth stirred restlessly.

"Oh, heavens!" said Eustace Hignett, thrusting out a tousled head.

Sam regarded his cousin with commiseration. Horrid things had been happening to Eustace during the last few days, and it was quite a pleasant surprise each morning to find that he was still alive.

"Feeling bad again, old man?"

"I was feeling all right," replied Hignett churlishly, "until you began the farmyard imitations. What sort of a day is it?"

"Glorious! The sea . . ."

"Don't talk about the sea!"

"Sorry! The sun is shining brighter than it has ever shone in the history of the race. Why don't you get up?"

"Nothing will induce me to get up." He eyed Sam sourly. "You seem decidedly pleased with yourself this morning!"

Sam dried the razor carefully and put it away. He hesitated. Then the desire to confide in somebody got the better of him.

"The fact is," he said apologetically, "I'm in love!"

"In love!" Eustace Hignett sat up and bumped his head sharply against the berth above him. "Has this been going on long?"

"Ever since the voyage started."

"I think you might have told me," said Eustace reproachfully. "Who is she?"

"Oh, a girl I met on board."

"Don't do it!" said Eustace Hignett solemnly. "As a friend, I entreat you not to do it!"

"Don't do what?"

"Propose to her. I can tell by the glitter in your eye that you are intending to propose to this girl—probably this morning. Don't do it. Women are the devil, whether they marry you or jilt you. Do you realize that women wear black evening dresses that have to be hooked up in a hurry when you are late for the theatre, and that, out of sheer wanton malignity, the hooks and eyes on those dresses are also made black? Do you realize—?"

"Oh, I've thought it all out."

"And take the matter of children: How would you like to become the father—and a mere glance around you will show you that the chances are enormously in favor of such a thing happening—of a boy with spectacles and protruding front teeth who asks questions all the time? Out of six small boys whom I saw when I came on board, four wore spectacles and had teeth like rabbits. The other two were equally revolting in different styles. How would you like to become the father—?"

"There is no need to be indelicate," said Sam stiffly. "A man must take these chances."

"Give her the miss in balk," pleaded Hignett. "Stay down here for the rest of the voyage. You can easily dodge her when you get to Southampton. And, if she sends messages, say you're ill and can't be disturbed."

Sam gazed at him, revolted. More than ever he began to understand how it was that a girl with ideals had broken off her engagement with this man. He finished dressing and, after a satisfying breakfast, went on deck.

IT WAS, as he had said, a glorious morning. The sight of Billie Bennett, trim and gleaming in a pale green sweater and a white skirt, had the effect of causing Marlowe to alter the program which he had sketched out. Proposing to this girl was not a thing to be put off till after luncheon. It was a thing to be done now, and at once. The finest efforts of the finest cooks in the world could not put him in better form than he felt at present.

"Good morning, Miss Bennett."

"Good morning, Mr. Marlowe."

"Isn't it a perfect day?"

"Wonderful!"

"Shall we walk round?" said Billie.

Sam glanced about him. It was the time of day when the promenade deck was always full. Passengers in cocoons of rugs lay on chairs, waiting in a dull trance till the steward should arrive with the eleven o'clock soup. Others, more energetic, strode up and down. From the point of view of a man who wished to reveal his most sacred feelings to a beautiful girl, the place was practically Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

"It's so crowded," he said. "Let's go on to the upper deck."

"All right. You can read to me. Go and fetch your Tennyson."

Sam felt that fortune was playing into his hands. His four-days acquaintance with the bard had been sufficient to show him that the man was there forty ways when it came to writing about love.

He threaded his way through a maze of boats, ropes, and curious-shaped steel structures which the architect of the ship seemed to have tacked on at the last moment in a spirit of sheer exuberance. Above him towered one of the funnels, before him a long, slender mast. He hurried on, and presently came upon Billie, sitting on a garden seat, backed by the white roof of the smoke-room; beside this was a small deck, which seemed to have lost its way and strayed up here all by itself. It was the deck on which one could occasionally see the patients playing an odd game with long sticks and bits of wood—not shuffleboard but something even lower in the mental scale. This morning, however, the devotees of this pastime were apparently under proper restraint, for the deck was empty.

"This is jolly," he said, sitting down beside the girl and drawing a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Yes, I love this deck. It's so peaceful."

"It's the only part of the ship where you can be reasonably sure of not meeting stout men in flannels and nautical caps. An ocean voyage always makes me wish that I had a private yacht."

"It would be nice."

"A private yacht," repeated Sam, sliding a trifle closer. "We would sail about, visiting desert islands which lay like jewels in the heart of tropic seas."

"We?"

"Most certainly we. It wouldn't be any fun if you were not there."

"That's very complimentary."

"Well, it wouldn't. I'm not fond of girls as a rule—"

"Oh, aren't you?"

"No!" said Sam decidedly. It was a point which he wished to make clear at the outset. "Not at all fond. My friends have often remarked upon it. A palmist once told me that I had one of those rare spiritual natures which cannot be satisfied with substitutes but must seek and seek till they find their soul-mate. When other men all round me were frittering away their emotions in idle flirtations which did not

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

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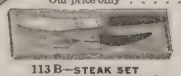

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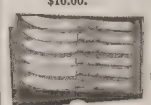

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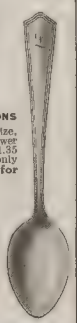

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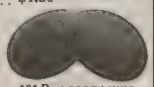

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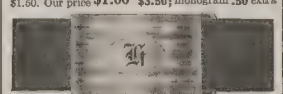

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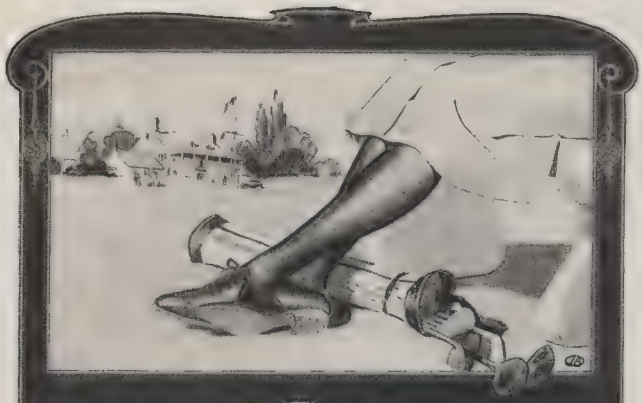

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Three Men *and a* Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

touch their deeper natures, I was . . . I was— Well, I wasn't; if you see what I mean."

"Oh, you wasn't . . . weren't?"

"No. Some day I knew I should meet the only girl I could possibly love, and then I would pour out upon her the stored-up devotion of a lifetime, lay an unblemished heart at her feet, fold her in my arms and say, 'At last!'"

"How jolly for her. Like having a circus all to one's self."

"Well, yes," said Sam, after a momentary pause.

"When I was a child I always thought that that would be the most wonderful thing in the world."

"The most wonderful thing in the world is love, a pure and consuming love, a love which—"

"Oh, hello!" said a voice.

All through this scene, right from the very beginning of it, Sam had not been able to rid himself of a feeling that there was something missing. The time and the place and the girl—they were all present and correct; nevertheless, there was something missing, some familiar object which seemed to leave a gap. He now perceived that what had caused the feeling was the complete absence of Bream Mortimer. He was absent no longer.

"Oh, hello, Bream!" said Billie.

"Hullo!" said Sam.

"Hullo!" said Bream Mortimer. "Here you are!"

There was a pause.

"I thought you might be here," said Bream.

"Yes, here we are," said Billie.

"Yes, we're here," said Sam.

There was another pause.

"Mind if I join you?" said Bream.

"N-no," said Billie.

"N-no," said Sam.

"No," said Billie again. "No . . . that is to say . . . oh no, not at all."

There was a third pause.

"On second thoughts," said Bream, "I believe I'll take a stroll on the promenade deck, if you don't mind."

They said they did not mind. Bream Mortimer, having bumped his head twice against overhanging steel ropes, melted away.

"Who is that fellow?" demanded Sam wrathfully.

"He's the son of Father's best friend."

Sam started. Somehow, this girl had always been so individual to him that he had never thought of her having a father.

"We have known each other all our lives," continued Billie. "Father thinks a tremendous lot of Bream."

"I think of him as little as I can."

"I suppose it was because Bream was sailing by her that Father insisted on my coming over on this boat. I'm in disgrace, you know. I was cabled for and had to sail at a few days' notice. I—"

"Oh, hello!"

"Why, Bream!" said Billie, looking at him, as he stood on the old spot in the same familiar attitude, with rather less affection than the son of her father's best friend might have expected. "I thought you said you were going down to the promenade deck."

"I did go down to the promenade deck. And I'd hardly got there, when a fellow who's getting up the ship's concert to-morrow night nobbled me to do a couple of songs. He wanted to know if I knew anyone else who would help. I came up to ask you," he said to Sam, "if you would do something."

"No," said Sam. "I won't."

"He's got a man who's going to lecture on deep-sea fish, and a couple of women who both want to sing 'The Rosary,' but he's still an act or two short. Sure you won't rally around?"

"Quite sure."

"Oh, all right." Bream Mortimer hovered wistfully above them.

"Oh, Bream!" said Billie.

"Hello?"

"Do be a pet and go and talk to Jane Hubbard. I'm sure she must be feeling lonely. I left her all by herself down on the next deck."

A look of alarm spread itself over Bream's face.

"Jane Hubbard! Oh, say, have a heart!"

"She's a very nice girl."

"She's so darned dynamic. She looks at you as if you were a giraffe or something and she would like to take a pot at you with a rifle."

"Nonsense! Run along. Get her to tell you some of her big-game hunting experiences. They are most interesting."

Bream drifted sadly away.

"I don't blame Miss Hubbard," said Sam.

"What do you mean?"

"Looking at him as if she wanted to pot at him with a rifle. I should like to do it myself. What were you saying when he came up?"

"Oh, don't let's talk about me. Read me some Tennyson."

Sam opened the book very willingly. Infernal Bream Mortimer had absolutely shot to pieces the spell which had begun to fall on them at the beginning of their conversation. Only by reading poetry, it seemed to him, could it be recovered. And when he saw the passage at which the volume had opened he realized that his luck was in.

He cleared his throat.

"O, let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

"Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite, quite sure
That there is one to love me. . . ."

This was absolutely topping. It was like diving off a springboard. He could see the girl sitting with a soft smile on her face, her eyes, big and dreamy, gazing out over the sunlit sea. He laid down the book and took her hand.

"There is something," he began in a low voice, "which I have been trying to say ever since we met, something which I think you must have read in my eyes."

Her head was bent. She did not withdraw her hand.

"Until this voyage began," he went on, "I did not know what life meant. And then I saw you! It was like the gate of heaven opening. You're the dearest girl I ever met, and you can bet I'll never forget—" He stopped. "I'm not trying to make it rhyme," he said apologetically. "Billie, don't think me silly . . . I mean . . . if you had the merest notion, dearest . . . I don't know what's the matter with me! . . . Billie darling, you are the only girl in the world! I have been looking for you for years and years, and I have found you at last, my soul-mate. Surely this does not come as a surprise to you? That is, I mean, you must have seen that I've been keen. . . . There's that damned Walt Mason stuff again!" His eyes fell on the volume beside him, and he uttered an exclamation of enlightenment. "It's those poems!" he cried. "I've been boning them up to such an extent that they've got me doing it, too. What I'm trying to say is, Will you marry me?"

She was drooping toward him. Her face was very sweet and tender, her eyes misty. He slid an arm about her waist. She raised her lips to his.

SUDDENLY she drew herself away, a cloud on her face.

"Darling," she said, "I've a confession to make."

"A confession? You? Nonsense!"

"I can't get rid of a horrible thought. I was wondering if this will last."

"Our love? Don't be afraid that it will fade. . . . I mean . . . why, it's so vast, it's bound to last . . . that is to say, of course it will."

She traced a pattern on the deck with her shoe.

"I'm afraid of myself. You see, once before—and it was not so very long ago—I thought I had met my ideal, but—"

Sam laughed heartily.

"Are you worrying about that absurd business of poor old Eustace Hignett?"

She started violently.

"You know!"

"Of course! He told me himself."

"Do you know him? Where did you meet him?"

"I've known him all my life. He's my cousin. As a matter of fact, we are sharing a stateroom on board now."

"Eustace is on board! Oh, this is awful! What shall I do when I meet him?"

"Oh, pass it off with a light laugh and a genial quip. Just say, 'Oh, here you are!' or something. You know the sort of thing."

"It will be terrible."

"Not a bit of it. Why should you feel embarrassed? He must have realized by now that you acted in the only possible way. It was absurd his ever expecting you to marry him. I mean to say, just look at it dispassionately. . . . Eustace . . . poor old Eustace . . . and *you!*"

"I see what you mean. He really wasn't my ideal."

"Not by a mile!"

She mused, her chin in her hand.

"Of course, he was quite a dear in a lot of ways."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

Before Breakfast Good Humor

There is a pretty general idea that most people are a little grouchy before breakfast.

The fact is that a man is seldom in his best humor until he has scrubbed out his mouth.

Pebeco Tooth Paste livens up the inside of the mouth just as cold water improves the feel of your face in the morning.

The way to get over that just-got-up feeling is to give the teeth a thorough brushing with Pebeco.

When your teeth are clean and your mouth is clean, they taste clean. A clean taste is as hard to describe as the taste of pure water, but it's pleasant.

You will find it much easier to smile, easier to chat, more pleasure to eat, when your teeth and mouth have been refreshed and cleaned by Pebeco Tooth Paste.

Use Pebeco night and morning that your teeth may last longer and your mouth taste better.

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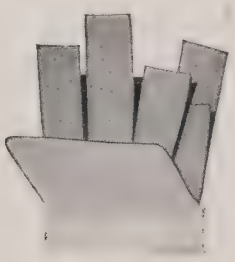
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Selling Agents for the United States and Canada
171 Madison Avenue, New York City 10 McCaul Street, Toronto

Also Makers of Lysol Disinfectant, Lysol Shaving Cream, and Lysol Toilet Soap



Have You "Acid-Mouth"

It Is Thought To Be the Chief Cause of Tooth Decay

These Test Papers Will Tell You—Sent Free With 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco

There are probably many causes that contribute to decay of the teeth, but dental authorities seem to agree that in the vast majority of cases decay results from over-acidity of the mouth. You can easily tell if you have "Acid-Mouth," and also see how Pebeco tends to counteract this tooth-destroying condition, by the simple and interesting experiment with the test papers, which we will gladly send to you upon request.

Moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth." Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth." Just send a post-card for Free Test Papers and 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco.

Salt's Peco
SEAL PLUSH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

All the Splendor of Furs
—but at a price you CAN afford

RICH appearance, luxurious "feel" and warmth without oppressive weight make Salt's Fabric-Furs outrival even natural animal skins.

This coat of Salt's Peco Seal shows how effectively, how *naturally* Salt's Fabric-Furs are adaptable to the draping of the newest styles — an effect often impossible in bulky, expensive furs.

And the cost is only a small part of the price of a fur coat!

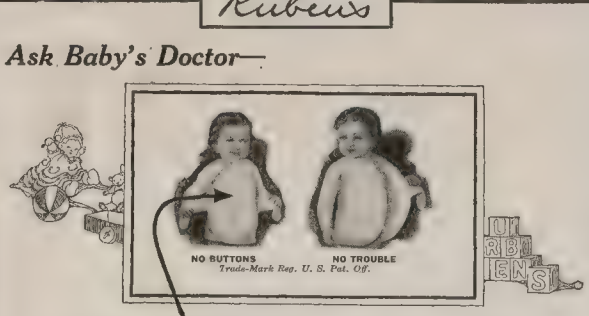
Add to this style-giving quality and economical price the fact that coats of Salt's Fabric-Fur are more healthful because the woven back permits proper air circulation and you have the main reasons why so many thousands of women today are thriftily planning to own a coat of Salt's Fabric-Fur this season.

SALT'S TEXTILE CO., Inc.
38 East 25th Street, New York City

Sold by retailers the country over. They will point out to you with pride the Salt's label sewn in every garment.

Rubens

Ask Baby's Doctor—



Warmth Here Means Health

Insufficient protection over baby's chest and stomach is a common cause of illness. Any doctor will tell you this. And tell you, too, that the Rubens Infant Shirt supplies this needed protection in a common-sense, practical way.

Double thickness over chest and stomach. Cut with the simple convenience of a coat. No tapes, no buttons. The adjustable belt fastens with a single safety pin. Made of the softest and finest materials for infants and children. Now sold as low as 25c.

Insist upon the genuine Rubens. Standard for more than 30 years. *There is no satisfactory substitute.* Look for the Rubens trademark, and be *sure* before you buy. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

Manufactured only by
RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
16 N. Market St., Chicago
Established 1890

RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

Three Men *and a* Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

"Oh, a splendid chap," said Sam tolerantly.

"Have you ever heard him sing 'My love is like a glowing tulip that in an old-world garden grows'?"

"I have not had that advantage," replied Sam stiffly. "But anyone can sing a drawing-room ballad. Now something funny, something that will make people laugh, something that really needs putting across, that's a different thing altogether."

"Do you sing that sort of thing?"

"People have been good enough to say—"

"Then," said Billie decidedly, "you must certainly do something at the ship's concert to-morrow! The idea of your trying to hide your light under a bushel! I will tell Bream to count on you. He is an excellent accompanist. He can accompany you."

"Yes, but . . . well, I don't know," said Sam doubtfully.

"Of course you must sing," said Billie. "I'll tell Bream when I go down to lunch. What will you sing?"

"Well—er—"

"Well, I'm sure it will be wonderful, whatever it is. You are so wonderful in every way. You remind me of one of the heroes of old!"

Sam's discomposure vanished. In the first place, this was much more the sort of conversation which he felt the situation indicated. In the second place, he had remembered that there was no need for him to sing at all. He could do that imitation of Frank Tinney which had been such a hit at the Trinity smoker. He was on safe ground there. He knew he was good. He clasped the girl to him and kissed her sixteen times.

Suddenly, as he released her, the cloud came back into her face.

"My angel," he asked solicitously, "what's the matter?"

"I was thinking of Father," she said.

The glowing splendor of the morning took on a touch of chill for Sam.

"He is sure to be pretty angry at first," said Billie. "You see, I know he has always hoped that I would marry Bream."

"Bream! Bream Mortimer! What a silly thing to hope!"

"Well, you see, I told you that Mr. Mortimer was Father's best friend. They are both over in England now, and are trying to get a house in the country for the summer which we can all share. I rather think the idea is to bring me and Bream closer together."

"How the deuce could that fellow be brought any closer to you? He's like a burr as it is."

"Well, that was the idea, I'm sure. Of course, I could never look at Bream now."

"I hate looking at him myself," said Sam feelingly.

A group of afflicted persons, bent upon playing with long sticks and bits of wood, now invaded the upper deck. Their weak-minded cries filled the air. Sam and the girl rose.

"Touching on your father once more," he said, as they made their way below, "is he a very formidable sort of man?"

"He can be a dear. But he's rather quick-tempered. You must be very ingratiating."

"I will practice it in front of the glass every morning for the rest of the voyage," said Sam.

He went down to the stateroom in a mixed mood of elation and apprehension. He was engaged to the most wonderful girl in the world; but over the horizon loomed the menacing figure of Father. He wished he could induce Billie to allow him to waive the formality of thawing Father. But the Hignett fiasco had spoiled her for runaway marriages. Well, if it had to be done, it must be done, and that was all there was to it.

"GOOD heavens!" cried Eustace Hignett. He stared at the figure which loomed above him in the fading light that came through the porthole of the stateroom. The hour was seven-thirty, and he had just awakened from a troubled doze, full of strange nightmares, and for the moment he thought that he must still be dreaming, for the figure before him could have walked straight into any nightmare, and no questions asked. Then suddenly he became aware that it was his cousin, Samuel Marlowe. As in the historic case of Father in the pigsty, he could tell him by his hat. But why was he looking like that? Was it simply some trick of the uncertain light, or was his face really black, and had his mouth suddenly grown to six times its normal size and become a vivid crimson?

Sam turned. He had been looking at himself in the mirror with a satisfaction which, to the casual observer, his appearance would not have seemed to justify. Hignett had not been suffering from a delusion. His cousin's face was black; and, even as he turned, he gave it a dab with a piece of burnt cork and made it blacker.

"Hullo! You awake?" he said and switched on the light.

Eustace Hignett shied like a startled horse. His friend's profile, seen dimly, had been disconcerting enough. Full face, he was a revolting object. Nothing that Eustace Hignett had encountered in his recent dreams—and they had included such unusual fauna as elephants in top hats and running shorts—had affected him so profoundly.

"How do I look?"

Eustace Hignett began to fear that his cousin's reason must have become unseated. He could not conceive of any really sane man, looking like that, being anxious to be told how he looked.

"Are my lips red enough? It's for the ship's concert, you know. It starts in half an hour, though I believe I'm not on till the second part. Speaking as a friend, would you put a touch more black round the ears, or are they all right?"

Curiosity replaced apprehension in Hignett's mind.

"What on earth are you doing performing at the ship's concert?"

"Oh, they roped me in. It got about somehow that I was a valuable man and they wouldn't take no." Sam deepened the color of his ears. "As a matter of fact," he said casually, "my fiancée made rather a point of my doing something."

A sharp yell from the lower berth proclaimed the fact that the significance of the remark had not been lost on Eustace.

"Your fiancée?"

"The girl I'm engaged to. Didn't I tell you about that? Yes, I'm engaged."

Eustace sighed heavily.

"I feared the worst. Tell me, who is she?"

Sam hummed an airy strain as he blackened the tip of his nose. "It's rather a curious coincidence, really. Her name is Bennett."

"She may be a relation."

"That's true. Of course, girls do have relations."

"What is her first name?"

"That is another rather remarkable thing. It's Wilhelmina."

"Wilhelmina!"

"Of course, there must be hundreds of girls in the world called Wilhelmina Bennett; but still it is a coincidence."

"What color is her hair?" demanded Eustace Hignett in a hollow voice.

"Her hair? Now, let me see. You ask me what color is her hair. Well, you might call it auburn . . . or russet."

"Never mind what you might call it. Is it red?"

"Red? Why, yes. That is a very good description of it. Now that you put it to me like that, it *is* red."

"Has she a trick of grabbing at you suddenly, when she gets excited, like a kitten with a ball of wool?"

"Yes. Yes, she has."

Eustace Hignett uttered a sharp cry.

"Sam," he said, "can you bear a shock?"

"I'll have a dash at it."

"The girl you are engaged to is the same girl who promised to marry *me*."

"Well, well!" said Sam.

There was a silence.

"Awfully sorry, of course, and all that," said Sam.

"Don't apologize to *me!*" said Eustace. "My poor old chap, my only feeling toward you is one of the purest and profoundest pity." He reached out and pressed Sam's hand. "I regard you as a toad beneath the harrow!"

"Well, I suppose that's one way of offering congratulations and cheery good wishes."

"And on top of that," went on Eustace, deeply moved, "you have got to sing at the ship's concert."

"Why shouldn't I sing at the ship's concert?"

"My dear old man, you have many worthy qualities, but you must know that you can't sing. You can't sing for nuts!"

"I confidently expect to be the hit of the evening."

"The hit of the evening! You! Singing!"

"I'm not going to sing. I'm going to do that imitation of Frank Tinney which I did at the Trinity smoker. You haven't forgotten that? You were at the piano taking the part of the conductor of the orchestra. What a riot I was—we were! I say, Eustace, old man, I suppose you don't feel well enough to come up now and take your old part? You could do it without a rehearsal. You remember how it went:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]

Styles for Every Room in the House

SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING

"Some change in the old place, Peggy! That Sanitas does make things sort of belong together, somehow. Pretty nice, eh?"

"Yes, Walter, and it's so easy to keep clean—just wipe it with a damp cloth."

Sanitas Modern Wall Covering is made on cloth, machine-painted with non-fading colors. Comes in a wide variety of styles for every room in the house. Hangs like wall-paper; does not crack or peel. See it at your decorator's.

Send for Booklet and Samples.

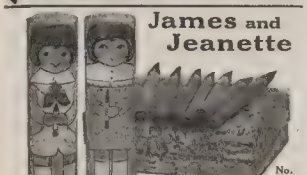
THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.
320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
DEPT. 5

Use This Chest FREE

Sent on Free Trial A Famous Piedmont Red Cedar Chest. Your choice of many styles and designs sent on 15 days' free trial. A Piedmont protects furs, woolens and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp. Distinctively beautiful. Needed in every home. Lasts for generations. Pays for itself in what it saves. The ideal gift for wedding, birthday or Christmas. Write today for free illustrated catalog with new reduced prices—postpaid, free to you.
Direct from Factory to Home
PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO. Dept. I, Statesville, N. C.

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 8383 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

James and Jeanette



No. 4213

Brother James and *Sister Jeanette* are really two little figures filled with Crayons to delight our young friends. Sent in Mother Goose Box, *postpaid 85c.* One of the many thoughtful yet inexpensive gifts shown in our catalog, which is mailed *free* on request. In shops having the *Pohlson Gifts*, you'll be sure to find suitable remembrances for all your friends. If there is no Pohlson dealer in your town, send for our illustrated catalog—it will make your Christmas shopping a pleasure.

Pohlson Gift Shop Pawtucket, R. I.

Three Men *and a* Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

'Hullo, Ernest!' . . . 'Hullo, Frank!' . . . . Why not come along?"

"The only piano I will ever sit at will be one firmly fixed on a floor that does not heave and wobble under me."

"Nonsense! The boat's as steady as a rock now. The sea's like a millpond."

"Nevertheless, thanking you for your suggestion, no!"

"Oh, well, then I shall have to get on as best I can with that fellow Mortimer. But he won't be really right. He has no pep, no vim. Still, if you won't. . . ."

The door closed behind Sam and Eustace Hignett, lying on his back, gave himself up to melancholy meditation.

His reflections were broken by the abrupt opening of the door. Marlowe rushed in. Eustace peered anxiously out of his berth. There was too much cork on his cousin's face to allow of any real registering of emotion, but he could tell from his manner that all was not well.

"What's the matter?"

Sam sank on the lounge.

"The bounder has quit!"

"The bounder? What bounder?"

"There is only one! Bream Mortimer, curse him! He refuses to appear! He has walked out on the act! He has left me flat! I went into his stateroom just now, as arranged, and the man was lying on his bunk, groaning."

"I thought you said the sea was like a millpond."

"It wasn't that! He's perfectly fit. But it seems that the silly ass took it into his head to propose to Billie just before dinner—apparently he's loved her for years in a silent, self-effacing way—and of course she told him that she was engaged to me; and the thing upset him to such an extent that he says the idea of sitting down at a piano and helping me give an imitation of Frank Tinney revolts him. He says he intends to spend the evening in bed, reading Schopenhauer. I hope it chokes him."

"But this is splendid! This lets you out!"

"What do you mean? Lets me out?"

"Why, now you won't be able to appear. Oh, you will be thankful for this in years to come."

"Won't I appear! Won't I dashed well appear! Do you think I'm going to disappoint that dear girl when she is relying on me? I would rather die!"

"But you can't appear without a pianist."

"I've got a pianist."

"You have?"

"Yes. A little undersized shrimp of a fellow with a green face and ears like waterwings."

"I don't think I know him."

"Yes, you do. He's you!"

"Me!"

"Yes, you. You are going to sit at the piano to-night."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it's impossible. I gave you my views on the subject just now."

"You've altered them."

"I haven't."

"Well, you soon will, and I'll tell you why. If you don't get up out of that darned berth you've been roosting in all your life, I'm going to ring for J. B. Midgeley, and I'm going to tell him to bring me a bit of dinner in here, and I'm going to eat it before your eyes."

"But you've had dinner."

"Well, I'll have another. I feel just ready for a nice fat pork chop."

"Stop! Stop!"

"A nice fat pork chop with potatoes and lots of cabbage," repeated Sam firmly. "And I shall eat it here on this very lounge. Now, how do we go?"

"But I shouldn't be any good at the piano. I've forgotten how the thing used to go."

"You haven't done anything of the kind. I come in and say, 'Hullo, Ernest!' and you say 'Hullo, Frank!' and then you help me tell the story about the Pullman car. A child could do your part of it."

"Perhaps there is some child on board."

"No! I want you. I shall feel safe with you. We've done it together before."

"But, honestly, I really don't think. . . . It isn't as if—"

Sam rose and extended a finger toward the bell.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Eustace Hignett. "I'll do it!"

Sam withdrew his finger.

"Good!" he said. "We've just got time for a rehearsal while you're dressing. 'Hullo, Ernest!'"

"Hullo, Frank," said Eustace Hignett brokenly, as he searched for his unfamiliar trousers.

[CONTINUED IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE]

Will & Baumer Candles

Candle Shadows

—on the stairway wall, and reflected in the magic mirror, forecast the fate of those for whom Hallowe'en traditions still breathe adventure and romance. Furtive forms seem to lurk in the shadowy outskirts of the mystic glow; and Jack-O-Lantern's eyes dance with mischief when Will & Baumer's SMOKELESS—ODORLESS—DRIPLESS Candles illumine their depths.

In styles and colors suitable to all occasions, they are sold at leading department stores, book and gift shops, everywhere.

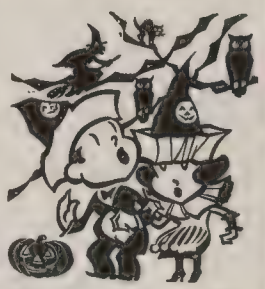
Of special interest to the hostess is our little booklet, "The Witchery of Candle-Light." Mailed free, upon request.

WILL & BAUMER CANDLE CO., Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
NEW YORK ST. LOUIS CHICAGO BOSTON MEXICO CITY

Dennison's

For *Your* Hallowe'en Party

GRACIOUS! Staring owls and solemn jack-o-lanterns everywhere! Send shivers down your back—and laughs up your sleeve, too, for behold! The fearsome things are only harmless Dennison decorations of crepe paper.



The "Bogie Book"

Before you plan your party send 10 cents with the coupon below for our "Bogie Book." It's full of information for decorating rooms with streamers and festoons; tells how to cast Hallowe'en atmosphere over the party with crouching black cats and flying witches; dainty trimmings for the table and colorful costumes and caps for frolicsome guests—and all made of paper. Besides there are suggestions in it for unusual invitations, prizes, strange games and weird ghost stories for Hallowe'en hilarity.

Stationers, department stores and many druggists carry the Dennison Hallowe'en goods and the "Bogie Book."

THE "BOGIE BOOK"
has been issued every year for eleven years. Here's the coupon which will bring a copy of the 1921 issue to you.

DENNISON MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. DD Framingham, Mass.

The 10 cents enclosed is for a copy of the "Bogie Book." Please send it quickly so I can prepare for my party. (*Please write your name in pencil.*)

Name .....
Address .....
City .....

What Next ?

Orinoka

GUARANTEED SUNFAST
DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES

A NEW BOOKLET ON DRAPERIES, beautifully illustrated in color, and showing many new and charming window treatments with Orinoka fabrics by a New York decorator, will be sent for 20 cents, stamps or coin.

GUARANTEE:
"These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to the sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price."

In the art of making windows beautiful, the new Orinoka Sunfast casement cloths are the most charming materials for use against the glass.

They are sheer and graceful. They permit the entrance of a softer, mellower light than net or lace. They may be had in a wonderful variety of colors and delicate shades, to harmonize with any interior. Even in the softest, most unusual tints they are guaranteed absolutely sunfast and tubfast.

Until you have seen them, you cannot realize the richness of variety in Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies. Numerous weaves, both plain and figured, ranging from sheer gauze to heavy hangings. Orinoka fabrics include all that is newest and most fashionable.

Ask particularly for *Orinoka* Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies and look for the *Orinoka* Guarantee Tag on the bolt.

THE ORINOKA MILLS
215 Fourth Ave. New York

Ask for Ro-Tex-Co Sleeping Garment

Send for Free Bed-time Story Book

More than 20 years' experience manufacturing Ro-Tex-Co children's underwear enables us to produce an improved, knitted sleeping garment.
Roomy sizes; new style drop seat, cut for convenience—greater elasticity at waist.
Feet shaped right for greater comfort and durability. Retails at $1.00.
See it at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you write us.

ROME TEXTILE COMPANY
Dept. W, 349 Broadway New York City

Children's Union Suits, Vest and Pants

BATHASWEET
TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample. Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. W-C, NEW YORK CITY

Your Baby

Your baby's laugh indicates comfort, clothes that fit snugly, yet do not bind.

STEWART'S DUPLEX SAFETY PINS

because of their many safe features prevent clothes from catching and twisting. Cannot open accidentally.

Send 6c for sample card of Stewart's Duplex pins

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.
Dept. D Bloomfield, New Jersey

The Bread Caster

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

to them on Saturday and cause them to realize during the dull Sunday in hotel lobbies that we are in close touch with them—that we believe in them, and are pulling for their success."

"Look here, Brandon, aren't you going a bit too strong? You know we have been trying to cut down expenses, not increase them."

"We'll get it back a hundred-fold, Murphy."

"I hope so," said Murphy: "but I can't see it. Money gone is money gone. And this is going to add a terrific amount to our overhead."

"Well, we are not getting anywhere under our present methods. I've got a month, maybe two, in which to make good or get fired. So I'm going to follow my hunch."

Andrew had a warm glow at the letters of thanks and appreciation that soon began to come in from the traveling salesmen. Many of them made suggestions as to sales policies, and outlined plans they were going to put into effect to help their sales—all showing a new and personal interest in the welfare of the business.

But in spite of this, Murphy was even more outspoken at the next proposal, made a week later.

"I am going to mail checks—refunds—to these fifteen customers," Brandon explained, passing Murphy the pile of letters that he had written to accompany the checks.

"What the dickens for?" Murphy exploded.

"We have made more than the necessary profits on the cars of lumber we shipped them this month."

"What do you mean? Isn't it our job to make as much out of them as we can?"

"Not as I see it," Andrew replied. "Our function as wholesalers is to act as the buying intermediary between the retailer and manufacturer. For this we are entitled to an average compensation, the maximum amount of which is pretty generally agreed upon in the trade, that is, about two dollars per thousand board feet on common lumber and four dollars on the more expensive grades."

"Yes, but how about the cars on which we lose money?"

"I have made allowance for that in figuring the checks I am sending."

Murphy rose and held up his arms as in an appeal to Powers above.

"I'm through talking," he spluttered. "I recommended you to Mackintosh because I liked you. I still like you and I want to see you make good. But how you figure you can make money by giving it away is beyond the reach of my mind. I am going to work hard and try to help you. But please let me know a day ahead when Mr. Mackintosh returns. I don't want to be an innocent bystander when you and he meet."

The responses to this move, however, were even more gratifying than the letters from the salesmen. The retailers wrote that it was a real pleasure to find a concern like the Band Saw Lumber Company, which wasn't trying to squeeze every cent out of its customers. One man wrote that this new idea as to the fair profits of middlemen or wholesalers was one the whole country would approve of—that he was having Brandon's letter printed as a part of his full-page advertisement in every lumber trade journal. Another telegraphed that he was going to make the letter about the refunds the subject of his speech before the great Lumber Retailers' Convention.

"Bread cast upon the waters," Andrew chuckled. "It would have cost twenty thousand dollars to get that advertising!"

Murphy came into Andrew's office with a frown between his sandy eyebrows.

"A wire from the boss." He threw the yellow sheet on the desk. "Bunged up in an automobile accident. Says do the best you can; he won't be out of the hospital for six weeks."

"My, I am sorry to hear that!" said Andrew, with genuine distress. "Murphy, we've just got to make this business go over the top."

"Yes, and the papers are out with an extra. The I. C. C. has granted the freight rate increase. Business will be dead for a while; I don't know how long. And our monthly financial statement to the bank yesterday showed a big overhead and very little new business. At the wholesalers' weekly luncheon our new policies were discussed and were bitterly condemned. Some of those hard-shelled guys will most probably put in a bad word for us at the bank. First thing you know the bank will be putting the skids under us."

"Oh, I guess not," Andrew replied; but he couldn't conceal the worry the news had brought him.

The next two weeks were a nightmare. The heavy overhead continued, while business was at a standstill.

Then unexpected orders began to come in by the handfuls.

"What's the explanation?" asked Murphy.

"The answer is," said Andrew, "that at the big Retailers' Convention our policy of refunds was discussed, and they passed a resolution of approval. They wired us about it. As a result of the advertising that gave us, orders have been coming in from scores of retailers we never heard of before. It looks to me as if this is the beginning of the biggest year for us we ever had—except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"The other wholesalers are up in arms. Their customers are turning to us, and they claim our policy of making refunds puts all other wholesalers in a bad light. Some of them are stockholders in Hamilton's bank; Hamilton also owns some of their stock; and I look for trouble.

"But," added Brandon, "if we can show Hamilton's discount committee that we are making money, they wouldn't have any right to cripple us by withholding credit."

"Two of these wholesalers are on that committee," replied Murphy grimly; "and people don't always do what is right."

The next financial statement to the bank was quite different from the preceding ones. But, after Murphy's warning, Brandon was not surprised when a telephone message from Mr. Hamilton requested that the "present manager" of the Band Saw Lumber Company be on hand for a conference at the bank at eleven the following morning.

He went. He found ten business men awaiting him around the polished mahogany table in the bank's committee-room.

"Mr. Brandon," said Horace Hamilton, by way of opening the discussion, "we find that you have inaugurated extravagant sales policies that have had the effect of diverting business to you and out of legitimate channels."

The two wholesalers nodded approval.

"That sort of thing is not conducive to sound business, Mr. Brandon." There was a note of animosity in the banker's voice. "The prosperity of this section is wrapped up in the lumber business. We have called you in to demand that you either return to sound conservative policies or—take up at once your notes at this bank."

Andrew's face went white. It would be impossible to pay these notes at once. The money had been loaned by the bank on invoices against customers, with the understanding that the bank would wait for payment until the customers paid. And the other loans, unsecured, Hamilton had granted to tide Mackintosh over the dull period.

"Gentlemen," said Brandon to the others around the table, "do you countenance—do you approve of this demand? You recognize that I am given the alternative of ruin, or of running my business the way someone else wants me to run it."

There was some hesitation; but every man there signified his approval.

"We have a right to decide under what terms we shall lend our money," one man ventured.

Brandon looked at the circle of determined faces—respectable men, prominent men, kindly men to their families, but in business, if their interests were threatened, absolutely ruthless.

"Gentlemen," he said, "my policy of only a fair return to the middleman is what the whole United States is crying for. If the Pacific Coast wholesalers will adopt that, they will find the whole country turning to this section for lumber—as they have turned to me. The question is simply whether we shall stay in the old selfish rut, or embrace a good idea when we find it."

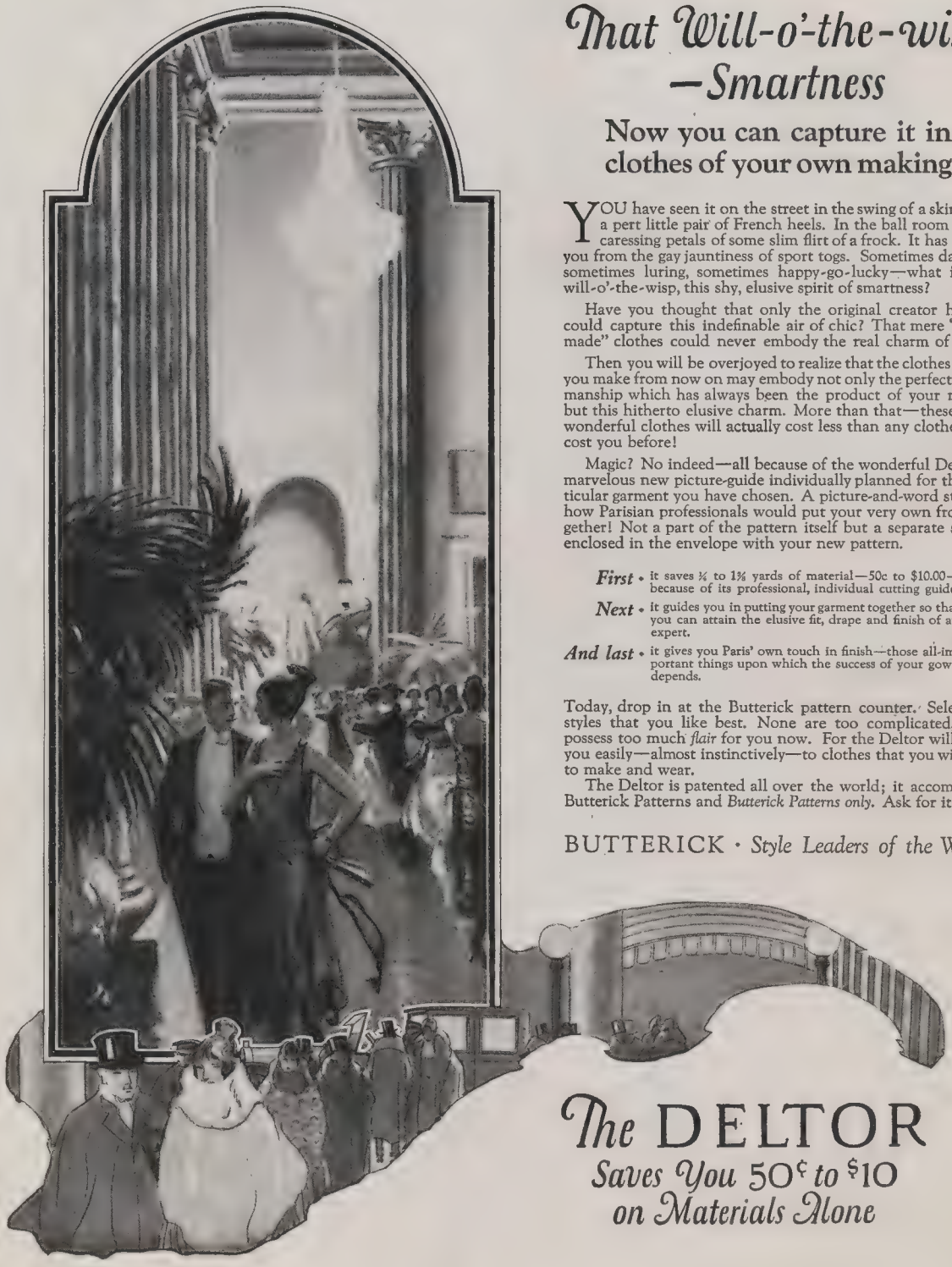
"You can put it that way if you like," rasped Mr. Hamilton. A gleam of personal triumph showed in his cold eye. "But you have got to decide right now between sound business, as we see it, or taking up your notes."

They intended forcing him to play their game. He saw suddenly the hopelessness of his position. But he refused to knuckle under to this civilized brutality. He rose to his feet, a fighting fire in his blue eyes.

"Gentlemen, you are not playing a fair game. You are using force, when I have no force with which to reply." He pounded on the table. The ink well and Mr. Hamilton jumped an inch into the air. "I won't do it," he shouted. "I'll see the business bankrupt, and let you take the responsibility, before I'll do it."

He turned and walked blindly out of the room, through the lobby and into the street. His utter helplessness in the face of this injustice, the bitterness of crushing defeat when success was in his grasp, filled his eyes

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



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The Bread Caster

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

with tears of rage and disappointment. The bank would protest his notes; in a day or two the newspapers would carry headlines about the involuntary bankruptcy of the Band Saw Lumber Company while under the management of Andrew Brandon. No other bank would consider lending him money after a bank that knew all about his business had withdrawn credit. As a success, he could have defied Hamilton and married Joan, but he could not ask her to marry a failure. . . .

Turning a corner he ran plump into a florid-faced, gray-haired gentleman.

"What the dickens! What's the hurry? . . . Oh, it's you, is it? I've been looking for you ever since you helped me with those punctures when I was in such a hurry. Through your kindness I was able to keep an appointment with an Eastern financier which has meant a great deal to me. What's your name?"

"Andrew Brandon," said Andrew, mad with the whole world, and trying to rush on, "and I'm in a hurry."

"Not Brandon of the Band Saw Lumber Company?"

"Yep."

"Say," chuckled Mr. Gray-Hair, taking him by the arm. "You come with me."

He led him along the street, through the lobby and behind the rail of one of the city's big banks, and into a private office marked "Mr. Whitehead, President."

"Now sit down there," commanded Mr. Whitehead, "and tell me what you are in such a stew over."

In a few words Andrew despondently sketched the situation. Mr. Whitehead, behind the smoke of a big cigar, leaned back in his chair and smiled delightedly.

"Brandon," he asked with apparent irrelevance, "do you remember that time you gave the straight dope to a customer when you were with the Acme Lumber Company?"

"Yes. I got fired for it."

"Well, that customer was a friend of mine," said the banker. "He has been watching you ever since. He has been telling me of your originality in limiting the middleman's profits—and now I am going to tell you a funny coincidence."

"What is it?" asked Andrew, not much interested in coincidences.

"Well, he got wind of the fact that that skinflint Hamilton and some allied wholesalers were going to put the skids under you. Now, here's where the coincidence comes in: I was just on my way to your office to offer you some assistance. Of course I didn't know you were the young fellow who helped me with my tires."

"To offer me what?" demanded Andrew.

Mr. Whitehead grinned like a schoolboy.

"Horace Hamilton did me a mean trick once," he said. "If he's against you, I'm with you. Besides, I owe you one for helping me with the punctures. Go to your office; figure out how much you owe Hamilton, and let me know. I'll give you a check for the full amount. You can pay Hamilton, and transfer all your notes and your business to this bank. I like your way of doing business, and between us we can make the Band Saw Lumber Company the biggest wholesale house on the coast."

At first Brandon couldn't speak for astonishment and relief. Then he jumped up and pumped Mr. Whitehead's hand until that laughing gentleman protested. Then he dashed over to his office to tell Murphy.

Murphy's delight was as great as Andrew's, and he got busy preparing the list of loans. But just as Andrew started out the door, he called him back.

"Mr. Mackintosh was in," Murphy grinned. "On crutches. He gave one look at the financial statement and said he's going on a six months' vacation. Says he don't care how you did it. It's enough for him that you are making money."

"You telephone him and tell him I did it by throwing bread on the water," called back Andrew as he went out.

He slipped into a public telephone booth down-stairs. In a few moments he emerged with a flushed and happy face, hopped into his roadster and began leading a cloud of dust toward the suburbs.

Joan opened the door for him when he rang, and he followed her into the house.

"My," he cried, with hungry eyes, "do you know it's been a thousand years since I saw you? You're more wonderful than ever, and now that I've made good, your father can't object any longer, even if I don't bank with him. Can he?"

"No, Andrew." Her dark eyes were very bright as he put his arms around her. "And it's just your big-heartedness that has brought you success."

"No big-heartedness. Just bread-casting, honey!"

"Oh, Andrew. You funny, you dear—"

Conversation languished.

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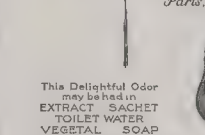

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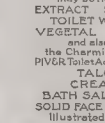

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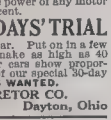

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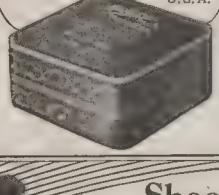

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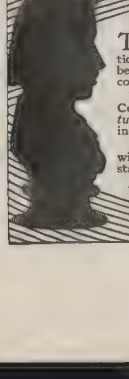

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The Spring of Eternal Youth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

and broke it off; others said she was an actress who played with Bill's country heart, taking his money and giving him nothing but a signed photograph and a nice collection of debts to florists and such like. However that may be, the main fact is clear: Minnie's heart was sore at the blow her dad had given it. He had shaken her faith in the whole sex of men, and now along comes Bill, whom she had looked to as a kind of rock of refuge—and, behold, he also was false.

Words passed—what words nobody knows. Bill may have tried to explain, but she would hear nothing of it. In a single hour it seemed like the love that she had felt for him turned into hatred, just as hot and flaming; and he, with his hurt pride, and the sense of having been made a fool of, let himself become just as angry as she. From that day forward they never spoke to each other, except in bitterness; and the quarrel that began between them became one of the famous feuds of our part of the world.

Bill graduated as a doctor, and to everybody's surprise came back and settled in the little white house with his folks. He stayed among us and grew into middle age, being the kindest, most lovable doctor that ever slapped on a mustard plaster or told a kid funny stories while setting its collar bone. And Minnie, too, grew middle-aged, combing her pretty hair down tight to make her look older and less attractive than she really was, and going about day after day giving her music lessons at fifty cents apiece or five dollars for twelve, if paid in advance. Minnie's mother died, and Bill's mother and father, both; and down at the spring that lay between the two places they met, sometimes, in spite of themselves, and neither nodded nor spoke.

Minnie took special delight in showing that a woman could get on perfectly well without a man around the house; she made a good living out of her lessons, and went off to Boston a couple of times a year to concerts and what not. And Doc's exhibition of independence was staged just as complete and convincing. When Minnie got a cat, he bought a bull pup; if she contracted for a talking machine at a dollar down and a dollar a week for life, he got the Encyclopedia Britannica on the same basis, and no release in case of premature death, either.

But his stroke of genius came after Mrs. Nate Carter died from misjudging how fast a train was traveling toward the Mill Street Crossing, leaving a ten-year-old boy behind. The next morning Doc astonished the village by announcing that he had taken young Nate to raise. The idea of getting married so you could have children was the most foolish notion he ever heard of, he allowed. Did a man go into the bicycle business when he wanted a bicycle? Or learn cobbling when he wanted a pair of shoes? Not much. Well, let him get his family the same way, by going to those that had children and wanted to get rid of them. He adopted Nate regular and legal, and announced that he might maybe have a family of five or six or twelve before he got through.

You can believe me that the town laid back and laughed; and for a week or so it was common talk that Doc had won out in the contest all right; and what would Minnie say about that? The following Saturday she disappeared, Newt Babcock at the station letting it be known that she had bought a ticket to Boston. And Monday morning, when Number Sixty-seven pulled in at ten-thirty-one, who should get off with Minnie but the sweetest curly-headed little girl you ever saw!

She marched down that platform, looking neither to right nor left, the little girl hanging tight to her hand, and holding her head proud, as much as to say, "I got a mother at last, a beautiful mother, that loves me and can play the fiddle and everything," and they climbed into the Joe Barnes hack and was driven home. The laugh was on Doc for a while; but he wasn't the sort of old fellow to let any woman outdo him for long. It was only a matter of five or six weeks before he got a second boy, no one knew just where. And the following Saturday Minnie disappears again, and Monday morning, on Number Sixty-seven, there she was with another little girl.

Well, sir, you can build a wall between two houses, or dig a river or what you like; and staid old middle-age will see the wall and allow that it means "Keep on your own side," and heed the warning. But there isn't any wall that can keep curly-headed girls and barefoot boys from getting to know each other. And so it proved in the case of Doc's boys and Minnie's girls. They were back and forth across the brook that run out of the spring a hundred times a day. At first Doc said, quite stern, "Never let me hear of you going in that other house," and Minnie gave the same warning, with a shake of her finger. But you might just as well try to keep a summer breeze from blowing through an open door. It wasn't a month before the girls were running all over Doc's premises and coming back with pictures showing the inside of the body, and what alcohol does to the drunkard's stomach, and samples of tooth paste that the drug companies had sent to Doc, and empty pill bottles and what not. And Doc's boys would come home with stories about Minnie's wonderful cookies. And both Doc and Minnie winked at it, and out of their respect for the simple faith of childhood they never said hard words about each other for the children to hear.

So it went on, the town watching and laughing, and feeling that somehow something was bound to happen but never guessing why or how. Until one day Doc was down to the spring, as I said along earlier in the story, and Fate stepped in sudden and took a hand. As he walked along, bucket in hand, he heard the sound of a child crying. He looked around, but didn't see anyone, and then he heard it again, and a girl's voice calling sort of scared-like.

"Uncle Bill, Uncle Bill!"

At that he looked more carefully, and what should he see but Sally, Minnie's second girl, up in an oak tree, crying as though her heart would break. She had climbed up with a stepladder, and it had fallen down, and here she was perched on a big limb and stranded high and dry.

"Well, well!" said Doc, "that's a fine fix for a little girl, that has troubles enough anyway, not being a boy. You wait a minute and I'll have you out of there."

He balanced the stepladder against a tree, and started up gingerly enough, not being as young as once; but he made it, and got a good hold on Sally and started down again, when suddenly the stepladder gave a lurch, and Doc landed flat on the ground, with Sally clutched tight in his arms. She screamed, but wasn't hurt a particle; and Doc tried to get up but sank back with a groan.

"It looks like my obdulla oblongata had snapped, Sally," he said, trying hard to laugh, and that being one of the bones in the leg. "You run along home," he says, "I'll get up to the house some way and telephone Doctor Carter. He don't know much," says Doc, "but I guess he can set it if I tell him how."

Sally, with a little hurt cry at the look in his face, ran off, and Doc started crawling on his stomach up the path, dragging his leg, and gritting his teeth to keep back the pain. And there, half way up the path, Minnie found him, Sally having dragged her down on the run with news that Uncle Bill had saved her life and was dying, and come at once, or it will be too late.

Without a single word Minnie bent over him and put her strong arms under his shoulders.

"Never you mind, Minnie," says Doc. "I'll get there without any foreign help."

"It's not for you I'm doing it," Minnie snaps out quick and sharp. "But for Sally, and, besides, the Bible says if your donkey falls into a pit pull him out."

"Hee-haw, hee-haw!" says Doc, trying to make a noise like a donkey. But the pain was terrible and the hee-haw was the last sound that came out of him except one groan. When he waked up next time his leg was in splints, young Carter having been there and left; and at the end of his bed stood Minnie, looking about as sweet and loving as the Avenging Angel which has the chief sinner up before him for the third offense.

"So," says Minnie, "you've come to, have you?"

"I have," says Doc, still very weak, and promptly closed his eyes again.

Well, you can believe there wasn't a man, woman or child that wouldn't have given their eye teeth to be in Doc's house the next four weeks. Every one of us called on some pretext or another, bringing potted plants and cans of preserves, and Sunday papers. In every house in town Doc had stood by the head of the bed at one time or another and fought the good fight. We would have done anything for him, and with gratitude and curiosity together we just couldn't keep away. But not one of us got much past the door. Minnie was there day and night, and always with the news that the doctor was doing very well and couldn't be talked to. Whether she wanted to have her vengeance undisturbed, or what, we couldn't tell, but Solomon in all

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

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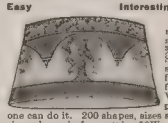

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The Spring of Eternal Youth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107]

his glory never exercised a more absolute authority; and Doc, lying back there by the window, smiled and waved at us through the glass.

Between them there was still armed neutrality, Minnie saying that the house was filthy dirty, and probably he hadn't had a decent meal in years; and Doc remarking that he never heard of a leg mending good on custards and apple pie, but licking his platter clean none the less. But neutrality is too long a word for children. The house was full of "Oh, Uncle Bill, isn't this a pretty picture?" and, "Auntie Minnie, can Uncle Bill have another piece of cake?" And one night, after Doc had had his covers fixed, and Minnie and her two girls were in the spare room getting ready for bed, he heard Sally say loud and plain:

"Do you love Uncle Bill, Mother?"

And then a sound like a hand going firm over a mouth, and nothing more. But Doc, lying there all alone in the dark, sort of laughed to himself, and didn't go to sleep until after eleven.

It was some days later, when he was almost well and could sit up in a chair by the window, that the two girls and the two boys was all around him, and him telling one of his stories that he was a wonder at. And Sally, the incorrigible, spoke up again:

"Isn't Mother pretty, Uncle Bill?"

"Yes," says Doc. . . . "And as I was saying, the three bears were in the house and the man came up and knocked—"

"Isn't she the prettiest mother in the world?" says Sally, not to be led off the track.

"Yes, Sally," says Doc, sort of soft. . . . "And the man knocked at the door and said, 'Open, or I'll blow the door in.'"

"And, Uncle Bill, you love Mother, don't you?" says Sally, still insistent.

"Yes," says Bill, "I do; but don't you ever tell her." And suddenly they heard a sound behind them, and Doc looked around, and there stood Minnie in the doorway, and a great big tear in each eye, and he knew she had been there all the time and heard the whole conversation. He flushed up hot and stammered but couldn't seem to say anything.

"Bill," she says, very soft and sort of tremulous.

"Minnie," he cried, and put out his arms, and the next thing the kids knew she was kneeling down there beside him, and crying, and he was crying; and the kids were laughing and crying all together. And love that had been buried under the hard earth of middle age was touched by the fingers of childhood, and was green and fresh and fragrant again.

Of course the news was all over town in half an hour, and every woman was saying, "Ain't it just too wonderful!" and most of the men just as pleased as could be, though remarking outwardly that "Minnie was bound to get him if she had to break his leg to do it," so as to keep their wives properly humble.

They started housekeeping with a ready-made family consisting of Minnie's two girls and Doc's two boys; and from time to time they added others, as a kid would be left an orphan here or there around the country, until they had nine altogether. And every time a new boy or girl came into the fold, it seemed like Doc and Minnie got young all over again. Folks had called them old long before the day when Doc had his accident down at the spring; but no one ever spoke of them as really old after that. Somehow, they seemed to breathe in new life from the youngsters, losing their years in laughter and the cheer of youthful hearts.

Both of them passed away long ago; but somehow I never think of them as dead. The youngsters they raised live on, and their youngsters too. Nate Carter is a doctor, like old Bill, down in Connecticut; the second boy is an engineer, and all the girls are married well and are mothers of happy families. Not one of them would have had much of a chance in life if it hadn't been for Minnie and Doc; but as it was, Nate and Sally and the other seven have all carried their love into nine different homes; and that love will go on in their children and their children's children, right up to the minute when Gabriel comes onto the stage with his horn.

And if that isn't the real secret of eternal youth, then I don't know what is. Old Ponce made a mistake in looking for the secret in Florida among the alligators and millionaires. He should have stayed at home and adopted a half-dozen kids. Or come to Orchard Street, if he wanted a spring; for the spring is still there, half way between Minnie's house and Doc's, just as it was on the day when he and Minnie were old, and suddenly became young again.

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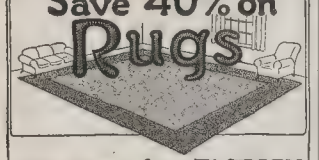

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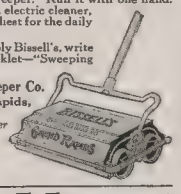

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New Apple Friends

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

MIX the apple sauce, lemon rind and powdered sugar. Cut the cake crosswise to form two layers. Press the half almonds into the tops of the layers. Spread the lower layer with the apple sauce, place the upper layer over, and cover with whipped cream. Sprinkle with nutmeg and serve cut in slices.

Oregon Apple Dumplings

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
3 tablespoons fat
¾ cup milk
3 medium-sized apples
6 tablespoons orange marmalade

PARE apples and cut in halves, removing the cores. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar, cut in the fat, and add milk slowly till a soft dough is formed. Roll the dough to one-quarter inch thickness and cut in six squares. Into the center of each put a tablespoon of orange marmalade. Over this place a half apple, core side down. Fold up the edges of the dough and press them well together, put fold side down in a greased baking dish and bake forty-five minutes. Serve plain or with a hot sauce.

Apple Cereal Pudding

4 cups milk
½ cup white corn meal
½ cup molasses
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
2 cups sliced apples
1 cup raisins

COOK the milk and corn meal in a double boiler forty-five minutes. Add molasses, salt, ginger, and apples, pour into a greased baking dish and bake slowly two hours, adding the raisins at end of the first hour. Serve with milk or cream.

Coddled Apples

6 large apples
2 cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
¼ cup brown sugar
6 cloves
1 stick of cinnamon
¾ cup chopped dates
¼ cup blanched almonds

SCORE the apples by cutting around them just through the skin. This prevents bursting. Place in a shallow pan, pour water around them, and add the sugar and spices. Cook without a cover over a low fire till apples are tender, turning often. Transfer to serving dish. Add dates to the sirup in the pan and boil five minutes. Add almonds, cut in pieces, pour over apples, and chill.

Portland Pie

2 cups unsweetened apple sauce
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
Juice and grated rind of 1 orange
3 egg yolks
3 stiffly beaten egg whites
3 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice

MIX the sugar and flour thoroughly and add to the apple sauce; add the orange juice and rind and the beaten egg yolks. Pour into a pastry-lined pan and bake till center is firm. Prepare a meringue by adding the sugar and lemon to the stiffly beaten whites, and spread on the pie. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

Potlatch Apple Pudding

2 cups boiled rice
2 cups sliced apples
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons brown sugar
½ cup grated mild cheese
½ cup rice stock or water

SPREAD one half of the rice in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with one half of the salt and one half of the cheese. Over this place half the apples and sprinkle with two tablespoons of the brown sugar. Put in remainder of rice sprinkled with rest of salt and cheese, then the apples, over all pour the liquid and sprinkle with remainder of brown sugar. Cover and bake till the apples are tender. Uncover during the last fifteen minutes of baking, but be careful not to scorch the top.

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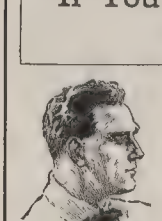

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Shade and Shade Trees

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

other horticultural forms that are popular.

The selection of trees, when a large place is to be planted, should always be governed by the species native to the section. Even in a treeless region there will still be patches, or here and there a tree that will give a clue sufficiently definite to be followed. This is not to be interpreted as excluding all exotic growth; but for the assurance of success, the lead of nature should be followed. If nature has not given you a lead, then it is time to begin experimenting with a view to finding out what will best suit any given place or region.

Accepting nature's lead, remember that there are certain laws of survival by which all natural planting is limited in species; in other words, one or two kinds will have found a given place so highly congenial that they will have crowded out everything but themselves. The natural woods of most region are, of course, mixed growth; but, even so, this mixture is not made up of a great number of kinds represented by single specimens, but rather of a few kinds represented by a repetition.

Oaks keep company very often with pines, in a state of nature. But one or the other will be in much the greater number; and a similar condition will prevail in woods made up of hard maples, beeches, oaks, and basswood. As a matter of fact, the beech is pretty sure to be found somewhat by itself, in little or big clusters; which is the very best way of using them, if you have space for several trees. A clump of beeches with perhaps a sugar maple adjacent and a trio of pines or hemlocks in the background is as wide an assortment as one should consider.

IN ARRANGING trees with reference to a dwelling, the aim should always be to furnish shade on all the ground around it, especially on the south and west sides. This is the first essential. Next is the freedom for entrance of the prevailing summer winds, which must be courted and never shut off the least bit in the world. After this, consider the vistas from the upper windows, and do not shut the place in until there are no distances visible, anywhere. Actually this is not so much a matter of preserving distant vistas as it is of insuring variation at different places in the distance away from the windows of the trees. If all are about equi-distant from the house, monotony will result surely; but if some are farther away than others, the sense of being shut in will not be felt, neither will there be any sameness in the outlook.

Finally, considered from without, the tree framework of a building must have the distinguished massing of good composition. This is most evident in the relation between building mass and tree mass; and the only rule it is possible to give (which is, of course, altogether general and must be adapted to the conditions anew, whenever a new problem is approached) is that tree mass should intersect building mass at the point of highest elevation of sky line of the latter, and should continue this sky-line upward. This means that a mass of trees should not rise in the midst of a roof line, cutting it in two, but rather that it should rise near one end or the other, and should obscure the roof with foliage mass from the point at which it intersects it on. It should provide an element of transition, in other words, between the building, the ground on which it rests, and the sky above; or, to put it the other way about, the building should be made to appear from every aspect, as advancing from the tree mass.

NOTE: To my regret, I learn that the chestnut-bark disease, which it has been claimed was amenable to control, positively is not; and that there is, therefore, at the present time no hope of allaying its ravages, nor, indeed, of planting chestnuts immune to its attack. This is not because the disease itself defies analysis, but because its character is so persistent and its resources so great that no method of reaching its spores is effective. These enter through cracks and crevices in the bark of the tree, and establish themselves in the cambium zone of the bark—which is the living circulatory region of the tree. Here they multiply and colonize, girdling the tree and killing it. The new growth that rises from the stumps of trees that have died and been cut down is able to resist the action of the disease for two or three years, and thus to live for five or six years in some instances, since it is not attacked until it has been growing two or three years. But in its turn this must succumb; and unless something intervenes, there seems nothing more certain than the extermination of the chestnut from our continent.

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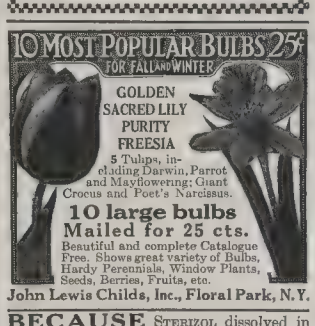
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GOLDEN
SACRED LILY
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5 Tulips, including Darwin, Parrot and Mayflowering; Giant Crocus and Poet's Narcissus.
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Mailed for 25 cts.
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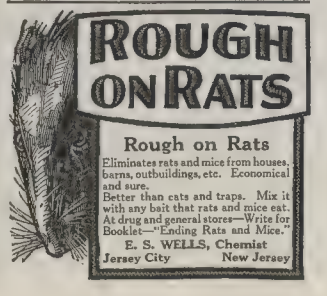
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Eliminates rats and mice from houses, barns, outbuildings, etc. Economical and sure.
Better than cats and traps. Mix it with any bait that rats and mice eat. At drug and general stores—Write for Booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice."
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Wave your own hair

in 15 minutes with this simple little device *without heat.*

WEST ELECTRIC *Hair Curlers*

Unsurpassed in producing any curly and wavy effect. Cannot catch, cut, tear, or in any way injure the hair. Guaranteed a lifetime.

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Made by hand from extra long selected hair, free from knots and specially treated for strength and invisibility. Perfect match in all shades.

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OUR THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY

What the Pin-Money Club Has Meant to Companion Readers

I have been a Club member for over eight years.

I am thankful for the money I've earned and for all of my beautiful gifts. I have so enjoyed the many helpful letters our secretary sends me—more now than ever, for I have met her personally.

I am so thankful for an independence such as I had never known before joining the Pin-Money Club.

I have paid my church obligations for the year; my Christmas giving was more liberal than ever; and, besides, I have a snug little bank account.

(Signed) Mrs. Mary Irwin, Pennsylvania.
(Signed) Mrs. Dan Morris, Texas.

GIFTS PLEASURE MONEY

MEMBERSHIP in the Pin-Money Club, the COMPANION'S money-making department, brings you these three things.

Thirteen years of successful money-making—that's our record. More than half a million readers have written us, and thousands of busy home women and business girls and schoolgirls have earned money here with us—just in their spare moments. Many of them had never worked a day in their lives—had never earned a penny for themselves, or knew how to do so, until they joined us. You, too, are invited to share in our good times.

Won't you thought you might *some* day—you are welcome, too!

I have such a beautiful new book which tells just what you must do, also all about our exquisitely beautiful new Colonial sterling table silver—the Club's birthday gifts to its members. (It's for you, too! Don't forget—write to-day!)

Every kind of a sterling silver spoon, fork, and knife for a perfectly appointed table. You'd just love this silver for your home. It is something that you may keep always. The pattern—our own Martha Washington design—will be so in keeping with any silver that you may already have! It's so simple and rich and pretty!

So if you are a home woman who loves beautiful silverware, or if you are a business girl who has met the only man, and are dreaming of beautiful things for your home, write to me this very day, and I'll tell you an easy way to possess our rare silver.

Now here are a few more "Thank you" letters from members who have just begun our work and are truly happy:

My pin arrived last week, and it is a dear. But the greatest pleasure is the satisfaction of working for so "square" a business firm.
Nina E. L., Massachusetts.

A bracelet watch made this newcomer happy.

Who could be so happy and proud as I yesterday, when the beautiful little watch was handed me! I can't remember ever having had a bigger feeling of happiness, and really I have had many.
Many thanks to you, Miss Clarke, and to the P. M. C.
Anna L. McG., Colorado.

It doesn't cost you more than a two-cent stamp to learn all about this Club of ours, which has made so many thousands of girls and women happy.

Our members speak for themselves—tell you *how* they became successful in our work, how easy it is, and how much they enjoy it. And let me tell you, too—

"Only the best in gifts" is our motto. You will just love this newest gift of the Club—sterling silver tableware. I'll tell you all about it when you send your letter to

COME TO OUR BIRTHDAY PARTY!

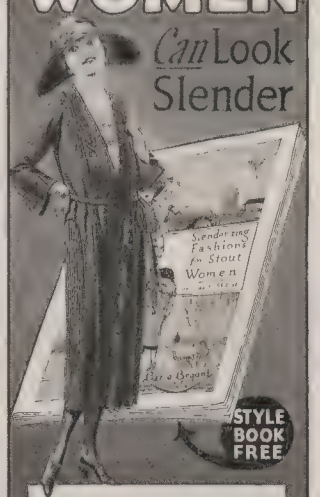
THERE'S a gift for every member of the Club, and even though you have never joined us — just

Her sterling table silver her choicest P. M. C. gift

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin-Money Club
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
Department 14
416 West 13th Street, New York City

STOUT WOMEN *Can* Look Slender



STYLE BOOK FREE

STOUT women, now, may dress in latest fashion. They can follow the latest mode, fashions of the hour—*and look slender.*

They can procure ultra-modish clothes—with slenderizing lines—ready to put right on and wear.

Lane Bryant specializes in providing just such clothes. Fashions of the hour re-designed with lines that slenderize.

Prices Are Very Low

The finest materials and the best workmanship—always. Yet prices are very low, for Lane Bryant manufactures as well as designs—*and sells direct to you.*

Our service is nation wide. The Lane Bryant stores in New York, Cleveland and Detroit serve *daily* the [illegible] of the land. The Lane Bryant Style Book brings this service to you, right to your very door.

Style Book Free

Sent free—the new Lane Bryant Style Book, the only style book published exclusively for stout women, 76 pages. Pictures smartest, new Fall and Winter Coats, Suits, Dresses, Corsets, Underwear. Sizes 39 to 56 bust. Write today.

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which is greater than in most other commodities, will result in an increased demand. This is likely to result in advanced prices. Buy now to secure first choice and avoid paying more. The quality of Albrecht Furs is a tradition that has been maintained for 66 years. Money back guarantee. ALBRECHT FUR STYLE BOOK and Buyers Guide tells you many valuable facts about furs not found elsewhere. Send 10 cents today for catalog No. 121 to E. ALBRECHT & SON DEPARTMENT C-1 ST. PAUL, MINN.

Albrecht Furs
1855

"Drifting into the twilight zone between health and disease"

The basic cause of this run-down condition is often faulty diet . . .

EACH year 410,000 people in this country die from diseases that come normally with old age. Of these, 60,000 are *under forty* and 105,000 between forty and sixty. This represents an increase of nearly 100% in thirty years.

Why is it that so many men and women succumb to old age diseases while they are still in the prime of life?

It is acknowledged today that the deep underlying cause is often lack of one single food factor called vitamine. This lack is largely responsible for the lowered vitality that means early ageing and shortened life.

Today thousands of men and women are getting this essential food factor by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, for yeast is its richest known source.

Fleischmann's Yeast builds up the body tissues, keeps the body resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a highly digestible food, assimilated in the body like any other food. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas, dissolve the yeast in very hot water first. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily. *You will like its fresh, distinctive flavor and the clean, wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.* Have it on the table at home. Have it delivered at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. Tell your grocer to deliver it fresh daily to your home. Keep it in a cool, dry place until ready to use.

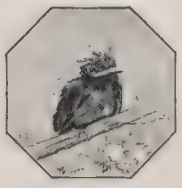
Send 4c in stamps for the interesting booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many inquiries are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. O-22, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

A simple food with laxative properties

It is recognized that laxatives cannot remove the cause of the trouble. Fleischmann's Yeast by its very nature as a wholesome food is admirably suited to the stomach and intestines. In tested cases it has restored normal functions in periods of time ranging from three days to five weeks.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It is a corrective food which has given remarkable results in treating these ailments. Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular diet—1 to 3 cakes a day.



"Dear Editor"

THIS DEPARTMENT is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.

DEAR EDITOR: Did you by any chance ever live on a farm? The COMPANION has lately been remembering the farm woman quite frequently, for which we are duly thankful.

But with all due respect to Doctor Rucker, who wrote a most excellent article on "Keeping Well in Summer," can you imagine a farm woman daring to dress like she suggests? Can you? Can you imagine the consternation of the neighbor who stops on his way to town to see if you want to send for something? Suppose her stocking suffered the fate of "Susanna's"? What would the hired men say? etc., etc.

A farm woman's most intensive work comes during the hottest part of the year. In the winter she can rest, sew, get up late, open cans, and generally simplify her work, but not in spring, summer, or not too much in fall. You see, her life is exactly opposite to the city lady's.

Farm women love the COMPANION for the same reason other women do—its clean, highly interesting stories; farm men, even, do for the same reason. My own husband has been reading the COMPANION "in spots" for several years, but was prone to make pointed remarks about "the mushy stories some women wrote." I often told him if I should tell some of those lady authors of the sweet absurdities of his own love-making days, they would be so rich they would surely get in a story.

But he says no more about women writers now. After reading "The Unclaimed Letter" he was praising it to a farmer friend, and even lent him those three COMPANIONS. When I mentioned that a woman had written it, he had to look to see.

Mrs. V. M. P., New Mexico.

Evidently, the writer of this letter knows how to "Bring Up Father." And as for summer costumes on the farm, we feel that the matter can safely be left to the taste and good sense of the women who wear them.

DEAR EDITOR: There is absolutely nothing about the COMPANION that I do not like. And the stories—I read them all. Some I like better than others, to be sure. But the hero does not have to be born in two places to please me, and I believe I can say the same for other COMPANION readers.

In "A Little Matter of Business," in the ninth paragraph Philip tells Diana he was born in India. In the fortieth paragraph the author tells us they "took him back to the manor house, where he was born." Said house being in England!

I suspect The Postscript Man didn't read that story, and I'm going to write and tell him so. *Mrs. C. B. M., Connecticut.*

Maybe Philip was just trying to work up a little romantic interest about himself in Diana's mind. We've known heroes not in fiction to try it.

DEAR EDITOR: Why not leave some of these over-saccharine, "sweetie, cutie" stories out of the magazine and give us something strong and tragic and powerful? It would be a great delight to at least one of your readers to read some stories in your pages with more drama in them, even if it is tragedy. It is more like real life. *A. R. W., Alabama.*

But wouldn't it be more like "*reel* life," and less like real living to put this extra stress on tragedy? What do our readers think?

DEAR EDITOR: Here is my list of "Thank yous."

First, I want to thank you for publishing that poppy bedroom set, "By request." Long before I ever thought of a home of my own I treasured that design, and then lost it, and I've been meaning to write for it for a long time! Then I'm so glad to have the magazine come *flat*, so I can use an attractive picture "for keeps"—"The Windswept Cypress."

My little girl is doing wonderfully, and will be her real self, ready to enter school in the fall—thanks to Doctor Emerson—and the little boy is ready for rompers—thanks for page 70, July.

I took the COMPANION in college for your wholesome, heartlike stories and your attractive embroideries—and I've been a reader nearly all the time since. I was a poorly prepared cooking teacher, who clung to Fannie Merritt Farmer as an anchor in any storm. And now, I'm a busy housewife who has an intimately friendly feeling for the lady who said in "The Affairs of the House" that a house was like a clock. It has to be wound by the same person the same time every day. *Mrs. C. McC., Minnesota.*

We're glad you were not too busy a housewife to send us your list of "Thank yous," and we offer you a hearty, loud "THANK YOU" for it.

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Goldwyn Presents

Dangerous Curve Ahead

A comedy drama of American married life—with Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix

by

Rupert Hughes

Directed by E. Mason Hopper

MOST motion pictures end with a marriage. But here's one that begins with a marriage—a marriage of just two such young people as started their great adventure next door to you this summer.

Any wife will laugh a lot and cry a lot—when she sees it. Husbands will come away from this picture with a deeper understanding of what their young wives have to cope with. Fathers and mothers will chuckle and weep over it.

There are dangerous curves that every married couple must take. What are they? How can they be rounded without a crash? Perhaps you think you know.

"Dangerous Curve Ahead" shows them to you cleverly, lightly, yet with a deep insight into human hearts.

Author and director worked for one year on this picture. Together they evolved the many little touches that make it so amazingly life-like.

This picture *lives*. It is something refreshingly new in the art of the screen.

THE DAILY DIVORCE:
Every evening he has to get to sleep early so as to leave her alone again early in the morning.

THE FIRST BABY:
Phoebe learns that there is a lot besides poetry about bringing up babies.

THE OLD LOVER:
For Harley the business trip means the big chance, but for Phoebe more loneliness—and the old lover.

THE LURE OF HIGH SOCIETY:
There are three Phoebes: the loving wife, the devoted mother, the social aspirant. Which wins?

A Goldwyn Picture

beginning

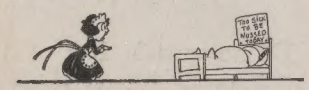
Oct. 2nd

Nation-wide showing. Watch your theatre announcements.

The Postscript

THERE has been a mingling of widespread consternation and rejoicing since the appearance of the last Postscript, on account of the fact that after our great serial verse, "The Woman's Home Companion," there was no line reading, "Continued in the October issue." But here is the next canto in the October issue, notwithstanding. Leaving off the line was simply our mistake—not the printer's. Readers who like the serial can stop their worrying, while those who dislike it will just have to make the best of it.

The fact is, we don't know how to stop the thing. It just goes right on and on, like one of these automatic electric pumps that starts up whenever the pressure gets below a certain point, no matter if it's in the middle of the night, when you'd think a decent pump would keep quiet. Of course this serial will have to stop sometime, and it ought to stop soon, otherwise everybody will become tired of it. One hopeful sign is that this month it takes up two departments, just as if it were hurrying toward the end.



More About the Serial

ANOTHER encouraging thing that we notice about the serial is that there appears, so far as we can see, to be no synopsis of previous stanzas. Of course, readers won't forget that the Stories, short and long, have had their little song, that the Fashions and the Eats have been extolled as treats, that the Covers, Gardens, Building, the Household and the 'Section have had attention called to them under serial direction—you see how it goes—even when we try our best to put the thing in prose it slides right off into rhyme.

Speaking of our serial naturally reminds us of other folks'—Edna Ferber's, for example, which ends this month. As a prophet we feel quite perked up; we said last month that we feared something was going to happen to the young poet, and it seems we were right. Too bad; but Charley has happiness ahead of her somewhere, sometime, somehow; Charley will find it, though she is always going to remember Jesse Dick—and as truly as Charlotte remembered the other J. D.

And you'll recall that we dropped a bit of prophecy concerning one Ben Gartz. We said the next thing he knew he'd be looking plainˈively for the door marked "Exit." It appears that we underestimated his powers of evoking repulsion; he looks for the exit twice and finds it both times. Old B. G. might lecture on "Exits I Have Made; being Recollections of How I Got Out Right when I Was in Wrong." What a good old scout Henry Kemp proves to be.

Of course there is a new long story, and it starts off cheeringly enough. They all sail away, but as we can all go with them, what's the difference?

We apologized last month for the California stage driver who, under stress of emotion, so far forgot himself as to exclaim "Gracious!" His offense was magnified by the fact that there were ladies present, though we hesitated to mention this. In the present number we find in the article on soldiers in the hospital that one of the patients says, "I hope to heaven I'll never see her again." It is a sad fact that young men will sometimes pick up strong expressions in the army. The happening which caused the soldier to break out in this manner reminds us of an incident of the Boer War. So many wealthy and titled English ladies rushed away to South Africa as volunteer nurses that there was a nurse for every soldier in hospital. One day one of the ladies arrived at the hospital to find her soldier's head buried under the blankets with this pinned to the covers: "Take notiss: Too sick to be nussed to-day."

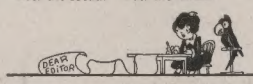
The Pattern With a Name

THERE is a new pattern which sounds to us as if it would go right into the class with the Auburndale (there was *something* curious about that one) and the Tie-About (we wrote a poem on that one). "Sounds as if," we say; that's a queer way to judge a pattern, or a dress, when you think of it—or is it as good as any other? Anyhow, this new pattern is for the No-Button Dress, and we suspect it is related to the Tie-About. The piece describing it says, "Another good frock that ties on," and in the little picture the lady seems to be wrapping it around, and is apparently going to tie the handles behind in the "perky bow at the back" which the description mentions. We think it looks all right, and we predict a sale of the pattern that will make the office people sit up nights to send them out.

The piece about the dress makes the most fascinating suggestions. Listen to this: "Rose calico." What do you say to that? But wait: "Buttercup-yellow." There! But, hold on: "Checked lavender." What? Why, lavender—lavender is our favorite color! We must write a poem about this dress. "The sort of dress," says the description, "that really graces the early breakfast table." We confess that we have never cared much for the *early* breakfast ceremony—this rush to get to the breakfast table first has always seemed to us just a little indecorous—sliding down the banisters and that sort of thing—we have never done it—no, it's not been our way—but if this No-Button Dress—rose color, buttercup-yellow, lavender—lilac—violet—that sort of thing— What's the hour for early breakfast, anyhow?

Oh, the poem—we almost forgot. Which of course is pure affectation, not to say a barefaced fib, since we've been fidgeting around ever since we began this reel, rushing along and using handwriting that will make the printer say "Gracious!" like the California stage driver, so we could reach a place where we can work in the poem. Listen:

No-Button Dress! No-Button Dress!
The Tie-About's sister is our first guess.
The Auburndale was another thing,
You looked at the ceiling and gave it a fling;
You skipped right under as it came down
And there you stood all ready for town.
Oh, that was different as we just said:
Over the Head! Over the Head!



The Woman's Home Companion

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION tells how to entertain—
Just follow its directions—the fun will never wane.
The lively invitation, the welcome at the door,
The jokes and games and guesses that keep them in a roar;
With songs and plays and dancing, and then the supper call—
And next day in the papers— "Fine time was had by all."
Yes, at these little parties the stiffest will unbend.
They read?—oh, surely *not*, Sweet,—The Postscript at the end!

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, the readers own a page,
"Dear Editor," you start off, and then you have the stage.
A picture or a story, whatever meets your eye,
You like it or you do not—you tell the reason why.
You say just what you're thinking, and it may not agree
With what some author's written—but, go ahead, you're free!
Why, here they even sometimes the helpless Postscript rend.—
Oh, yes, they do, Belovéd,—poor Postscript at the end!

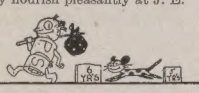
[CONTINUED IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE]

Gardens and Gardens

THE other month we were talking about starting a couple of special gardens, and couldn't think of much to put in them. Of course, we knew the readers would come to our rescue—they always do about everything. In The Postscript garden, they say, besides the four-o'clocks and evening primroses, there should be moon vines, night-blooming cereus, nightshade, and others. And in the tree-toad garden they suggest that, with the trumpet flowers, Canterbury bells, and dogwood, there should be mixed snapdragon, tiger lily, Jack-in-the-pulpit, and other noisy or vociferous vegetation.

But, speaking of gardens—we do like to connect things this way, though sometimes it's pretty hard work and everybody knows they don't really connect at all—Miss Gould on her "Good Looks" page is proud of her rosebud garden of improperly constructed ladies, though we should like to have somebody tell us what's wrong with the statuesque creature half way up the hill who is leaning on her umbrella—and the one behind her, too, for the matter of that. And the wee little person with her hands in her pockets—she certainly has a way with those eyes of hers. And then—Well, well, we'll be finding good things about all of them, next thing we know, and Miss Gould says they're wrong, and it isn't for The Postscript to dispute "Good Looks." All women, intimates Miss Gould, want to look like sylphs; but you can't if you're a slumper and sagger. The little person we just mentioned is no slumper or sagger, even though she may not be a sylph. Those eyes— Well, you know how it is about eyes—"thine eyes," says the poet—but, no, this is dangerous ground—we *think* we know the color of Little One's eyes, but we're not going to say what it is. But she knows what eyes are for.

Anyhow, there's certainly plenty of connection between gardens and trees, and here is Grace Tabor with a very interesting piece about shade trees. She likes sycamores, and beeches, and basswoods and a number of others. One tree she doesn't mention is the ash —though probably she has a good reason. Then the white birch; it may not be so much as a shade tree but those white, graceful trunks —yes, it must be included, mustn't it? Especially those groups that grow up from where an old tree has fallen into decay. And where is the tulip tree, with its curious leaves, "looking as if a cow had bitten off the ends," as somebody said? Large, straight, dignified trees, with strange blossoms, and an odd way of taking their leaves out of their pockets in the spring. Oh, yes, the tulip tree by all means; they flourish pleasantly at J. E.



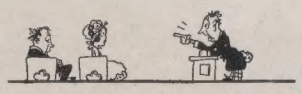
Anniversary

The Postscript for six years has got on—
This number is seventy-two—
Though the printer's been constantly hot on
Its trail, and has hit it a few.
To the reader it's ever been true,
And stood by through thicker and thinner.
To beat up an author—or artist—till blue
We'd go without dinner!

The readers all write and say, "Go on;
We love to peruse the P. S.!"
It's "fine!" and it's "great!"—oh, and so on—
The wish to quote more we repress.
(Their letters have spoiled us, we guess.)
They write that they read it the first thing,
And a letter like this we admit—we confess—
Is never the worst thing!

It happens that sometimes we miss things,
We fail to make quite a clean sweep,
And then how the readers all hiss things—
As, "S-s-sir, were you soundly asleep?
I've read your page twice, not a peep
Do I find about this or that error!"
We blush—hang our head—yes, we groan and we weep—
Our contrition's a terror!

But we hope a sharp look-out to keep and
In future to take no sly naps;
For we're clearly unable to sleep and
Give authors the requisite raps.
(And the artists, those negligent chaps.)
We've reformed, and here's hoping we stay so!
But whether we're right, or we're wrong, as it haps,
Dear reader, please say so!



One Word More

ONE of the story authors speaks of the Little Church Round the Corner. This seems to be a new house of worship. But we are familiar with the Little Church Around the Corner. In stories of New York it is where all marriages take place.

The Postscript has a new card catalogue index, so if you want to know when it printed the invaluable directions for making tallow candles, or the history of the pung, you have only to ask. We're awfully anxious to use that index.

All the fashions agree that the flaring sleeve is coming in. We like the sleeve shown in the upper right-hand corner on the cable page. It doesn't seem to have a name, but we would like to suggest "elephant leg."

The advice is offered in one piece in explaining how to fasten a bit of linoleum to a block of wood, to use "sticky glue." Don't try to use the glue that you employ to oil the sewing machine with.

Here's a good old friend this month—"gales of laughter." We'd rather have a dry sob, but the gale of laughter does help. We keep hearing about these places where things can be "picked up for a song," but we never find them. When we do, there's going to be a certain vocal effort.

We like the woman who was a "wizard with her needle." Still, with so many new fields opening to women we don't know why they shouldn't go into the wizard business. And the "slogan" continues to flourish and press on to greater heights. "Let's send it to Aunt Maggie," is the latest, a truly inspiring battle cry.

Tut, tut, Father; that's no way to speak even if the young folks did drive you and Mother into it! We're surprised at you. Gracious!

Hayden Carruth

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DONT START TINKERING ON THAT CAR NOW! — YOU'LL HAVE IT ALL APART JUST AS WE ARE READY TO START AND I'M COMING DOWN AT ONCE!
DAD HAS A SLICK SCHEME TO MAKE MOTHER HURRY WHEN SHE'S 'TAKING FOREVER' TO GET READY TO MOTOR SOMEWHERE.

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Always brush the upper teeth downward; the lower teeth upward.

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Bad teeth endanger the health, often being responsible for rheumatism, indigestion, heart troubles, impairment of sight, etc. Regular brushing twice a day with a *safe* dentifrice, and examination twice a year by a dentist are necessary to keep your teeth in good condition.

Many people are suffering unnecessary pain and regret because they have failed to observe these simple rules.

Don't let your teeth ache before you begin to take care of them. Protect them *now,* no matter how strong and sound you think they are.

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